THE CALIFORNIAN

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BY JAMES PRENTISS CRAMER.

NEARLY one thousand editors from the East are to be the guests of California and the Pacific Slope during the present month and the one to follow. Among them are many who knew the California of years ago, its press, and the sturdy men who then framed public opinion, so that the picture of California of to-day, with a press the peer of that of any city of the world, will be of especial interest, and THE CALIFORNIAN while extending these men and women from over the mountains a hearty greeting, is happy in being able to note an advance in journalism and its appliances in this city that is phenomenal. In no way could the evolution of journalism on the Pacific Coast and in San Francisco, in particular, be better emphasized and illustrated than to present one of these visiting editors, in lieu of the *Chronicle*, *Examiner* or *Call*, with their eight or ten pages of news from every quarter of the globe, their clean-cut editorials and book reviews, flashes of wit and humor, a copy of the *Californian Star*, as published in the year 1849, in San Francisco — a four-column, four-page sheet, sixteen by twelve inches, with its contents and locals of a sanguinary line, and its foreign news from four to six months behind the times. The advance has been phenomenal, and to-day few cities in America are better equipped than San Francisco in this respect.

Forty-five years ago, on January 7th, 1847, the *Californian Star* was founded by Samuel Brannan, with Dr. E. P. Jones as editor. It was a weekly of four pages, sixteen by twelve inches, four columns to the page. This was the first newspaper printed in San Francisco. On May 22d of the same year the *Californian* appeared, also a weekly, of the same dimensions as the *Star*. Robert Semple was the editor. Prior to the appearance of the *Californian* in San Francisco it had been issued in Monterey, then capital of the State, issuing its initial number in August, 1846. The type and press used on the *Californian* were brought from the City of Mexico originally, for printing the laws of the then Mexican Government of California, and falling into disuse, they were resurrected from a Spanish cloister by the owners of the *Californian*. Juan de la Rosa, a printer who came from Mexico with the material, died recently at Ventura at the advanced age of 101 years.

The local news of those days consisted principally of murders, robberies, bull fights and "incidents" in the numerous gaming houses. Each paper had a special correspondent at the front and letters from the various mining camps. In May, 1848, the entire staff of the *Star* went to the "diggings" and a few weeks later the *Californian* issued an extra, stating that "the whole country resounded with the sordid cry of gold, gold, and that

they (meaning the staff—editors, compositors, devil and all), were off for the diggings." The editors returning soon revived their respective journals, which very soon after were merged into the *Star and Californian*, and January 4th, 1849, the *Star and Californian* was merged into the *Alta California*, with E. C. Kemble and R. C. Hubbard as editors; in December, 1849, the *Alta* issued a tri-weekly edition, and about a month later appeared as a daily. The day following the *Alta's* debut as a daily the *Journal of Commerce* also came out as a daily, as did the *Pacific News*. Then came in rapid succession to fill the proverbial long-felt want the *Daily Courier-News*, *Evening Mirror*, *Evening Picayune*, *Globe*, *Daily Public Balance* and *Daily True Balance;* and, as if the long-felt want was not yet filled, the Placer *Times* moved down from Sacramento and John Nugent, formerly a reporter on the New York *Herald*, established the San Francisco *Herald*, which suspended publication in 1856 from loss of patronage, owing to its opposition to the Committee of Vigilance.

In no other community in the world has there been more rapid, startling changes in the journalistic world than here in San Francisco during the decade from '50 to '60. New papers were started almost every week, run on certain lines for a week or a month or a year, as the case might be, then presto, came change of owners, change of politics, and frequently sudden collapse.

Loring P. Pickering, Editor of the Call

Frank M. Pixley, Editor of the Argonaut, in his Editorial Room

The *Public Balance* and the *True Balance* soon ceased to balance at all, and the *Globe*, also ceased to rotate on its axis. Almost from its inception, the *Alta* met with reverses, being burned out twice, and after one of the fires it was obliged to issue on letter sheet paper for three days. After several changes in editorial management and proprietorship, it passed into the hands of Messrs. Pickering, Fitch and Company, former owners of the *Times*. In May, '58, they sold it to Frederick McCrellish & Co., who continued its publication for a quarter of a century. At this time there occurred in the history of San Francisco an event which has had in its effect on history no parallel in the annals of any other city in the Union. This was the formation of the Committee of Vigilance. The causes which led up to this dramatic outbreak of outraged public opinion are too well known to need recapitulation here, suffice it to say that the men who then arose and in the name of the people took into their own hands for a short time the enforcement and execution of the law, assumed a heavy responsibility, but future events proved that the occasion demanded just such measures and just such men. The press of San Francisco at that time was in a very peculiar position—to oppose the Vigilantes meant ruin if they were upheld by the people; to uphold them meant ruin if they were successfully opposed by the men whom they were determined to drive out of power.

The *Herald*, then the most popular and powerful journal in the city, was bitterly opposed to the Vigilantes. The *Alta*, on the other hand, strongly endorsed them, saying editorially: "The time has come (referring to the murder in cold blood of James King of William, editor of the *Bulletin* by Casey, whose criminal record he had exposed) to stop such outrages."

The *Globe*, in the meantime was on the fence, but descended on the side of the Vigilantes on the day following the formation of the Committee.

The *Herald* continued to be aggressive and the leading business men of the city, almost in a procession, marched to the office of the paper and discontinued their advertisements and subscriptions. This drove the *Herald* to the wall and it was forced first to reduce its size and finally to suspend publication entirely. It was revived again in '69, but soon went the way of many another journal whose career had been one of "pocket politics" to that bourne whence no newspaper ever returns.

The *Alta* received the patronage of the business men who had withdrawn from the *Herald*, and entered upon a season of prosperity which extended over many years. It ceased to exist about a year ago.

The newspaper men of earlier days were aggressive; the stirring, eventful life of the times demanded a peculiar style of journalism that would be out of sympathy entirely with the public of to-day. Such papers as the *American Flag* with its personal attacks on what were then known as "Copperheads," lead to some serious outbreaks of the mob during the stormy days of '61–'65.

Of the English morning dailies of this year of grace, the *Call* is the oldest. It was founded in December, 1856, by an "Association of Printers," and made its debut as a four-page, twelve by twelve, four-column sheet. It grew quickly into favor and when its success became assured, the names of Colonel James J. Ayres, (now of the Los Angeles *Daily Herald*) David W. Higgins, Lew Zublin, Chas. F. Jobson and Geo. E. Barnes, appeared as the proprietors and editors of the paper, which owes its name to the playing of a farce at one of the local theaters, entitled "The Morning Call."

The paper obtained its name in a novel manner. The owners were standing at the "Printers' Corner," (Montgomery and Clay streets) discussing a name for the bantling, but could not agree, each having a choice. Finally they agreed to "jeff" and

M. H. de Young, Editor of the Chronicle, in his Editorial Room

thus determine the name by choice. "Jeffing" is throwing quadrates of type, the quadrates being nicked and the operation is something similar to shaking dice. At this moment, a bill poster put up a program announcing the "Morning Call" as the farcical attraction at one of the theaters. The printers looked at the program, looked at each other, and the bill of the play seemed to have suggested the same thing to all, for without "jeffing" they decided upon the title of the *Morning Call*.

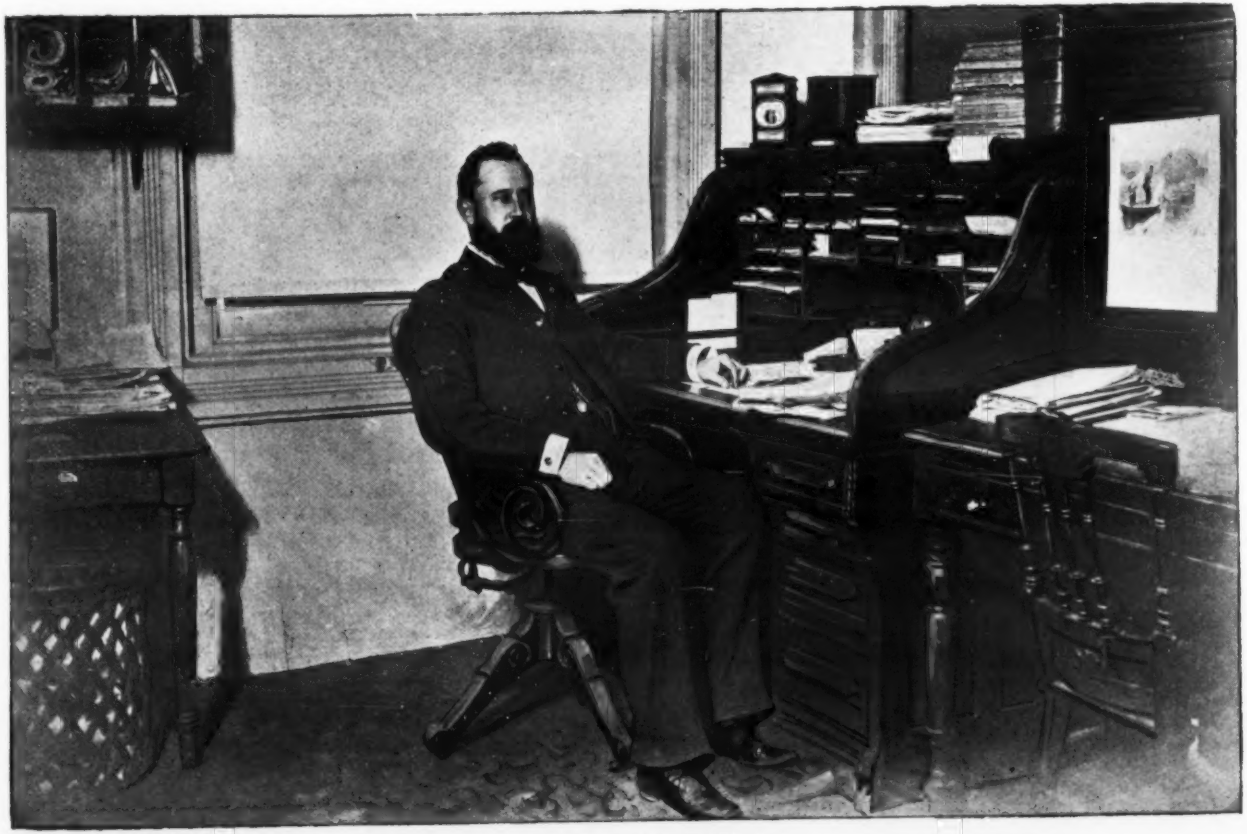
In 1866, Messrs. Pickering, Fitch and Simonton became interested in the *Call*, and since 1869 Messrs. Pickering and Fitch have controlled the paper.

Mr. Pickering is the dean of journalism on this coast. He was an editor when most of the men now in editorial chairs of coast newspapers were unborn or in the cradle. He was of the day of men such as Gwin, Broderick, Fremont and McDougall, and he is of the men of to-day, still molding and voicing public opinion. A born journalist, he first saw the light in July, 1812, in Cheshire County, New Hampshire, and was a boy in his teens when he began writing for the *Sentinel*, published by John Prentiss. At twenty he sought the West and lived successively in New Orleans, Louisville and St. Louis and also in Illinois, where he engaged in mercantile pursuits.

In 1846, he bought the *Reporter*, and the *Missourian*, both published in St. Louis, subsequently founding the *Union*, which is to-day the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*.

In 1849, Mr. Pickering arrived in California. He has bought and founded several journals, among others the Placer *Times*, which developed into the present Sacramento *Times and Transcript*. In 1855, he assumed the editorial management of the *Alta California*, which became, under his able administration, remarkably prosperous. His health failing him, Mr. Pickering was ordered by his medical adviser to Europe for a holiday. On his return, in 1860, he became associated with Mr. Fitch and Mr. Simonton in the *Call*, and subsequently in the *Bulletin*, retaining his interest in both papers to-day, but devoting all of his time to the editorial management of the *Call*. For thirty years Mr. Pickering has had to deal with every question of importance that has arisen and it is hardly necessary to say that his handling of them has entitled him to an undisputed claim to integrity, judgment and sagacity. Though a Democrat up to the War, Mr. Pickering became a Republican after the secession of the rebellious States, and has since remained with that political party. He was one of the most efficient supporters of the railroad when it was struggling for existence and opposed it as vigorously when the men at the head of it proposed to sacrifice San Francisco to their private greed. His paper has never been a party organ in that it has blindly followed the wire-pullers of any party, but has fought them always in every attempt of theirs upon the public morals. Now at a time of life when most men are content to rest upon their laurels, he remains in harness, and is actually as well as nominally, editor and manager of the *Call*, and there are times when the bulk of the editorial matter in its pages are from his pen, and he bestows upon every department a minute and careful attention which few editors in chief think it necessary to give.

John Bonner, leader writer on the *Call*, is a Canadian, born in the City of Quebec, educated at Queen's College, Kingston, Ont., and Paris, France. The following mention of Mr. Bonner is from "Allibone's Dictionary of Authors:" "He is the author of 'A Child's History of the United States' and similar histories of Greece and Rome, of 'A Treatise on the Registry Laws of Canada,' of 'The Old Regime of the Revolution,' from the French of Ivequeville, and was for many years editor of *Harper's Weekly*, and one of the editors of the New York *Herald*."



General S. W. Backus — The Wasp

William A. Boyce, managing editor of the *Morning Call*, has been engaged in newspaper work for twenty years. He is a native of New York, and came to California in 1874. His first newspaper connection on the Pacific Coast was as a sub-editor of the *Pacific Rural Press*, and soon afterward he became connected with the *Examiner*, then an afternoon paper. Later, he was employed on the *Chronicle*, and in 1879 accepted a position on the local staff of the *Morning Call*, with which journal he remained nine years. During the height of the Southern California boom, Mr. Boyce went to San Diego as city editor of the *Sun*. After returning to San Francisco, he was connected with the *Chronicle*. In March last, he returned to the *Call*. Mr. Boyce has one important qualification for a newspaper man—he knows news when he sees it, and is recognized as one of the best writers on the coast, and as possessing qualities which make him one of the best equipped journalists in the country.

George E. Barnes, the dramatic critic of the *Morning Call*, is probably one of the best-known newspaper men on the Pacific Coast. He is a native of New Brunswick. When a boy, he went to New York, where, for several years, he worked at the case, most of the time in the old *Tribune* office. He went to New Orleans early in the fifties. From the latter city, he came to San Francisco. When the *Morning Call* was started, Mr. Barnes was one of the five incorporators. The paper was a success from the start. The burden of the editorial work fell upon him, and he soon gained a reputation as a graceful and vigorous writer, which he still maintains. Mr. Barnes after disposing of his interest in the paper to Loring Pickering, was engaged for a time in mining, but soon returned to his chosen profession. He has been dramatic critic of the *Call* for many years, and it is conceded without question that in that department of journalism he is the peer of the best critics in this country or Europe.

Gilbert B. Densmore, senior editorial writer of the *Morning Call*, is a native of Connecticut. He came to California in 1849, and most of the time since has been connected with journalism in this city. He was one of the founders and early editors of the *Golden Era*, a publication that numbered among its contributors the most gifted writers on the coast. It is nearly twenty years since Mr. Densmore penned his first editorial for the *Call*, and during that time not a day has passed that he has not contributed more or less to its columns. He writes equally well on all subjects, and there are few men in the country whose daily productions maintain so equable a standard.

John P. Young, Managing Editor of the Chronicle

The *Chronicle* of to-day, with its

A Corner in the Chronicle Editorial Room

palatial home at the corner of Market and Kearny streets, is the outcome of a little sheet issued as a theater program, at the sides and in the back of which were printed advertisements of all kinds.

The *Dramatic Chronicle* introduced a new feature in San Francisco journalism. The first number was issued on January 27th, 1865. The paper at first was little more than a program of the theaters, being distributed to the patrons of theaters and on the streets free of charge. In fact, it was a *Chronicle* of the times — local, critical, musical and theatrical—and the office was known as the headquarters of the Bohemians. Among the "staff" were James F. Bowman, Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain), Charles E. Northeys, Bret Harte, Charles Warren Stoddard, G. B. Densmore and others, then well known to local fame. On August 18th, 1868, the word *Dramatic* was dropped from the head line. The *Chronicle* had come to stay.

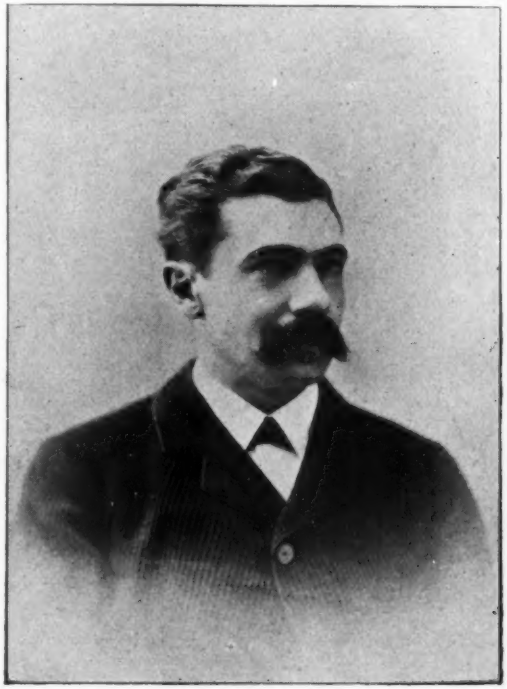
M. H. de Young, the proprietor and editor of the *Chronicle*, is probably the most widely known among newspaper editors on the coast and at the East. When a mere lad, he was attracted to a printing office and learned the printer's trade. The story of the way he and his brother in ten years made the *Chronicle* a great newspaper is too well known to repeat here. De Young probably knows all the detail of newspaper work, from the business office to the composing-room, better than any proprietor in the country. He is in close contact with all departments of his paper, despite the large outside demands made upon his time and energy. He has remarkable executive ability, and he is able to dispatch a mass of business every day because of his memory of detail. He writes but little, but he dictates a clean-cut editorial or gives in a few vigorous sentences the outline of an article which he wishes developed. He is devoted to California and the coast, as he has shown in his work as the Vice-President and California Commissioner of the World's Fair. Mr. de Young is noted for the interest he takes in all that concerns newspaper men, and he was recently elected President of the International League of Press Clubs and a life member of the New York Press Club. He is also mentioned as a candidate for the United States Senate, to succeed Senator Felton. He is a contributor to the magazines and literary periodicals of the day.

George Hamlin Fitch, Literary Editor of the Chronicle

John P. Young, the managing editor of the *Chronicle*, received his newspaper training in the hard school of Washington local work and correspondence. For five years he was city editor of the Washington *Chronicle*, and afterwards one of the staff of correspondents, that Editor Story of the Chicago *Times* maintained at the na-

tional capital. Mr. Young is recognized as an authority on the tariff and silver questions. In fact, during the last campaign, no paper in the country surpassed the *Chronicle* in its able and full discussion of the protective policy, and its work was commended by prominent Republican leaders at Washington. Mr. Young is a Pennsylvanian, forty-three years old, a rapid and untiring worker, and a walking encyclopedia of statistics on foreign and American finance. He has held his present position fourteen years.

The night editor and literary editor of the *Chronicle*, George H. Fitch, was trained on the New York *Tribune*, and came to the coast twelve years ago. Educated as a boy in the San Francisco public schools, and afterward spending ten years at the East, he is equally familiar with both sides of the country. He combines the executive and literary in his work. His specialty is literature, and he has made the book reviews of the *Sunday Chronicle*, known all over the coast for their honest and clear-cut criticism. Mr. Fitch is thirty-nine years old, a graduate of Cornell University, the correspondent of the New York *Tribune* and several other Eastern newspapers and also a contributor to the magazines of the day.

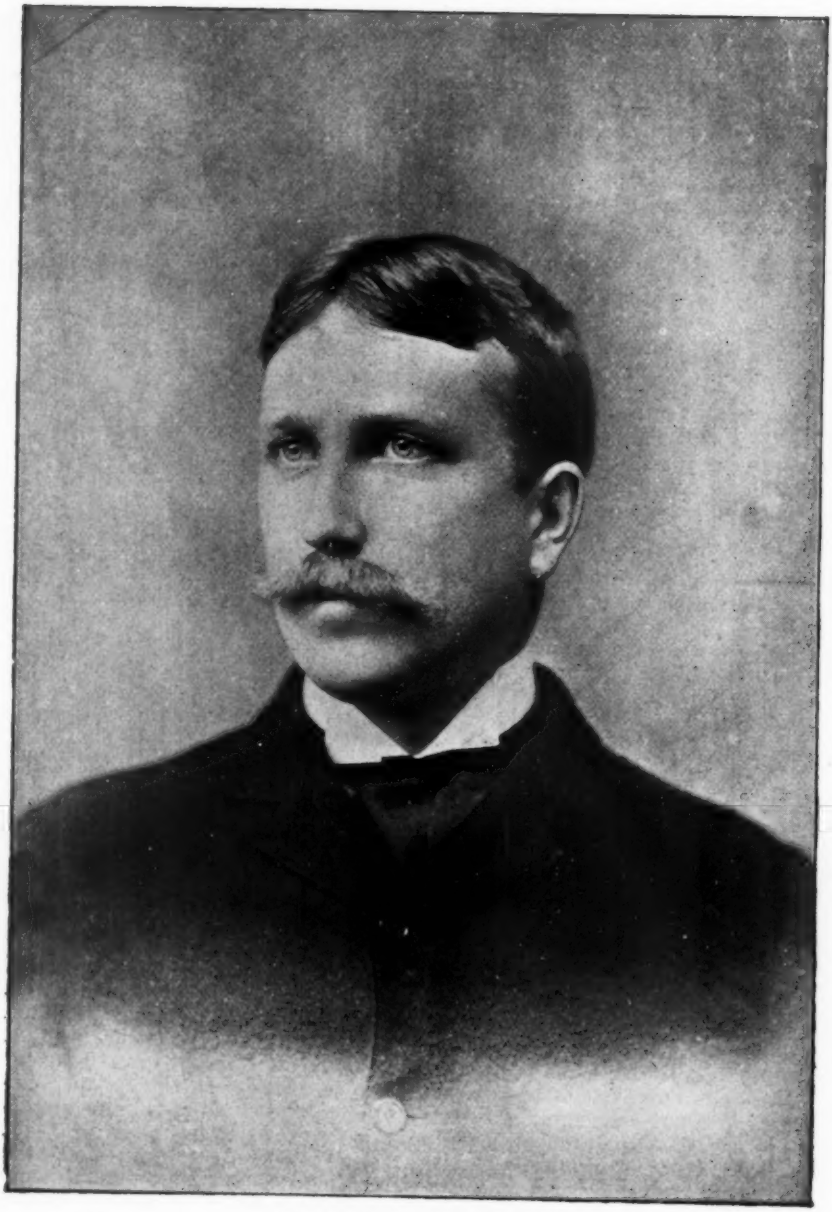


Horace R. Hudson
City Editor of the Chronicle

Horace R. Hudson, city editor of the *Chronicle*, obtained his first taste of journalism as assistant editor of the Albany *Times*. He made his first hit on the *Chronicle* as legislative correspondent at Sacramento. In this work, he showed rare aptitude in foretelling political events and in giving the digest of important measures. On his return, he was made city editor, an exacting position which he has filled with credit for thirteen years, a feat which is without parallel in this city, as five years is a long term at this hard desk. Mr. Hudson is a man of fine presence, forty-three years of age. He is an authority on foreign politics, and is an accomplished French scholar.

The *Examiner* first appeared as an evening daily in June, 1865. Its proprietor was W. S. Moss and B. F. Washington was managing editor. For many years, the Hon. Philip A. Roach and George Penn Johnston were connected with the paper, editorially, and soon built up its reputation for the excellence of its editorials.

In October, 1870, the *Examiner* became the property of the late Senator George Hearst, and was at once



W. R. Hearst, Editor of the Examiner

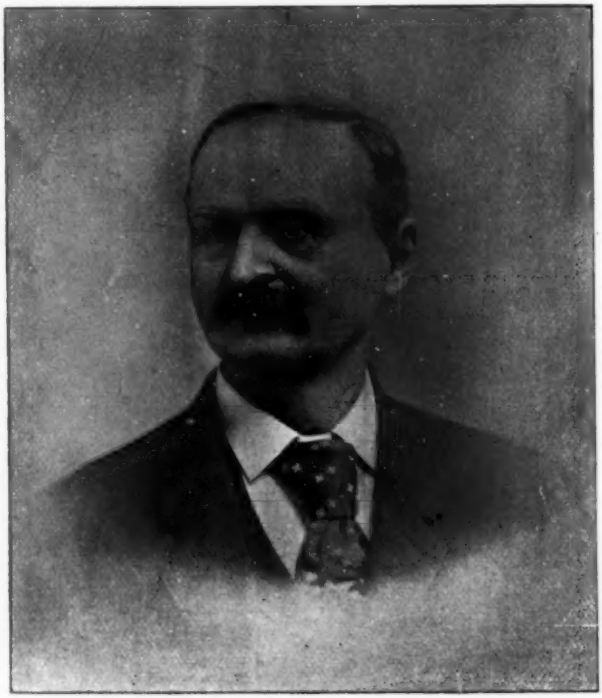
changed to a morning daily, and with the change in proprietorship came also a change of management, and the paper at once took its place in the foremost rank of metropolitan dailies. In 1887, W. R. Hearst succeeded his father in the proprietorship and management of the paper, and has ever since filled the onerous position of managing editor.

C. M. Palmer, Business Manager Examiner

Mr. Hearst was born in this city April 29th, 1863, at the corner of California and Montgomery streets, and was educated in part at the Hamilton Grammar School. Here, while still a mere boy, he made a reputation for his style and composition in English. After a tour of Europe he entered a preparatory school at Concord, Conn., and graduated from Harvard in 1886, after which he returned to San Francisco and assumed the management of the *Examiner*, and in March, 1887, he became its sole proprietor and managing editor. From that time on Mr. Hearst has been so closely identified with the *Examiner* that its history has been his biography too. He introduced a new era of journalism on the Coast, and has, by a happy combination of brains, money and courage, made the *Examiner* one of the leading journals of the country, with a circulation equal in proportion to population, to the very largest. This result has been achieved by Mr. Hearst's close

personal attention to every detail of his business, which he so thoroughly understands. In personal characteristics he is a quiet, modest gentleman; his pride and ambition are centered in his newspaper, which, from its first five years under his management, gives promise of still greater achievements.

As business manager of the *Examiner*, C. M. Palmer has contributed in no small degree to its phenomenal success. He has filled the position only since January 1st, 1889, but has already made a reputation among newspaper men on this coast second to none. Mr. Palmer was born in Wisconsin thirty-five years ago. Before he was of age he went to Nebraska to make his fortune, and there did his first newspaper work on the *Tecumseh Chieftain*, a small country weekly. The financial returns were small, however, and young Palmer's ambition large, so that he was compelled to teach school that he might increase his income, and devoted his small leisure to reading law. Not finding the fortune he sought in Nebraska he returned to Wisconsin and connected himself with the La Crosse *Democrat*, at that time conducted by the author of "Peck's Bad Boy," who is now Governor of Wisconsin. The *Democrat* being sold in 1876, Mr. Palmer joined the staff of the La Crosse *Republican and Leader*, and in a short time became city editor and business manager of it. After holding these positions for three years he removed to Minneapolis, and during his residence there became interested in almost every paper published in the city,



Frederick Hess, Editor of the Demokrat

either as a stockholder, manager or proprietor, and is at present owner of the *Northwestern Miller*, one of the leading trade papers in the country; also part owner of the Minneapolis *Journal* and the *Daily News* of St. Joseph, Mo. Mr. Palmer's phenomenal success in newspaper management led Mr. Hearst to retain his services for the *Examiner* just after Mr. Palmer had sold the Minneapolis *Tribune*. In the two years that he has been at the head of the business office of the paper he has done much to complete the success of which the story was told in the edition of March 4th last, the sixth anniversary of the *Examiner* under W. R. Hearst's editorial management.

S. S. Chamberlain, news editor of the *Examiner*, is a native of New York City and was graduated from the University of New York in 1871.

His first newspaper work was done on the Newark, N. J., *Advertiser*, and soon after he became assistant city editor of the New York *World*, under William Henry Hurlbert. He then connected himself with the New York *Herald* and was for several years James Gordon Bennett's private secretary. In 1882 Mr. Chamberlain founded the morning *News*, an English paper in Paris, which introduced the system of furnishing daily telegraphic news, something before unheard of in Parisian journalism. The paper entered the field against the *Messenger*, and was an immediate success. Mr. Chamberlain was also the one to introduce the American personal interview to the Parisian world. He also founded *Le Matin*, a French morning daily, on the lines of the News. *Le Matin* had the novel feature of daily articles from the pens of journalists representing the four principal political parties of France. Paul De Cassagnac represented the Bonapartists; Emanuel Arene, the Government; Henri Rochefort, the Socialists, and J. Cornely, the Legitimists, in the columns of *Le Matin*. These were the star political newspaper writers of Paris, and their daily thunderings at one another, all in the same paper, attracted universal attention. The paper immediately jumped to a circulation of 50,000. After his Parisian success Mr. Chamberlain returned to the New York *World*, and three years ago Mr. Hearst retained his services for the *Examiner* as news editor, and his novel features in the news service of the paper have contributed much to its success.

T. T. Williams, city editor of the *Examiner*, has been an active newspaper man in San Francisco since 1879. In 1880 he became sporting editor of the *Examiner*, and at the same time did special work for the paper. He next connected himself with the *Breeder and Sportsman* and then went to the *Alta* when James A. Johnson and Walter Turnbull undertook to build up its failing fortunes. When Colonel Jackson became proprietor of the *Evening Post* Mr. Williams undertook its management for him and retained the position until the paper was sold in 1889. Mr. Hearst then secured his services as a special writer for the *Examiner*, and after three months he was made city editor. Mr. Williams is also dramatic critic for the *Examiner* and succeeds in making his players' column one of the best of its kind in the country. In addition to his regular editorial work Mr. Williams does special correspondence for several leading Eastern dailies.

Ambrose Bierce, an editorial and special writer on the *Examiner*, has attracted no little attention to the journal by his caustic papers and critical style. Mr. Bierce is a contributor to the press of the day—a writer for the magazines—and the author of several books, his latest being a collection of his published short stories, issued in San Francisco.

The California *Demokrat* (German) is the oldest daily now in existence on this Coast, founded in 1853 by Dr. Von Loehr as editor and business manager. After varying fortunes the

Demokrat was in 1858 bought by Mr. Frederick Hess, a mere lad of eighteen or so. He has continued to control the paper ever since. Dr. Von Loehr continued in editorial charge until 1877, when he died and was replaced by Mr. Gruenblatt, who has continued as managing editor ever since. In 1853, when the *Demokrat* was founded, the German population of the State was estimated at fifty-three thousand, and that of San Francisco at ten thousand. Now the *Demokrat* has an audience of one hundred and eighty-five thousand in the State and sixty thousand in the city, and it is an immense influence for good, not only amongst its own countrymen, but with all classes and nationalities. Mr. Hess has shown himself a man of great energy and ability, and has, by his business tact and perseverence, made a unique record for himself among newspaper men. Mr. Gruenblatt is a thorough newspaper man, and his wide-minded attitude on all questions of political and social economy has had no small share in making the present prosperity of the *Demokrat*.

The *Abend-Post* (German) was founded as a daily in 1859 by Mr. La Fontaine. After many vicissitudes it passed into the hands of Messrs. Adolph, Charles and Leon Samuels, representing the *Post* Company. Under these gentlemen's energetic and conservative administration the paper has prospered and is to-day one of the most ably edited evening papers in the city.

The *Evening Bulletin* made a mark in journalism and turned the tide of affairs in this city. It was perhaps the most aggressive, fearless journal ever printed in San Francisco, considering the almost total lack of law and order in San Francisco at that time. In fact the fearless course of the paper brought about a reformation but the reformer lost his life. The *Evening Bulletin* first appeared on October 8th, 1855. At the head of the editorial column was, "James King of William, Editor." Mr. King came from Washington, D. C., where he had been connected with the banking house of Riggs & Co., and also engaged in journalism with Amos Kendall of the *Globe*.

The *Bulletin* was a success from the start and was enlarged three times in as many months. The paper is now a seven-columned, four-page sheet, nineteen by twenty-six inches. Mr. King was a fearless newspaper man and to his zeal, exposing the corruption in local politics, he owes the loss of his life. After the death of James King, his brother, Thomas S. King assumed the management of the *Bulletin* in May, 1856, and continued as managing editor until he was succeeded by John W. Simonton. In June, 1859, Geo. K. Fitch purchased an interest, and later Loring Pickering, and ever since they have controlled the *Bulletin*.

Matthew G. Upton, chief editorial writer of the *Bulletin*, was born in Ireland, and is about sixty-five years old. He is a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, studied medicine and law, and was admitted to the English bar. He came to the United States when a young man and became a reporter and writer for New York papers. Coming to California in 1852 under an agreement to conduct a Democratic paper at Sacramento, as an organ of the Douglas-Broderick wing of the party. He afterward worked on the San Francisco *Herald*, when Andrew J. Moulder was local editor. Mr. Upton became editor of the *Alta* and continued in this position until about twenty years ago, when he resigned and entered the service of the *Bulletin* as editorial writer. Upton is a powerful writer and probably the ablest political and financial debater on the coast.

The *Evening Post* was founded in 1871. It was started by four or five newspaper men as a venture. It was at first probably the smallest daily newspaper ever issued.

The *Post* passed into the hands of its present proprietor and editor,

William Mitchell Bunker, Editor of the Report

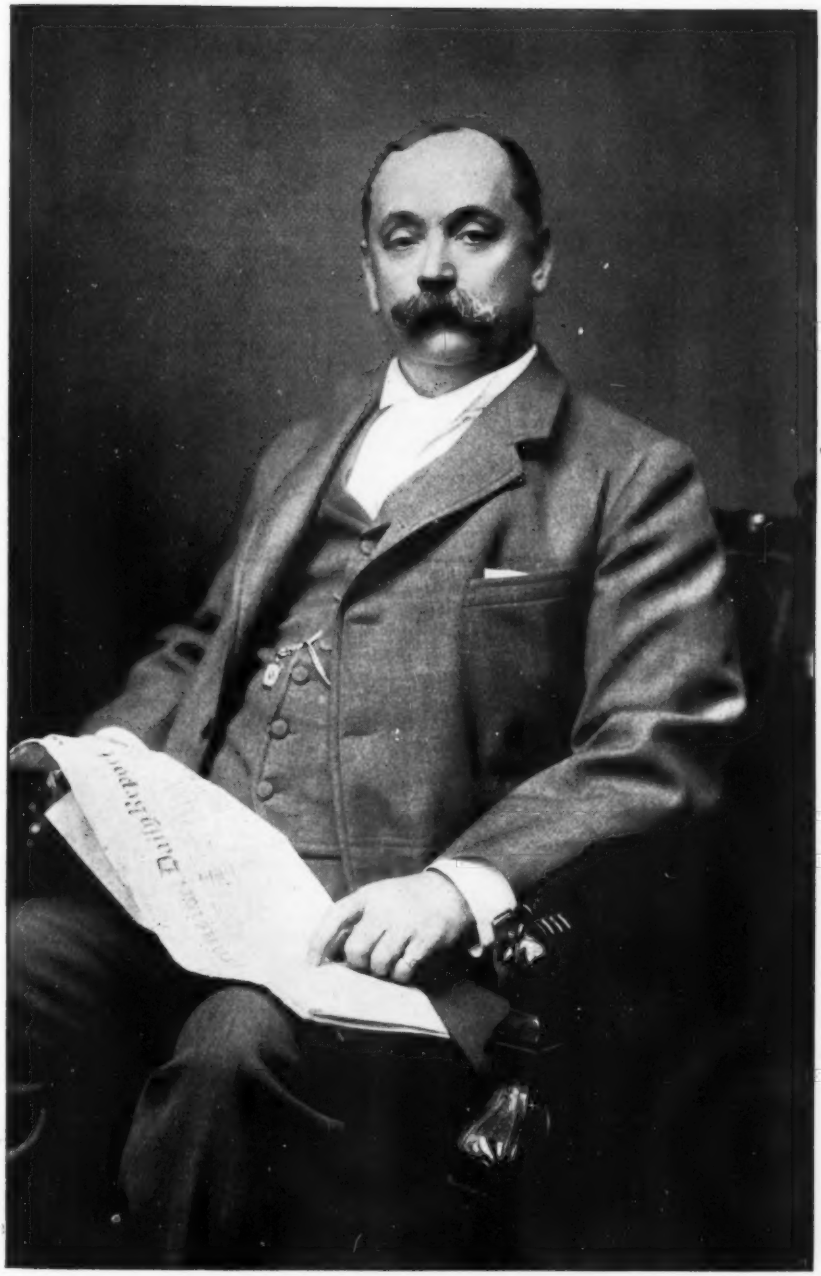
George Heazelton in 1889. Mr. Heazelton is a native of Pittsburg, Penn. He was educated at the public schools of his native city and graduated from the High School. He then entered Oberlin, and completed the classical course there at nineteen. Going abroad, he entered the University of Gottingen, Germany, and later, Heidelberg. After two years at these institutions, he went to Paris and there continued his education. Upon his return to America he came to California and joined the *Chronicle* staff as a reporter, later he was exchange editor, and finally, for five years, was Washington correspondent of that journal.

Under his management the *Post* has shown great enterprise in securing local and telegraphic news, and it has made a feature of illustrations which add so greatly to the attractiveness of a newspaper.

Prominent among the evening dailies of San Francisco for its enterprise and fearless and independent policy is the *Daily Evening Report*, which had its origin in a mining circular. It first appeared as a weekly in 1863, and later was issued as a noon daily with mining and stock market news. It continued on these lines until 1875, when it was bought by William Mitchell Bunker, who had been on the editorial staff of the *Bulletin*, Later, in 1877, Mr. Bunker associated Mr. Hiester with himself as business manager of the *Report*, Mr. Bunker retaining the editorial management, and they have built up the circulation of their journal until it has become phenomenal. William Mitchell Bunker was born in Nantucket, Mass., in 1850, and is a newspaper man not only from inclination and training but also by heredity, for his grandfather was and his father is a journalist. Coming to California in 1863, his first connection with journalism was as a compositor on the *Bulletin* staff. He rose rapidly in his profession, and during the twelve years he remained on the *Bulletin*, he filled the positions of reporter, news editor, dramatic critic and literary editor, but most of his time was passed in the city editor's chair, and there he developed that talent for obtaining news and serving it to the public taste that has made him the successful proprietor that he is. Mr. Bunker was noted as one of the most indefatigable reporters San Francisco ever produced. He never gave up a scent after taking it up. Everybody remembers the Riley-Cannon fight and how Mr. Bunker at the risk of his life, swam ashore from the steamer with his note book wrapped in his shirt and tied about his neck and clad only as he came into this world, remained at the ring side, reported the fight to the last blow of the last round, and then hurried back to the city to give the *Bulletin* the best report of the contest published. In 1873, Mr. Bunker went to the front at three hours' notice, as special war correspondent during the Modoc Campaign. He was the only correspondent present at the capture of Captain Jack, the news of which his papers got before any other correspondent or even the War Department knew anything about it.

Mr. Bunker has made a reputation as a magazine writer in addition to his newspaper work. He is an active member of several clubs, the Olympic Press Club and the Bohemian, and was Vice-President of the Olympic for two years; he was Chairman of the Citizens' Executive Committee, which raised $31,000 and put over eleven hundred needy men to work for thirty days in the bad winter of '89 and' 90, when, owing to the continual heavy rains, all outside labor had to be discontinued, and but for the generous philanthropy of such men as Mr. Bunker, there would have been much greater want among the working classes.

Associated closely with the success of the *Report* is A. C. Hiester, part owner and business manager of the paper. Mr. Hiester is a native of Ohio, fifty-six years of age, and has



A. C. Hiester, Business Manager of the Report

been a newspaper man from his teens. He first entered the office of the Germantown *Western Emporium* in 1850, and after serving out his apprenticeship of five years, he came to San Francisco, landing here in 1856. He first worked on the Marysville *Appeal*, then took to mining for a couple of years, but in 1858 he returned to newspaper work, and took a position on the *Alta*, leaving that journal for the *Golden Era*, and that for the *Bulletin*. He remained with the *Bulletin* until the strike of 1869, and after a short engagement on the *Chronicle*, he took the superintendency of the *Report*. When the *Report* passed into the hands of Mr. Bunker, Mr. Hiester bought a half-interest in it, and has been head of the business department of the house since.

Among the weekly papers of San Francisco widely known throughout the entire country, the *Argonaut* stands pre-eminent. It was started by Frank M. Pixley and Fred M. Somers, in 1877, as an independent political and literary weekly. Mr. Pixley was for many years a prominent San Franciscan attorney, but retired from active practice, and having always been a frequent and valued contributor to the local press, he naturally took to journalism, and his vigorous editorials are one of the features of the *Argonaut*. Mr. Somers, owing to ill-health, disposed of his interest in the *Argonaut* in 1879, and his place as managing editor has since been filled by Jerome A. Hart, under whose direction the *Argonaut* has maintained its unique position in journalism. Its crisp and fearless treatment of all public questions, the short stories for which it is famous, and its clever presentation of the social, literary and artistic news of the world, have made it one of the most widely read and quoted of American weeklies.

The *Wasp* antedates any other paper of the same class in the United States. It was founded in 1870, and was the first cartoon paper (in colors) ever published in America. Messrs. Korbel and Brothers were the original proprietors, and it had several different owners and editors, until finally, in 1889, it became the property of Samuel W. Backus. Charles W. Saalburg is cartoonist, and he is frequently assisted by Mr. Henry Nappenbach. General Backus was born in 1844 in New York, but has grown to manhood in California, and has for thirty years been in public life. Coming here in 1852, he was educated at the public schools of Sacramento. He served in the Civil War, joining the Army of the Potomac in 1862. He was made a Second Lieutenant at 19, and served with distinction until the close of the War. He served in the Modoc wars of 1865–6, and for a time commanded at Fort Bidwell. Retiring from the Army, he entered the civil service, first in the Internal Revenue Department, and afterward in the Custom House, in 1867 he gave up the public service for private business, and became a commission merchant, and for ten years did an extensive trade. In 1878, he was elected to the State Legislature from the same district with the late Hon. John Swift. He was appointed Adjutant-General by ex-Governor Perkins in 1880, and was a most efficient officer, reorganizing the State militia thoroughly. He was San Francisco's Postmaster, under President's Arthur's administration ('82–86), and made such an enviable record as an administrator of public affairs that President Harrison re-appointed him in 1890, and he still holds the position. General Backus is still a comparatively young man, and in his management of the *Wasp*, brought to bear his great abilities to good advantage.

Recently a joint stock company was formed, of which Thomas E. Flynn, a well-known local journalist, is the leading stockholder. Mr. Flynn is by all odds the best humorous writer on the coast, and as he is the editor, he bids fair to make the *Wasp* the equal of the large Eastern comic papers.

George Heazelton, Editor of the Post

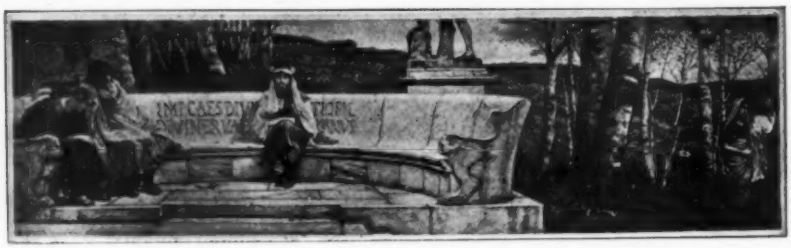
The *Weekly Monitor* was established in 1858 by Messrs. Marks, Thomas & Coy, as the organ of the Catholic Church. It passed through many hands until 1880, when it came into the hands of Stephen J. McCormick, a bold writer of great abilities. Mr. McCormick formerly edited *The Catholic Sentinel*, at Portland, Oregon. Mr. McCormick formed a joint stock company, and himself assumed the active editorial and business management, and the journal's success in his hands was assured. After a brilliant and useful career, Mr. McCormick laid down his pen forever, in August last, when he joined the great majority. The editorial management passed into the capable hands of Bryan J. Clinch, a learned and able man. Jos. S. McCormick is city editor and Frank L. McCormick is business manager.

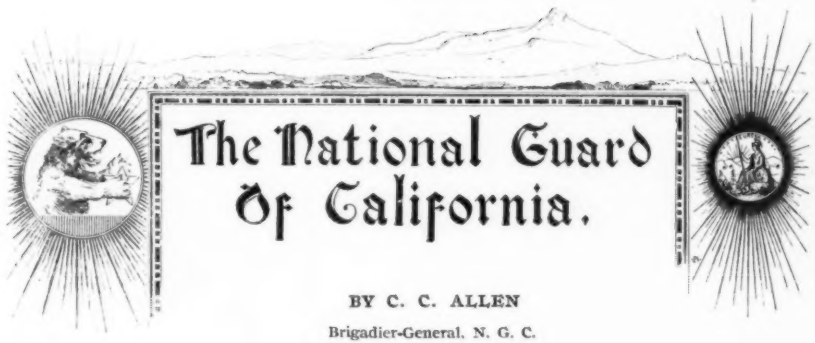
The *City Argus* is a weekly, established in 1879 by R. E. Culbreth and W. W. Randall, the former becoming sole proprietor in 1880. It has grown from a small, five-column sheet to its present dimensions. It is noted for its clever cartoons, one of which appears in each issue.

The *Wave* is a bright weekly devoted to society news and gossip. Its editors and proprietors are Messrs. Cosgrave and Hume. The *Wave* is filled with bright, clean and witty articles from the cleverest pens in the journalistic field.

The *News Letter*, well known throughout this country and Europe, was founded in July, 1856, and was at first simply a sheet of blue letter paper, one side of which was a three-colum newspaper, the other being left blank for the purchaser to fold and write the address upon and then mail. The idea was popular, and the paper throve. Its founder, Frederick Marriott, was a journalist of experience, having been the founder of the *Illustrated London News*, and connected with other prosperous journals. Mr. Marriott succeeded in making his journal very popular, and at his death he was succeeded by his son, Frederick Marriott, in the proprietorship of the paper. Its popularity and prosperity still continue.

There are a number of other trade, society and denominational journals issued in the city which it is impossible to name and classify in the limits of a magazine article. Each has a clientele of its own, and speaks each week to a group of readers who look as eagerly for them as the business man for his *Examiner*, *Chronicle* or *Call*. The object of the present paper was to call attention to the wonderful evolution of journalism from the *Star* of 1849 to our great morning and evening journals of 1892, employing hundreds of men and women, spending millions of dollars in gathering and printing and spreading news from every quarter of the world, watching with increasing vigilance the custodians of the people's property, ready at a moment's notice to spend money, time, even life itself in the interests of the public—and all this in forty years—an evolution that marks San Francisco as the home of enterprise and progress in more fields than journalism.





The National Guard of California.

BY C. C. ALLEN

Brigadier-General, N. G. C.

"AN efficient military organization is a necessity. It is a part of the government; first, as a protection from external aggression, and secondly, to insure domestic tranquility in the full and complete protection of persons and property at home."

The exercise of the military power which imparts to the whole fabric of government its cohesion and strength is exerted in emergencies and in times of peace relapses into preparatory and ceremonial phases which by their apparent inutility often deceive the popular mind into depreciation of their value. Those who are responsible for the administration of military affairs and the preservation of good order in times of public danger are compelled to appeal to popular judgment to demonstrate the necessity for an efficient military organization and its retention and support.

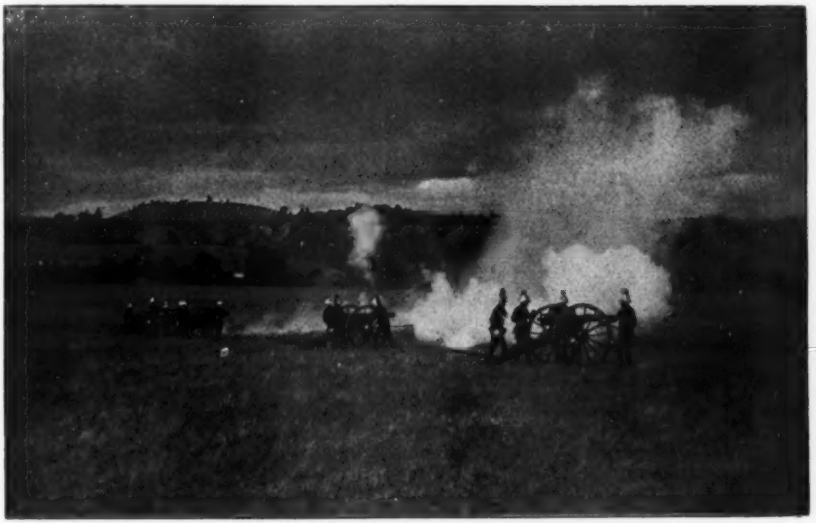
Some very crude ideas prevail that the military organization of the State is superfluous, that there is no necessity for it, and that its abolishment would be advisable. The man at the plow sees no necessity for an armed police, but the inhabitants of a great city know very well that protection to life and property depends upon the efficiency of the local police. One man with a revolver can drive a dozen farmers from their homes. The dangerous elements that congregate in our large cities are only restrained from pillage and rapine by the fear of the armed police which, in extreme cases, is supported by the military forces of the State. That the militia has been necessary to the peace of the commonwealth, the following incidents will prove.

In 1871, one company each of the National Guard and the Sumner Light Guard were ordered to Amador County to quell a riot growing out of a collision between the miners' league and the mill owners. Again, in 1877, the companies were called out to guard the armories, and prevent the destruction of valuable property during the three days' riots in San Francisco when the mob fired lumber yards and threatened the destruction of the city. The service rendered on this occasion amply illustrated the benefit to society of these organizations.

In December, 1872, Indian depredations of a serious nature occurred in Siskiyou County, where many lives were lost and much valuable property destroyed. Fifty rifles with necessary ammunition were sent to arm the citizens of that county. January 10th, 1873, sixty rifles with ammunition were forwarded to Dorris Bridge, and May 1st, a company was organized at Crescent City, Del Norte County, and armed with fifty rifles. May 15th, eighty sabers and eighty Colt's revolvers were sent to a company formed at Scott River, Siskiyou County, and on May 20th, a company of scouts was organized there for active service.

Governor H. H. Markham — Commander-in-Chief

On February 28th, 1876, the troops of the Second Brigade were ordered to San Quentin, by request of the civil authorities, on account of a fire at the prison, to prevent the escape of the convicts, and protect the property of the State. The conduct of the troops was satisfactory in the extreme. July 22d, the Stockton Guard, Captain Lehe, was ordered out to protect prisoners from mob violence. In 1877, the Chico Guard was called upon to assist the authorities in protecting and guarding prisoners sent to General McComb to arm recruits in his Brigade. The police force of the city at this time numbered 150, and the militia, 1,200, and were regarded as inadequate for the work in hand. So serious was the danger that in forty-eight hours there were mustered into service five thousand men in companies of 100. After three days of intense excitement and after much property had been destroyed by the rioters, order was restored and the troops returned to their civil affairs. Again in July of the same year several



Light Battery A—Captain Hugh T. Sime, Commanding

taken from Chico to Oroville. Owing to the excitement produced by the riotous proceedings in the East, serious apprehensions were felt that evil disposed persons in San Francisco and Oakland who had made violent threats would resort to violence. General McComb, in command of the Second Brigade, made requisition for ten thousand rounds of ammunition; Captain Hanlett, of the Oakland Guard, for two thousand rounds; Captain Lehe, of Stockton, for one thousand rounds, all of which were furnished. Six hundred rifles were companies of this brigade were ordered to duty by request of the civil authorities, which prompt action served to quell the riotous populace. Five thousand dollars was appropriated by the Legislature to pay for services of the militia in San Francisco.

In April, 1882, four companies of the First Artillery, Sacramento, were ordered out to quell a riot occasioned by the murder of a prominent citizen of Sacramento. The prison was surrounded by an angry mob which threatened to take the prisoner by force and visit upon him the penalty

General C. C. Allen—Adjutant-General

of death. Through the efforts of the officers of this command and the excellent discipline of the soldiers these designs were prevented. The Governor specially complimented the men upon the admirable manner in which they had performed their duties.

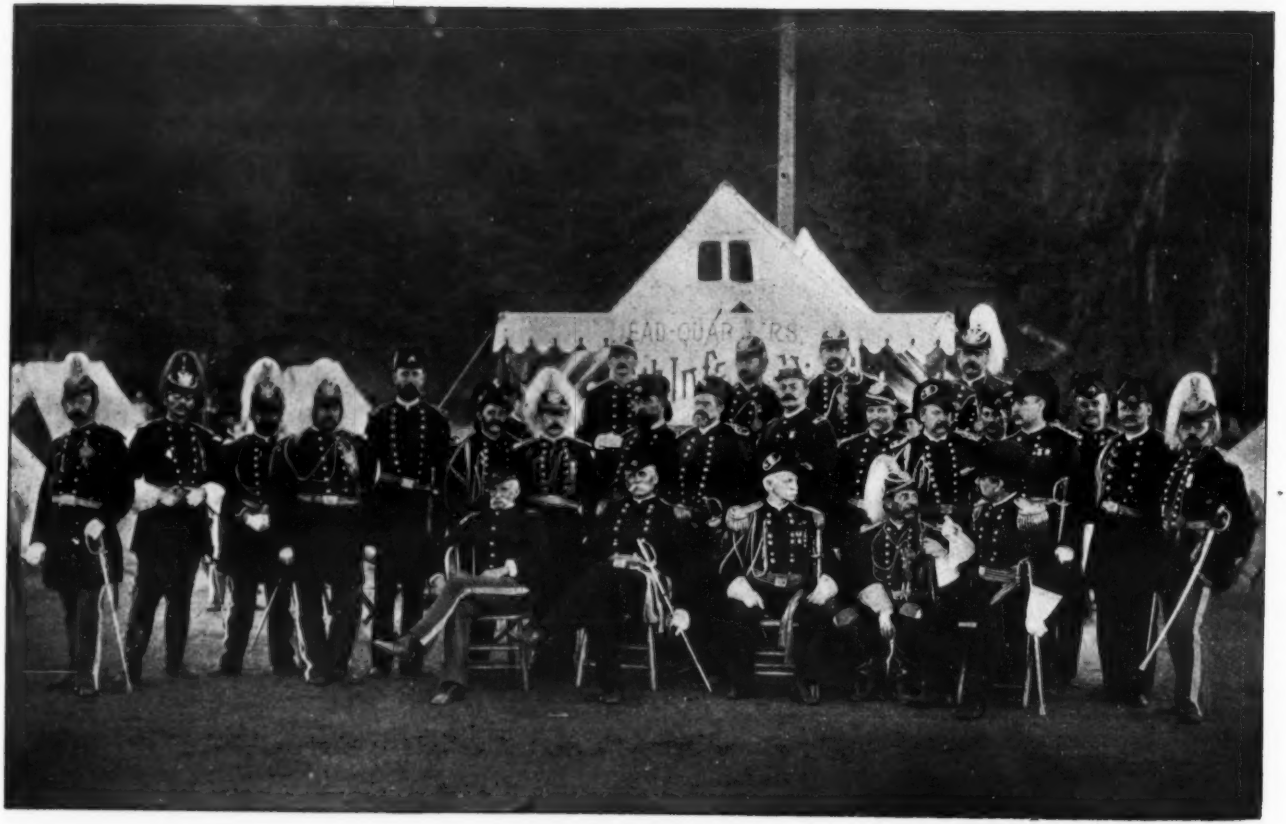
In July, 1884, upon the demand of the Sheriff of San Joaquin County, the Stockton Guard and the Emmet Guard of Stockton were ordered out to assist the civil officers in enforcing the law of that county. This is known as the "Moquelumne Grant War." Many men with their families had settled on lands that the courts had decided belonged to the railroad company, had put in crops and were resisting the officers in attempting their removal. They were well armed and expressed their determination to resist the execution of the law to the last extent. After several days of camp life the settlers surrendered, the writs were served and the troops returned to their homes. Their prompt response to the call of the Governor, and their cool and soldierly bearing while in camp evoked the commendation of the executive. The appropriation of $4,142 in payment of their services was made by the Legislature at the following session.

As to the riots of 1877, in San Francisco, when the "Safety Committee" was organized and the protection of the city was given into the hands of a self-appointed committee of citizens, the National Guard was never satisfied with the authorities on that occasion and believed that this committee was inimical to peace. The parading of the police, appointed by this committee, through the city, armed with pick handles as emblems of authority, tended to excite ridicule in the ranks of the rioters as well as among the citizens. With so efficient organization of the National Guard as we now have in that city such a condition of affairs will hardly again arise. It is admitted now that the knowledge of the fact that we have an armed and disciplined force has tended to preserve peace through the troublesome riotous agitations of the past few years.

In 1886, occurred in San Francisco what is known as the "car strike." The difficulty arose on behalf of the gripmen and conductors on the Sutter Street road, regarding wages; a strike was inaugurated and efforts were made to prevent the operation of the road. A large class of the people sympathized with them. The armories of the National Guard were threatened, and fears were entertained that the arms would be seized and placed in the hands of the riotors. In consequence, guards were placed in the several armories and were maintained there for a period of forty-three days, at an expense to the State of $3,877, which was paid by an act of the Legislature the following winter.

These are but a few instances showing the uses to which the National Guard is put and its desirability as a standing organization.

Every able bodied male inhabitant of the State of California, Mongolians and Indians excepted, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years, excepting ministers of religion, civil and military officers of the United States, officers of foreign governments, civil officers of this State, and all persons exempt from military duty by the laws of the United States, is subject to military duty. There are in this State 153,389 such persons liable to be called upon for this duty. The law provides that the organized uniformed militia shall be known as "The National Guard of California," and shall not exceed sixty companies. As organized it is as follows: The Governor, Commander-in-Chief; the Adjutant-General, with rank of Brigadier-General, who is ex-officio Quartermaster-General, Commissary-General, Chief of Ordnance and Chief of Staff; one Assistant Adjutant-General; one Surgeon-General; one Judge-Advocate-General; one Chief Engineer; one Paymaster-Gen-



Headquarters, Camp Allen -- Santa Cruz, 1891

eral and one Inspector-General of Rifle Practice, each with the rank of Colonel, and fourteen aids-de-camp with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. The Division, Brigade and Regimental Commanders have each a corresponding staff except as to number of aids and relative rank.

General John H. Dickinson — Second Brigade

The State troops are divided into six Brigades, and the organized force in each is as follows: First Brigade, 769; Second, 2018; Third, 414; Fourth, 423; Fifth, 400; Sixth, 150; in the Naval Battalion, 380; making a total of 4554 officers and men. Maj. Gen. W. H. Dimond commands the division comprising the whole.

Brig. Gen. E. P. Johnson, Los Angeles, is in command of the First Brigade, with two regiments, the Seventh, Lt. Col. Howland, six companies; the Ninth, Col. E. B. Spileman, six companies.

The Second is commanded by Brig. Gen. John H. Dickinson, San Francisco, with the First Infantry, Col. W.

Captain S. P. Blumenberg—First Troop Cavalry

P. Sullivan, Jr., seven companies; the Second Artillery, Col. Wm. Macdonald, seven companies, including one light battery; the Third Infantry, Col. Thos. F. Barry, seven companies; the Fifth Infantry, Col. D. B. Fairbanks, with six companies, the First Troop Cavalry, Capt. S. P. Blumenberg, unattached.

Brig. Gen. M. W. Muller is in command of the Third Brigade, headquarters at Fresno, with one regiment, the Sixth Infantry, Col. Eugene Lehe, six companies.

General J. W. B. Montgomery—Fifth Brigade, Chico

The Fourth is in command of Brig. Gen. T. W. Sheehan, Sacramento, with First Artillery, one company of which is armed and drilled as a light battery, commanded by Col. J. W. Guthrie.

Brig. Gen. J. W. B. Montgomery, Chico, is in command of the Fifth Brigade, with one regiment, the Eighth Infantry, Col. Park Henshaw, six companies.

The Sixth Brigade is in command of Brig. Gen. J. W. Freese, Eureka, with one battalion and two companies, the Tenth, under Maj. J. D. H. Chamberlin.

The First Infantry, Second Artillery and Third Infantry are located in San Francisco, also the First Troop Cavalry. The companies of the Fifth Infantry are located in San Jose, Oakland, San Rafael, Petaluma and Santa Rosa. The companies of the Sixth in Stockton, Modesto, Fresno and Visalia; the Seventh Infantry in Los Angeles, Ventura, Pasadena (the Markham Guards) and Anaheim; the Eighth in Chico, Colusa, Marysville, Red Bluff, Redding and Oroville; the Ninth in San Diego, Santa Ana, Riverside, San Bernardino and Pomona; the Tenth Battalion in Eureka and Arcata.

The office of Inspector-General of Rifle Practice was created in 1878, and the duty imposed upon him was to prescribe rules and regulations for rifle practice. He had authority to examine officers as to their proficiency in target practice, and had general supervision of all matters pertaining to this important part of a soldier's duty. It is to be regretted that these duties have been permitted to lapse into "desuetude," and that there is not that attention paid to details of target practice that the good of the service demands.

Target practice is obligatory upon every member of the National Guard. In June and September, each officer and man is required to fire ten shots, and those making a score of sixty out of a possible one hundred at these shoots are awarded a silver medal and a bronze marksman bar; those mak-

First Troop of Cavalry—San Francisco

ing eighty per cent, a silver medal and a silver rifleman bar, and to those making ninety per cent, a silver medal and a gold sharpshooter bar. Enlisted men must have attended sixty per cent of company drills for the past year. Those making a score of ninety per cent may compete for the gold medal, which is the highest prize for marksmanship. This year the contest lies between Colonel Kellogg (retired) and Captain Adolph

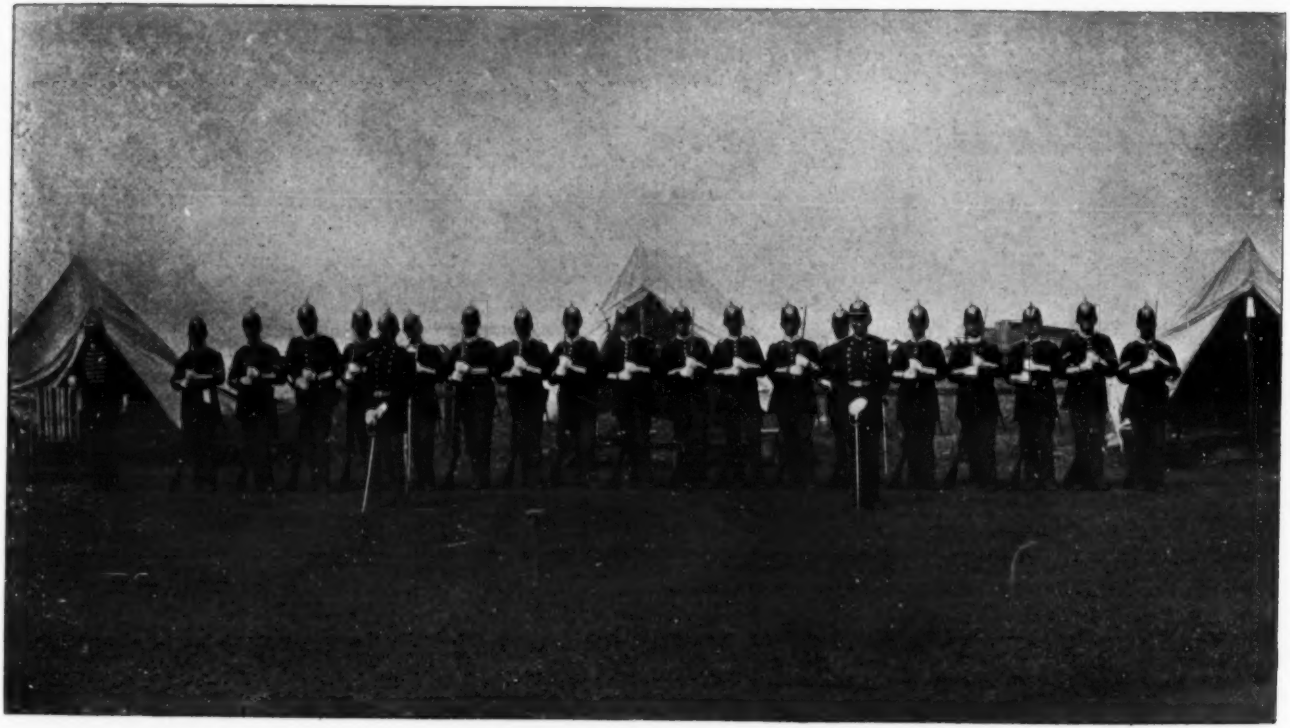
Rifle Practice Medal

Huber of the Second Artillery. Interest in target practice increases every year, and the appropriation for that purpose does not cover the amount expended by the several commands by more than fifty per cent. Under the orders of 1890, when the percentages were five per cent lower than in 1891, one thousand and twenty-five medals were issued, while in 1891, notwithstanding the increase of percentage, the number reached nine hundred and eighty, which shows a marked improvement in shooting.

Under the regulations governing the National Guard, no man is furnished blank cartridges when "business" is required. Should the force be ordered out to quell a riot, and the necessity for firing arise, no man is permitted to fire blank cartridges or to fire in the air. It is well that this fact be known, as the impression prevails in some quarters that a few rounds would be fired to scare the mob before actual business began.

The companies are required to drill at least three times each month, excepting in the month of December, but usually four drills are held. Armory rents and incidental expenses are paid out of the appropriation for this purpose. The allowance to each infantry and artillery company drilling as infantry is $100 per month; to the cavalry company, $150, and to each light battery, of which there are two, $200 per month; to each Regimental Headquarters, $7.50 per month for each company in the command; to each Brigade Headquarters, $5 per month per company in the brigade for expenses. The Major-General receives for incidental expenses $600 per annum. The allowance to the Signal Corps is $2.50 per man per month.

Annual encampments are provided for. The State pays transportation of men and horses, tents and baggage, and subsistence not to exceed $400 to each company. The attendance last summer averaged seventy-five per cent of the entire force, and was satisfactory in results. The exercises consist in drills, guard duties and other exercises incident to service in the field; the soldier is taught obedience to orders, to rely upon himself and to acquire that steadiness of purpose so necessary to military discipline. The health in all the camps was good, food abundant and well prepared, and the surgeons' reports were generally satisfactory. The discipline is better year by year, and though the frequent



The Governor's Guard at Santa Monica

changes by reason of removals and expiration of service tend to demoralize the commands, there are several thousand men scattered throughout the State, who have had more or less experience in the line, and could be relied upon to fill the ranks of a very efficient armed force.

From the report of the Brigade Surgeon of one of the camps in an Eastern State, it appears that the men were seriously affected by poison ivy, mosquitoes, chiggers and fleas, and so

General T. W. Sheehan—Fourth Brigade, Sacramento

serious were some of the attacks, that the patients were disabled from the performance of duty. The surgeon finds it necessary to prescribe a remedy for each of the above-named "enemies of good order" for future encampments, which is printed in the report of the Adjutant-General. The report proceeds: "The cyclone of Friday night, August 15th, proved very disastrous; * * * about one-third of the tents were submerged, and the calamity of longer remaining in camp could be foreseen; * * * it was the unanimous opinion of the regimental surgeons to break camp at once, and camp was abandoned at noon."

This sounds peculiar to the California guardsman, as nothing like any of these "calamities" has ever been experienced in any camp in this State. Clear skies, pure air and perfect freedom from poison ivy, mosquitoes, chiggers, fleas and cyclones are among the experiences of our soldiers.

Last winter the Legislature authorized the formation of an additional force to be attached to the National Guard, to be known as the Naval Battalion. It is composed of four companies, or, more properly, divisions, of eighty men each—one in San Diego, Lieutenant T. A. Nerney, and Divisions B, C and D, commanded by Lieutenants J. J. Fitzgerald, C. A. Douglass and L. H. Turner. Lieutenant-Commander Fred B. Chandler commands the battalion. This organization is designed to fit men for the Navy, the new armed vessels requiring an entirely different class of men from the old sailing ships. Already there is a demand for new seamen such as will be educated in this batallion to man the new sea-coast defense vessels being constructed in San Francisco. The general Government arms the battalion, but the men are required to furnish their own uniforms. Following the old policy of doing things only by halves, as in case of the National Guard, the Government simply supplies the arms and says, "now go and fit yourselves for seamen; we will want you one of these days." Thanks to the liberality of the citizens of San Diego and San Francisco, the entire force is now well equipped. The Secretary of the Navy has notified the Adjutant-

General's office that the allotment of arms has been made to this State, (which is in excess of that of any other, we having already mustered more men than either New York or Massachusetts) and that a vessel will soon be placed in the harbor of San Francisco, to be used by the battalion for purposes of drill. It will have boats and heavy guns, and a naval officer will be detailed to instruct the men in practical seamanship, gunnery, etc. A majority of the officers have had sea service in the Navy and marine, and are discharging their duties in a satisfactory manner. No provision has been made by the State for payment of armory rents and other expenses, but the officers have given liberally of their private means for this purpose. The organization should have aid from the State, and should receive the cordial support of the people of the cities in which it is located.

The command is under orders of the Commander-in-Chief, and is governed so far as practicable, by the rules and regulations of the National Guard.

By an Act of Congress, in 1882, the Secretary of War is authorized, whenever the Governor of any State bordering on the sea or gulf coast, and having a permanent camp ground for the encampment of the militia not less than six days annually, shall make requisition for the same, to furnish two heavy guns and four mortars with carriages and platforms for the proper instruction and practice of the militia in heavy artillery drill. Brigadier-General Dickinson is giving his

Colonel R. E. Murray—Assistant Adjutant-General

attention to this matter and we have hopes that some suitable camp ground may be secured soon, when the requisition will be forwarded and the guns will be placed in some suitable position on the coast.

General Cutting has introduced a bill in Congress repealing the century old militia law and providing for a reorganization of the National Guard of the country in harmony with modern ideas. It is still the law that militia officers shall be armed with a "spontoon," whatever that may be, and that the men be provided with equipments unknown to this generation. It also increases the appropriation for the militia of the United States from $400,000 to $1,000,000. Should this become a law we may hope to have one of the most efficient military organizations in the country.

Squad of Signal Corps in the Field—San Francisco

During the late discussions in the public press of the question of war with Chili, the attention of the country was called to the standing and efficiency of the National Guard of the several States, and it was alleged that the Adjutant-General of the Army laid before the President statistics showing the strength and efficiency of this force and the condition of the militia in case demand should be made for volunteers. The National Guard of the country amounts in round numbers to one hundred thousand, and it is safe to assume that one hundred thousand more have had more or less experience in drills and in camp life. The old heroes of the late war although willing to again enter the service of the country, should their services be required, are now too far along in years to take up arms in a contest abroad. To this generation belongs the duty of defending the honor of the country, and the question of the efficiency of the National Guard of California, should we be called upon to defend our own cities, was one that was discussed among business men with much interest. I am glad to say that from the tone of the correspondence to the General Headquarters of

the Guard, the greatest enthusiasm was manifested by the rank and file, and they showed a willingness to take any part that would be assigned them, should war be declared. These men are patriotic, they love our institutions and are willing to risk their lives in the defense of the country. It is not boasting to say that we are a great nation, and the intelligence of our soldiery has no equal anywhere, and it is not confined to any locality. Should the nation be engaged in war, the young men of the South and the East would vie with the North and the West in deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice. Whatever small politicians may say, we are one people, one in patriotism, one in devotion to the honor of the flag.

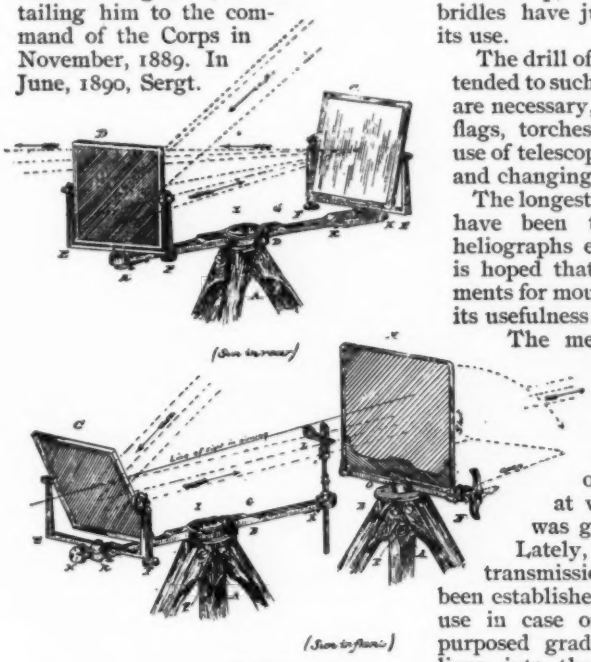
Another feature of the National Guard of California is the fact that politics is not permitted to enter the organization and political discussions are discountenanced. Some of the prominent officers served in the Confederate army, while their regimental associates fought against them in the late war. In the selection of general officers, the Commander-in-Chief has shown that the question to be considered was as to their qualifications, and his appointments have met the approval of the friends of the organization. His earnest interest in the Guard has been shown on all occasions, particularly during the session of the Legislature when, had he not personally appealed to leading members of that body, the appropriation would have been reduced to such an extent that the organization could not have been maintained. Economy is demanded in the expenditures and strict accounting of moneys expended as required. The taxpayer will willingly vote the necessary appropriations if he is convinced that the results contemplated in legislation will be secured.

Prior to April 1st, 1889, the Signal Service of the National Guard of California consisted of Regimental Corps, composed at first of details from various companies, and later organized under a law passed by the Legislature in 1887. These Corps were under the command of Regimental Signal Officers, and consisted of from ten to fourteen men each.

The Signal Corps Uniform and Arms

But Major E. A. Denicke, Signal Officer of the Second Brigade (now Lieutenant-Colonel and Division Signal Officer), who had served in the U. S. Signal Corps during the Civil War, soon perceived that detachments of so few men could not perform practical work to much advantage, and obtained the introduction into the State Legislature of a bill authorizing Brigade Signal Corps. This bill became a law early in 1889, and in April of that year the Signal Corps of

the Second Brigade was organized. Its charter members were members of the Regimental Corps of the First and Fifth Infantry regiments. It soon completed its limit of membership—forty. The Corps was under the command of the Brigade Signal Officer, but was without company officers. This deficiency was remedied in part by the appointment of First Sergeant W. E. Brown to the office of First Lieutenant and Signal Officer of the First Regiment, and detailing him to the command of the Corps in November, 1889. In June, 1890, Sergt.



The Heliograph

C. J. Evans of the Corps was appointed Signal Officer of the Second Regiment, and detailed for duty with the Corps. This arrangement continued until 1891, when the law was amended to provide for company officers of each Brigade Signal Corps, so that at present the Corps consists of forty men, and has as officers a Captain and a First Lieutenant.

The Corps went into camp with the Second Regiment, at Monterey, in 1889, again with the Second Brigade, at Santa Cruz, in 1890, and also in 1891.

Although its duties call for mounted service, it has not, until lately, been provided with the necessary equipments. A few horses, however, were taken into camp in 1891, and the experiment proved so successful that it is expected that the entire Corps will be provided with mounts at the next camp, as forty saddles and bridles have just been re-issued for its use.

The drill of the Corps has been extended to such infantry movements as are necessary, signaling with wands, flags, torches and heliographs, the use of telescopes and the establishing and changing of stations.

The longest ranges of flag signaling have been twelve miles and of heliographs eighteen miles. But it is hoped that, as it has now equipments for mounts, it will demonstrate its usefulness at greater ranges.

The members make frequent short trips to points around the bay for the purpose of signaling, and the Corps has had several bivouacs and minor camps, at which much experience was gained.

Lately, several lines for the transmission of messages have been established in San Francisco for use in case of riot, etc., and it is purposed gradually to extend these lines into the country surrounding the bay.

The present officers connected with the Corps are Major D. E. Miles, Brigade Signal Officer, and Captain Charles J. Evans and First Lieutenant Abbot A. Hanks, company officers.

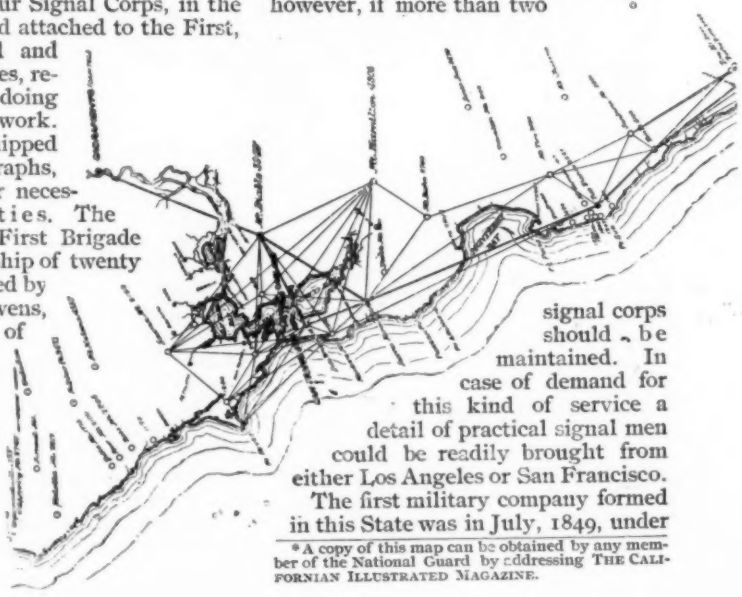
Although scarcely three years old, the Corps has provided itself with a supply of tents, cooking utensils and other camp equipments.

There is also one company of Cadets in San Francisco, composed of students

attending the Boys' High School, which is attached to the First Infantry. The officers receive warrants and hold their positions during good behavior or until they leave the school. This is the only Cadet Company in the State and no more will be authorized as the appropriation for arms and equipments is not sufficient to meet the increased demand.

Under the law the students of the University are organized into a body known as the "University Cadets." The officers, between and including the ranks of Second Lieutenant and Colonel, are selected by the Chief Military Instructor, with the assent of the President of the University, and receive their commissions from the Governor. The arms and equipments are received from the General Government, and the military instructor is detailed by the Secretary of War. Upon graduating or retiring from the University, such officers may resign their commissions or hold the same as retired officers of the University Cadets, liable to be called into service by the Governor in case of war, invasion, insurrection or rebellion.

There are four Signal Corps, in the National Guard attached to the First, Second, Third and Fourth Brigades, respectively, all doing excellent work. They are equipped with heliographs, flags and other necessary properties. The Corps of the First Brigade has a membership of twenty men commanded by Maj. M. T. Owens, Signal Officer of the First Brigade, and one First Lieutenant; the Second Brigade Corps commanded by Maj. D. E. Miles, has a Captain, a First Lieutenant and forty men; the Third has ten men commanded by Maj. M. De Vries, and one First Lieutenant, and the Fourth has ten men under Maj. W. H. Sherburn, and one First Lieutenant. The service performed by these commands while in camp was excellent and successful signaling was done to a distance of several miles. Some work by Corporal Wm. A. Burr, First Brigade, is worthy of special mention. He has made a map of the coast heliograph system,* herewith shown, extending in Southern California more than one hundred miles in direct lines, with bases at Pt. La Jolla Soledad, near San Diego, San Clemente Island in the Santa Barbara Channel and San Pedro Hill, near San Pedro. He has also plotted a system of coast stations from these points to Sonoma Mountain, Mt. Diablo, Mt. Hamilton and points near San Francisco. More than twenty-five stations are designated on this map north of the Tehachepi which could be utilized should the necessity arise for communicating by signals. It is questionable, however, if more than two signal corps should be maintained. In case of demand for this kind of service a detail of practical signal men could be readily brought from either Los Angeles or San Francisco.



The first military company formed in this State was in July, 1849, under

* A copy of this map can be obtained by any member of the National Guard by addressing THE CALIFORNIAN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

Coast Heliograph System
San Diego to Sacramento — Prepared for
Brig. Gen. C. C. Allen, by Corporal W. A. Burr

the name of the First California Guard, with forty-one members, increased to one hundred in September. Henry M. Naglee was commissioned Captain. At present it is known as Light Battery A, Second Artillery, San Francisco, under command of Captain H. T. Sime. This company was called to Sacramento to quell the squatters' riot of 1850. In 1854, six companies in San Francisco were formed into a battalion, and in 1856, when the Vigilance Committee assumed the government of the city, the battalion was ordered to report for duty to the Governor. In 1855, Gen. W. T. Sherman was appointed Major-General of the State forces, but owing to disagreements with the Governor, resigned in 1856.

The organization of the militia was by Act of the Legislature in 1861. It provided that the persons liable to military duty should be divided into two classes; all whose names appeared on the muster rolls of a military company were designated as the "organized militia," and all others as the "enrolled militia," and made some slight provision for arming, clothing and disciplining the organized force. The Act of 1862 provided for the calling out of the entire body of the militia, if necessary, to preserve the peace.

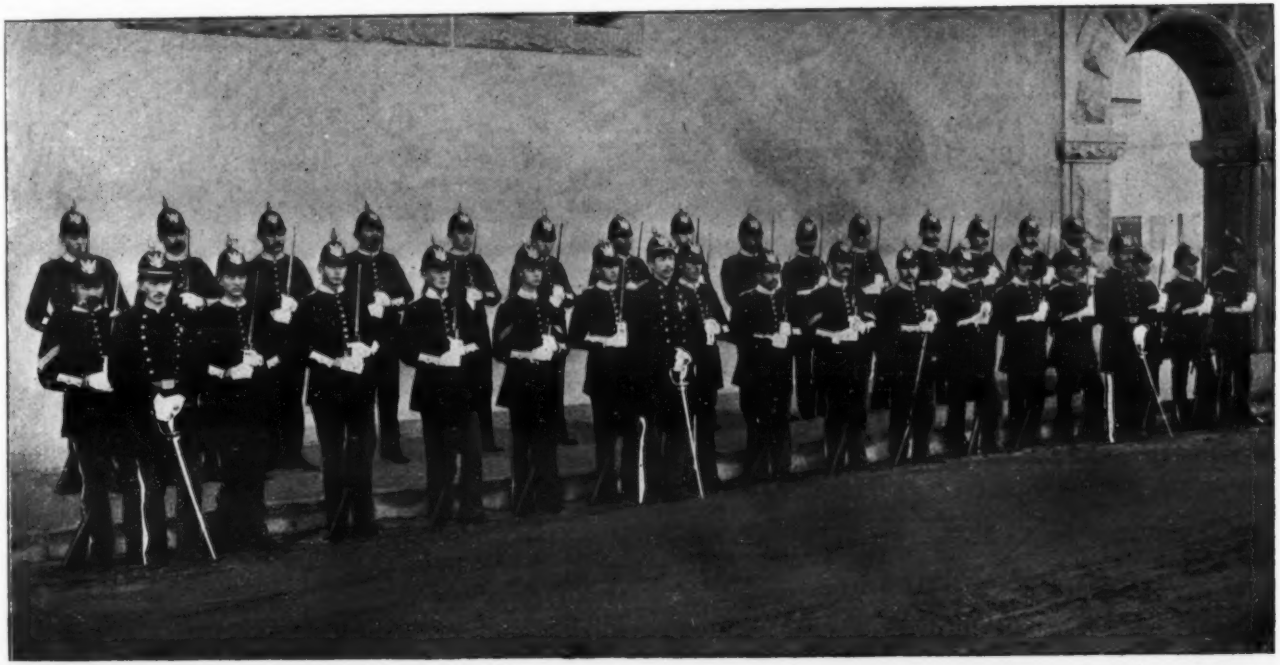
In 1864, a State military fund was created by the levy of two dollars upon each male inhabitant of the State, twenty-one years of age and over, California Indians alone excepted. John Chinaman had not been considered up to that time, but he is not forgotten since, and is not excepted in the matter of taxation for all purposes.

The Statute of 1866 authorized the formation of sixty companies to be known as "The National Guard of California," but only forty companies were mustered. All companies were required to meet for drill at least once in each month, but in San Francisco and Sacramento they were required to drill once a week. It provided for three parades each year, the fourth of July, the ninth of September (Admission Day) and for target practice. The law provided further that all persons in the military service should be exempt from the performance of jury duty, payment of road tax and

head tax of every description, and from service on *posse comitatus*. Horses, arms, and equipments were exempt from execution, and after seven years' service, a man could demand and receive a certificate of exemption from the above-named duties, except in time of war. This is still the law. The appropriation was fifty dollars per month to each infantry and cavalry company, and to each light battery twenty-five dollars per month for each gun, for armory rents; to the commanding officer of each regiment fifteen dollars per month, and to each Brigadier-General one dollar per month for each company in his command. One and one-fourth cents on each one hundred dollars was levied on all property for military purposes.

The new Drill Regulations of the U. S. Army, adopted in this State, make many changes in the organization necessary. They provide for two or more battalions to each regiment with a Major in command of each. It is charged with some truth, that our system is already "top-heavy" with officers, and that the additional officers increase its heaviness. But our present organization is in accordance with that adopted by the Government and to conform to the new order of things, it will be necessary to recruit the companies to seventy-four men each. One difficulty arises in the fact

General W. M. Muller—Third Brigade, Fresno



The Markham Guards, Co. B, Seventh Infantry, First Brigade—Pasadena

that the appropriation for clothing is nearly exhausted, and no provision is made for uniforming any more men than we now have on the rolls. There are now sixty companies with three thousand seven hundred and ninety-three enlisted men, being an average of sixty-three men to a company, so traveling under orders when actual expenses are allowed.

One of the most discouraging hindrances to the success of the National Guard is the seeming indifference of many business men to its welfare. They have large manufacturing and mercantile houses in

Major Owen Signaling with Heliograph—Los Angeles

that when the authority to clothe the additional number necessary, to conform to the new Regulations is conferred by the Legislature, we will have the new battalion formations. All officers are required to furnish their own uniforms and equipments, and their duties are performed without cost to the State, except where which thousands of dollars are invested and more than any one class are dependent for success upon an orderly community. In times of violence they are the first to cry out and are the most anxious for the enforcement of the law. They have in their employ a great many young men connected with the military. Are the latter to

bear the burdens of the soldier, stand as sentries at the doors of employers, take the risks of attacks by riotous mobs and give their best days in preparing to satisfactorily perform the duties of armed defenders of the laws, and as now be met with threats of discharge by employers, in case they are ordered to camp or to parade? Which class has the greater interest in good order?

Major-General W. H. Dimond

The guard of this State is not a regular force; it does not serve for pay; it gives its time and brains and honest efforts to the work in hand, practically free of cost to the State. At the very least no member of the guard ever receives an adequate return for the time, money and labor he puts into the work, unless it be from the consciousness that he has in some small measure performed his duty to the State, and it is but proper that there should be recognition, not to any particular locality or individuals, or class of individuals, but that all the various districts that contribute to the maintenance of the guard should, in some substantial manner, receive acknowledgment for the services rendered.

The National Guard of California is an educational organization. It teaches and enforces discipline, it developes self-reliance and soldierly bearing, it instills in the minds of the young men that love of order and protection to life and property upon which alone the peace of the country is assured. The soldier feels that he is a part of the government and has within him a feeling of pride of citizenship that adds to the glory of being one of the great whole.

SOME AMERICAN GLACIERS

I

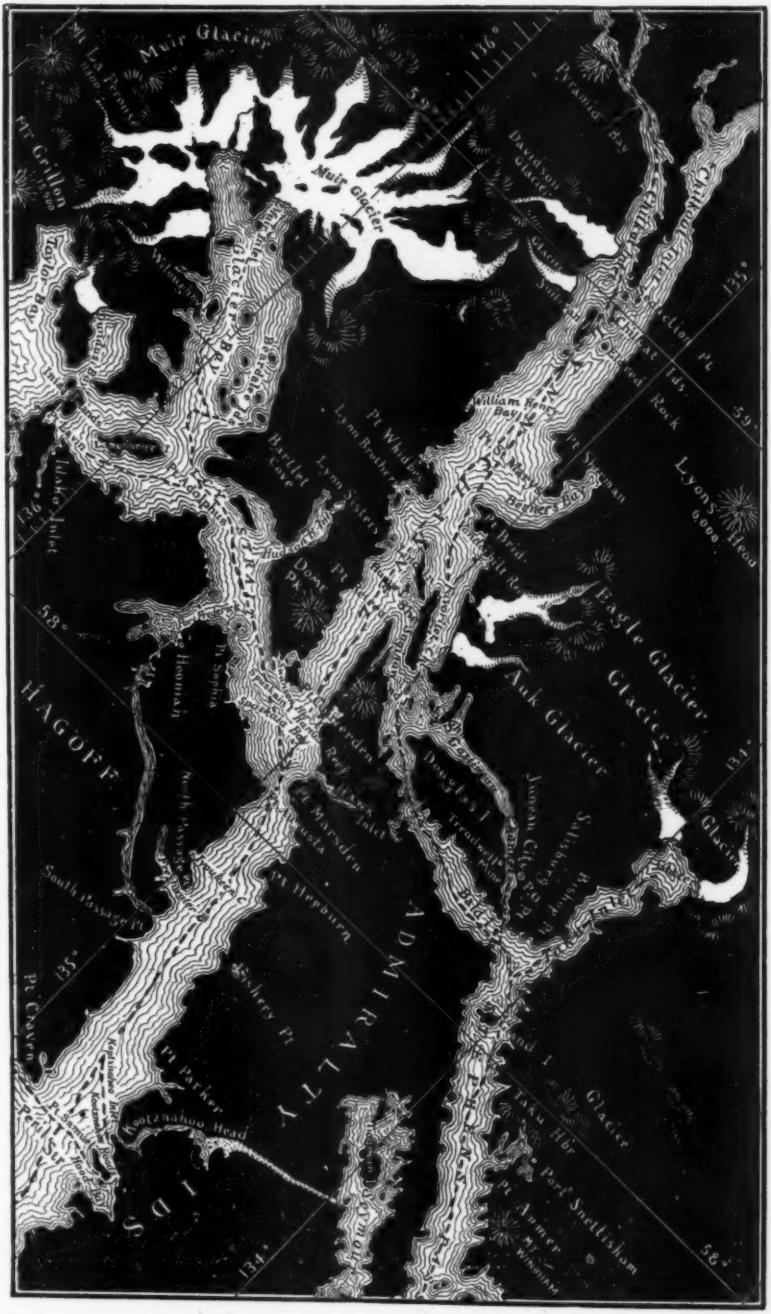
BY CHARLES R. AMES

HEN AGASSIZ established his Hôtel des Neuchâtelois on the glaciers of the Alps, fifty or more years ago, and astonished the scientific world by his novel ideas regarding glacial laws and their importance in the world's history the American glacier was unheard of. For years the glacier of the Aar, the famous *mer de glace* and other rivers of ice that flow down from the great peaks of the Alps have been one of the "wonder attractions" of Europe. Adventurous men and women have gone thousands of miles to look upon the white river in summer, and risked their lives to ascend to their sources in the upper cloudiand of the famous mountains; but gradually America is robbing the old country of its time-honored claims, and to-day the American can in all truthfulness say that the Alpine rivers of ice are but bagatelles to the mighty glaciers found in our northwest possessions. America is the home of the great glaciers, and in Alaska and in the State of California are to be found some of the grandest examples of this awe-inspiring phenomenon.

It is a singular fact that few Americans, even upon the Pacific Coast, are aware of their proximity to the glacier country, and my own knowledge came one day when sitting in the Union Club, New York. I had been reading an account of the ascent of the glacier of the Aar, and, throwing down the paper, announced to a friend that I was going to make it the following summer. "Why don't you patronize our own glaciers?" he remarked; and this led to my learning of the frozen snow rivers of Alaska, and the following spring found me, not on my way to Switzerland, but flying across the continent to San Francisco where I caught the steamer, and in three days found myself at Port Townsend with passage taken on the *Queen* for the land of the glacier. In the Western country everything is big. One expands and is prepared for anything; yet I was surprised to learn that Alaska, for which we were bound, contained 600,000 square miles of territory, was, in fact, a fifth of the United States; yet such is the fact, and when this marvellous country comes to be fully investigated and explored the wisdom of the purchase will be shown.

Port Townsend is a most interesting point, and I climbed to the heights to the west of the city to view the snow-capped Cascade Range which has small glaciers of its own, and now lay stretching all across the eastern horizon from Mt. Baker at the north to Mt. Tacoma at the south—a grand and impressive sight. Port Townsend is a thriving, bustling city of some six or seven thousand people, with good hotels, churches, theatres and shops. As it is the port of entry for all the Sound country it must always be a town of much commercial importance. Indeed, after New York, it boasts a greater export tonnage than any other port in the Union.

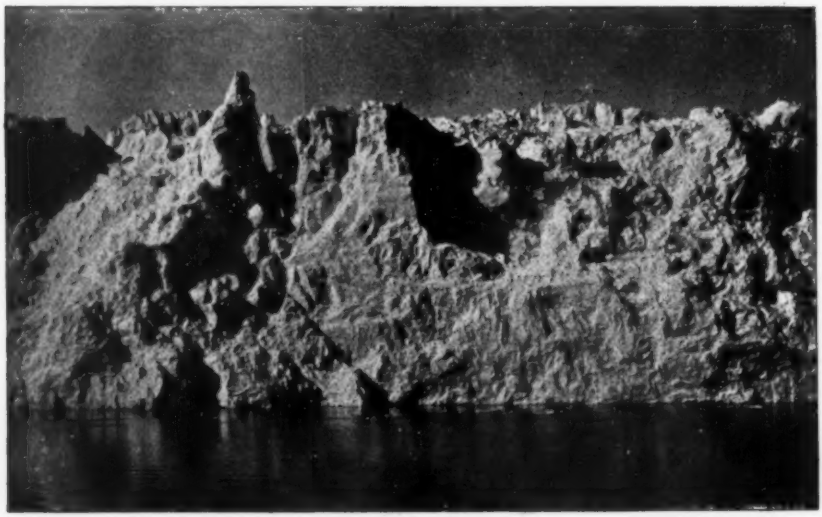
The harbor approach to Victoria is extremely picturesque, and indeed Victoria is beautiful from every point one approaches. The streets are well paved and kept; the buildings noticeably good, architecturally; the residences are all attractive, some of them even palatial, and surrounded with perfectly-arranged grounds and gardens a mass of bloom. The view



Map Showing Glaciers of Glacier Bay and Vicinity

from Beacon Hill is one of the finest I have ever seen and is noted the world over. The chief charm of Victoria, however, to me, was the fact that its people are never in a hurry. There is none of that constant rush and worry, of the impatient crowd seen in the Sound cities. The Victorians take life easy and it shows in the appearance of the good, strong, sturdy, red-cheeked children one sees everywhere.

As we steam slowly through the narrow strait that connects the inner



The Face of Muir Glacier

and outer harbors of Victoria, and head for the famous inland passage, the sun is setting, and the sky, sea and islands are aglow with color, and such color! Beginning with a most rich and generous red at the sky line, it recedes through every shade of red to its opposite, green, and then through greens again to red, a most unique and pleasing effect.

We are in the latitude of long twilights now, and as it is light enough to read on deck until almost ten o'clock, no one thinks of retiring until after that hour. I make my way far forward and, leaning over the rail, give way to musing. The air is redolent of the salt sea, and the piney balsam of the forests. We are, as it were, threading a great river, which winds between the mainland of British Columbia and Vancouver Island. For nearly three hundred miles, the mountains of both mainland and island are curtained in green, from water's edge to snow line. Every now and then this green is corded with silver, as the snow-fed watercourses rush down the valleys, to hurl themselves in a cloud of spray into the waters of the sound. Sometimes the channel leads our ship so close in shore that the spray of the falling water from some lofty cliff falls on our decks in a smart shower. The west wind sings weirdly through our scant rigging, and as the twilight deepens into the short northern night, I allow my vagrant fancy to run riot, and set the harp-like notes of the wind in the rigging to words—and what words *would* that west wind sing save those of the Saga song of the Norseman, boldest sailor and

fiercest fighter of them all? Is not this Norway, this land of deep fjiord, pine-clad mountain and black, rock-ribbed coast, with the sting of ice in the air, the long twilights and that faint, ghostly quiver of lance-like light that shoots quiveringly up the northern sky, the aurora? Surely it is, and I have some of that fierce old blood in my veins, degenerate, may be, from long generations of civilization and soft living; but it leaps the quicker, and my muscles grow tenser and hand clutches close as the closing on sword hilt as I dream strange dreams of fair-haired giants, and long war-ships with banks of rowers who sang strange songs as they bent to the great ashen blades, songs of girls left behind and strange lands to be sought, of great battles to be fought and won, and much treasure to be brought back and laid at the feet of the yellow-haired ones. Just then I am brought to myself by a hand on my shoulder, and turning, find the purser asking me to come and smoke a nineteenth-century cigar in his room.

The following day found us still steaming through the same seemingly endless channel, with the mountains on either side and islands looming up in front of us in the most unexpected way. Sometimes we came to passages so narrow, through which the tide is rushing at such an awful rate, that one instinctively wonders if we shall get through at all; but our Captain knows his channel thoroughly, and the *Queen* steams on, and at the moment one expects the inevitable crash, when her prow is almost touching the rocks, she swings to one side in quick answer

Natives of the Glacier Country

to her helm, and we are in a wide reach of clear water, going ahead at full speed.

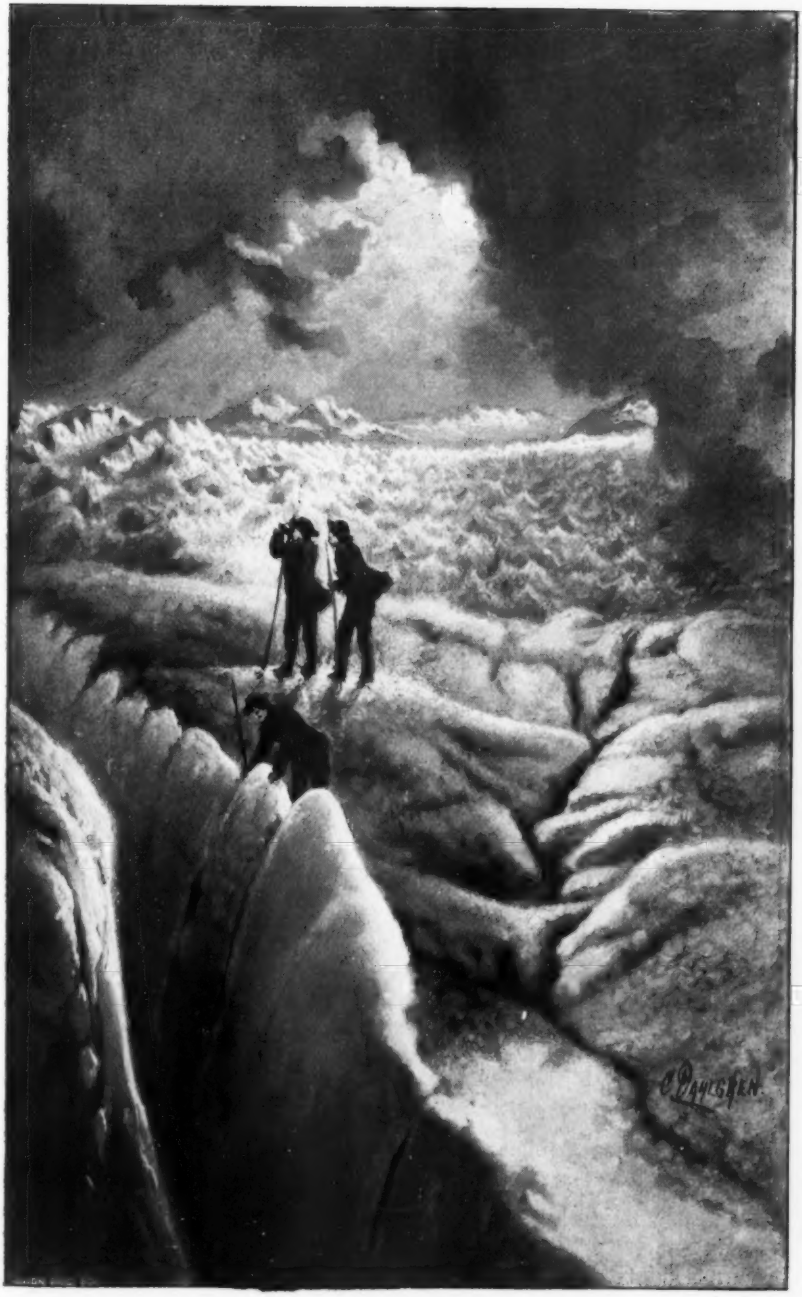
The beauties of the Inland Passage have been sung by many writers. The Rhine, the St. Lawrence, the Hudson, have their attractions; but there is a charm that is unique about this arm of the sea that threads its way along between the mainland and Vancouver Island; it is a river to all intents and purposes, and yet it has the sea salt in its air, and the spray from the swells as our ship rushes through them has a distinctive smart to it as it strikes the cheek. All too short is that run from Townsend to Sitka and return. Some one ought to build hotels at some of the Alaskan ports, as and then one could take adequate time in making the trip; as it is, the whole voyage is too limited to be properly appreciated.

Face of Muir Glacier from the Morain

The fourth day from Port Townsend we steam into Wrangell. There is an air of departed glory about the place; it was at one time, during the Cassiar gold excitement, a place of importance but now it is absolutely dead.

Sitka is beautifully located on Baranoff Island, on a little flat between the waters of the bay and the mountains. Across the bay, immediately opposite, lies Mount Edgecombe, an extinct volcano, now enveloped in snow.

The Russians have left besides their names, a castle at Sitka, known as Baranoff Castle. It was the Governor's residence in the old days, but is devoted to much baser uses now. Sitka, being the headquarters of the Alaska Company and the seat of Government for Alaska, is the most important of all Alaskan towns. The Indians are confined, as to residence, as much as possible, to a portion of the town known as the Rancherie, but they infest all parts of it when they go forth to beg, or trade their native bead work and wood carving, with the tourist for about ten times its value. By far the most interesting of all things Sitkan, is the Russo Greek Church, the ornamental work of the two altars being very beautiful, as are the paintings which are in oil and are numerous. Who painted them, no one seems to know. After one has examined the church,



Crevasse in Muir Glacier

made a pilgrimage through the Rancherie, and "done" the curio and photograph shops, one has finished Sitka.

Our course was through the islands known as the Sitkan Archipelago, and a very lovely scene lay all about us. The islands are forest clad, lying so closely together sometimes that one could almost throw a stone from one to another, but there is deep water everywhere from island to island and we steam between them in perfect safety.

We are heading for Glacier Bay, and if the weather holds clear, we shall see a glacier at sunrise. There is no night away up here and I kept the deck save now and then going below for a cup of coffee. I shall never forget the experience, which had something so weird and uncanny, and yet so superbly beautiful about it all, that the memory of it will remain fixed as long as memory lasts. Along the sky line is a glow of golden light, the glow left by the setting sun, but here it remains all night long until paled into nothingness by the stronger light of the aurora rising. Here and there this golden arc of light is broken by the snow-capped peak of some mountain, and the snow lies pink where the light touches it. The aurora reaches from sky line to zenith, its pale lances shaking loose their banners of palest pink, gold, green and blue, every now and then, but over all is that ghastly daylight in darkness that seems almost cold to the touch as one steps into it from the warm, lamp-lighted saloon of our ship.

Side View of Davidson Glacier

The Face of Davidson Glacier

At dawn we sighted ice and now we are in Glacier Bay, making directly for the Muir Glacier, which lies at the head of the bay; fortunately, melting bergs are not thick enough to make rapid steaming dangerous, and as the eastern sky grows palely alight, we can see on the horizon in front of us a great colorless mass. This is the Muir Glacier, a stupendous piece of Nature's handiwork—impressive, grand beyond all expression. The glaciers of the Alps, so famed, are often dark, soiled and dirty. Here is the virgin ice. A massive wall, scintillating in the light, with the hues of the rainbow; now an intense blue, green, yellow and gold, now flashing as white as snow can make it; a frontage of divine conception, a wall of ice three miles wide, a thousand feet or more in height from the bottom, from two hundred to at times nearly five hundred feet in places, above water, moving on with resistless force into the bay at a rate of forty to sixty feet a day, a river of ice, frozen dead in the grasp of winter, an offering of the mountain gods to Neptune, a stony stream whose volume cannot be appreciated by human mind, an evidence of the power of the Maker, before which man stands, insignificant and astounded. For many years the great glacier has been known to the Indians, and possibly it was observed by some of the earlier white adventurers, but one day, John Muir, a California writer and naturalist, was rowed up to its face by a native, and it was through him that its wonders were first given to the world, and most fittingly it bears his name. Since its first discovery it has been examined by many scientists and hundreds of tourists have ascended its slopes and gazed with wonder into the deep caverns, which lead down into its blue heart. The length of Muir Glacier is estimated at forty miles, its greatest width at twenty-five, but as it approaches the sea it enters a rocky ravine formed by two ranges of mountains, and the entire mass is compressed into a narrow gulch about a mile across, through which it grinds and pushes on, as it has for untold centuries.

There were caves and grottoes in the face of the glacier alive with an intense silvery light, reflected from every possible angle, that positively dazzled one's eyes. As we looked, the ice was broken into semblance of masses of building of all sorts, from Indian tepsie to Grecian temple—here a Norman or Gothic cathedral of Titanic size, there a reproduction of the Parthenon or the Tower of Pisa in amethyst granite of an almost transparent clearness.

Some of our party were content to watch the glacier from a distance. Most of us took the boat and were landed, and began the ascent of the glacier, and after a most tedious climb, stumbling over ice, snow, mud and soft gravel, passing dèbris from the distant mountains, we reached the summit and stood upon one of the mightiest ice fields in America, and for that matter, in existence—stood upon a platform comprising 1200 square miles of blue ice, tipped with gleaming snow.

Away to illimitable distance we seemed to look, imagining the ice river, with its fifteen or more tributaries, winding down to form the mass upon which we stood, and spreading out as far back as the eye could reach to a width of twenty-five miles. The scene over this frozen sea was impressive in the extreme. I have no comparison to make. Every weird conception of the mind seemed to be pictured here in frozen shapes that, as they move on, are broken, hurled to the surface, twisted out of shape. Here and there the mass is riven with huge crevices—chasms which descend to unknown depths, into the very heart of this moving monster.

The thought of falling into one of these mighty caverns and of being closed up in the bowels of the moving ice was far from pleasant. I thought I

could see the curious blue bands, the ribboned-like characteristic of glaciers in some, and from one deeper than all into which I peered, I fancied I heard the rushing of water, a grinding sound and strange noises from the soul of this frozen monster. From the summit it was ice everywhere, reaching away in one direction, and up to the mountain sides in the other, where I could see the grinding footprints of more ancient glaciers. The surface was an icy chaos, altogether unpleasant; the surface cut and distorted in every way—a sorry pathway for even the scientist. From the top, looking down upon the bay, with its floating bergs, and the steamer, one obtains an idea of the actual vastness of the mass of ice upon which he is standing, where it is, say, four hundred feet above water, while below the surface, scouring into the mud and bottom, ploughing its way into the Pacific, is six or seven hundred feet more of ice, invisible to the eye. It is this bath, which the glacier takes, that forms the iceberg. As the enormous mass enters the ocean, it is in some cases, lifted up and broken off from below. Again enormous masses topple over and fall into the water, in either case giving birth to an iceberg which sails away to become dissolved in the waters of the Pacific. The severing from the parent mass is accompanied by loud detonations, sounds unlike anything else, weird and strange to the ear, startling in their distinctness. Now the entire front of a pinnacle topples and falls with a mighty crash, causing waves which come rolling along, tipping the big steamer as if she was a small boat.

On the return, as we were approaching the ship, a gigantic mass of pure ice as large as the *Queen* rose from the depths, shooting upward like an apparition, sending out large waves in every direction, demoralizing every one, suggesting that accidents might readily happen here, as a berg of this proportion, coming up from a depth of seven hundred feet, would lift a steamer out of water and roll her over, crushed and helpless. The position of the various glaciers in this vicinity is well shown in the accompanying map: Muir, with its many feeders, some reaching down into Glacier Bay, Davidson Glacier in Chilkat Inlet, Eagle, Auk, Taku in Taku Inlet and others, to which I will refer in a following paper.

The Muir Glacier, according to authorities, at one time must have filled the *whole of the bay*, for not only is the monster advancing at the rate of forty feet per diem, but it is also receding faster than it advances, and at some far-distant epoch of time the valleys of the Muir and the Davidson will know them no more than do the Sacramento or the San Joaquin know their progenital glaciers to-day.

Prof. S. Frederick Wright gives as his opinion: "That early in this century the ice of the Muir Glacier filled the inlet several miles further down than now and 1,000 or 1,500 feet above its present level; that there are 1,200 square miles of ice in it and the amount of water passing, in one form or another, from the glacier in a year is 269,632,640,000 cubic feet. Of this amount 77,088,000,000 feet pass in the form of ice and 335,473,236 feet of sediment."

The glaciers can only be appreciated by a longer stay than is afforded by the steamer; the enthusiast could spend weeks here studying the great ice forests from various points.

BY EUGENIA K. HOLMES

WALLS, many arched, tiled, chiseled, balconied, garmented with green, gardens with trees like the elms in a druid forest, fountains splashing in sculptured stone, walks that lead through rainbows of blended bloom, churches domed, spired, bell-hung, furnished with conquestorial trophies, palaces that recall the bastions of titan homes, lakes shimmering in floods of whitened sunlight, volcanoes wreathed in a purple haze, a chain of encircling mountains, curving and melting into mists of turquoise and gold, streets retrospective of battles, sieges, slaughter, paved with pointed cobblestones, lined with facades of frowning gray, swarming with sad-eyed, swarthy-skinned burden-crossed humanity, clothed in rags, devoured by vermin, clamorous for coin. *Estamos en Mejico!* (We are in Mexico.) Moreover, we are in the ancient Aztec capital—"glorious, gory Mexico." It was Sunday. A day of feasts and fêtes to the rich—of triple toil to the task-trammeled poor.

What should we do, we few forlorn foreigners, sequestered in a strange land? There is no lack of entertainment in that storied city; but, ah! to choose!

The lovers of the party suggested La Viga. There are gondolas on La Viga curtained with the national colors, cushioned with fragrant reeds, steered by skilled craftsmen, whithersoe'er the stranger wills, in those cypress-shadowed shoals, past the famous floating gardens, redolent with unnumbered roses, beneath lichen-hung bridges and abandoned causeways, mutely eloquent of a brilliant, barbaric past. Here, too, are beings fantastically appareled in feather-woven zarapes and wreaths of poppies. But *La Viga*, as a Sunday resort, is not sanctioned by the United States Consuls and so the gondolas remained moored in their many-arched waters that day; at least, so far as one small party of Amerécanos were concerned. But people who forswear Venetian barges, foliaged canals, floating gardens and views of crumbling *Casa Grandes* must be amused, and the edict of this exclusive class is the bullfight; (though why the butchery of bulls should be more genteel than gazing upon the beauties of Nature, is not quite clear;) however, there is contagion in custom. To the *Fieste de Toros* we accordingly went.

There are two *Plazas de Toros* in the City of Mexico: one in the vicinity of San Cosme, the other near the northern end of the Paseo, that famous, much-frequented boulevard, lined by noble trees, graced by garlanded glorietas, statued by men celebrated in Spanish and Mexican history. A long line of carriages darkened the drive and fluent crowds clustered so closely about the whirling wheels that a collision, at certain stages, seemed imminent. Uniformed gendarmes from the Federal District, with revolvers at their belts and clubs in their hands, succeeded, to some extent, in maintaining order. Greasy, wrinkled creatures, clothed in untanned skins kept pace with the coaches. They

stop, and a scramble ensues among this slimy fraction of the great unwashed, for the honor of swinging open the doors, which secures for them the few centavos expected for this service. We are at the Amphitheatre. The crowd thickens; all around it is a perfect hive; ticket speculators are on the alert; they have need of deputies, and a hundred hands. Venders of fruits and dulces fill the air with their cries; water carriers from caverns cool are reaping their harvest; beggars, thieves, destroyers of human confidence in every form are making the most of their opportunity. There are also guides in ready attendance, who, for a stipulated sum, will conduct one to those mysterious precincts behind the barriers, sacred to the gladiators and their associates, thence to the dark enclosures where the doomed brutes are confined. Here, too, are their co-workers—the interpreters—who profess to translate every language, living or dead, instruct the stranger in the arts of tauromachy, or escort him to the chapel, where mass is celebrated for the *toreros* who go there to pray, confess, and be absolved before confronting the bulls.

The Matador

Baletos de Sambre (shade tickets) were secured (tiny rolls of tissue paper resembling homeopathic powders) and we pass into the domain of chivalry, as practiced by the Castilian nobles, who likewise welcomed the auto-de-fê and the perfume of burning flesh; yet bull fighting, bloody and brutal, as it may seem to dwellers in Northern latitudes, is an art so intricate and exhilarating as to have commanded the attention of the foremost sovereigns of the world.

Charles V of Spain was an ardent lover of the sport, and in the reign of Philip IV, tauromachy was in its zenith. The grandson of Philip II fought with much success in the arena in emulation of his illustrious ancestor Charles V; but it was a young nobleman named Pedro Romero, who bears the honor of having established the art of tauromachy, as, up to his time, toward the end of the eighteenth century, bull fighting was simply a savage butchery, devoid of that grace of movement and extraordinary skill, which now forms the chief charm of the spectacle.

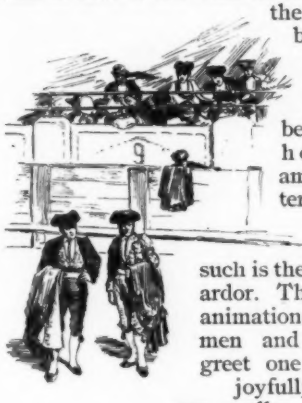
Pedro Romero compiled for these performances a set of rules which became the standard code of the combat giving at the same time practical instructions to his contemporaries in the principles of the art by a heroic exposure of his own life, with such effect that his name endures in the annals of the arena, as that of the

The Hidden Sword

Directing his Attention

most illustrious of the *espadas* of Spain.

The history of bull fighting in Mexico is but another chapter in this strange and singularly fascinating sport, for there are ladies who dream of it, ministers who neglect their affairs for it, laborers who sacrifice their *cigarritos* to save a few rials for the day of the fray. It begins at three o'clock, but long before that hour the amphitheater is compactly filled, such is the national ardor. The utmost animation prevails, men and women greet one another joyfully, frantically, after the fashion of the effusive Southern race; fans are fluttering, heads are nodding, arms are gesticulating, the varied colors, the mantillas, shawls, zarapas, parasols, the murmur of many voices, all contribute to the general gayety.



The Challenge

The amphitheater, divided by silver sunshine and sepulchral shade, is encircled by seats in boxes, balconies, and tiers, priced according to location; those in the sun are inexpensive and occupied by the poorer classes.

The arena is similar to a circus ring in the United States, though much larger, enclosed by a barrier about six feet high, separated by a narrow passage from another barrier, still higher. The first barrier is leaped by the performers, sometimes by the maddened bulls.

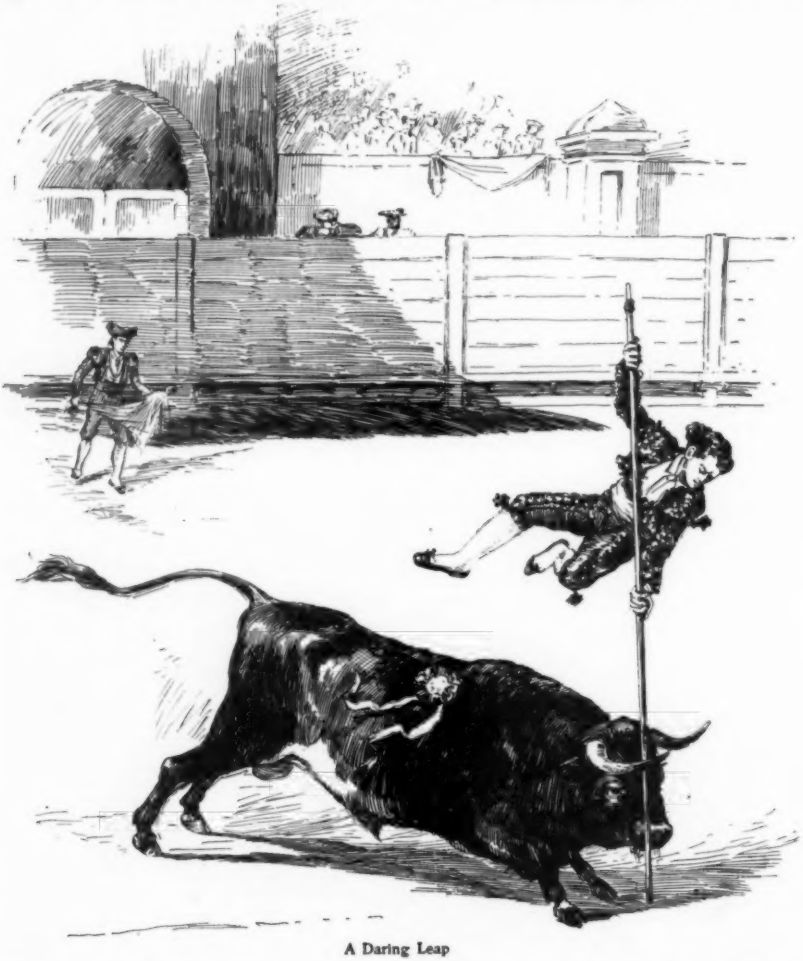
Four roads, nearly equidistant, lead to the ring: one for the *toreros*, one for the bulls, one for the horses, and one for the heralds of the show. Above the bulls' entrance is a balcony, where sit or stand the members of the municipality, who give the signals, blow the trumpets, and superintend the ceremony. Each entrance of the performers is announced.

A signal from the band first warns the assembled spectators that the exhibition is about to begin. The sea of heads is stilled, the sound of voices is no longer heard, every eye is strained, and this is what they see—six horsemen mounted upon steeds, showily caparisoned. On their heads are plumed sombreros. At their sides are swinging swords. Each wears a short, black mantle; their feet and lower limbs are encased in yellow leather, spurred at the heel. Slowly they make the circuit of the arena. When they take their positions, each face is turned toward the President's box; two by two they halt before the door of the toril, still closed.

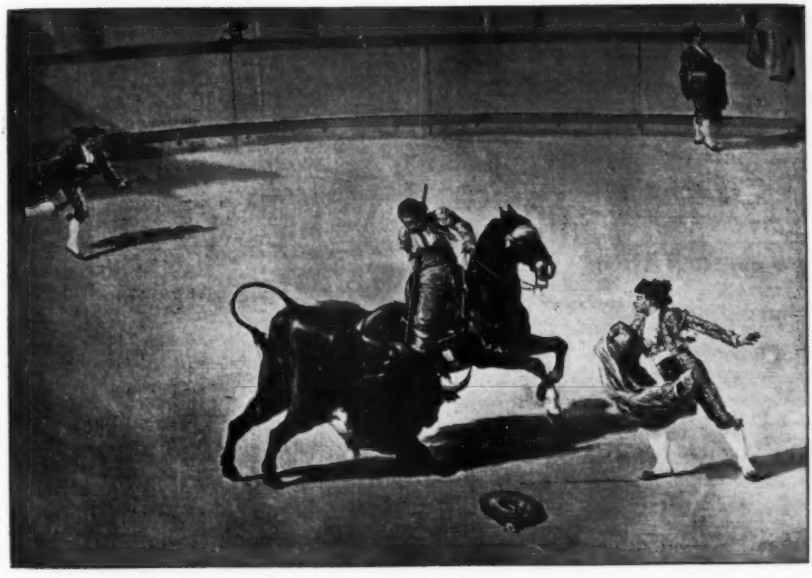
The band booms on, another door opens, another trumpet. It is the signal for the cuadrilla (company of bull fighters). First come the two prima espadas (star bull fighters) dressed with imposing

effect. Elaborate embroideries completely cover their closely fitting jackets, short at the back, cut away in front, fringed, tasseled, filagreed at the shoulder, spangles seam their scarlet knee breeches, yellow silk sashes, fringed at the ends girdle their loins, flesh-colored silk stockings and satin slippers envelop their shapely extremities, capes of vermilion velvet, richly corded and tasseled, a queue of netted hair, pomponed turban, bound with black fur — the toreros' Tam O' Shanter — completes this striking costume.

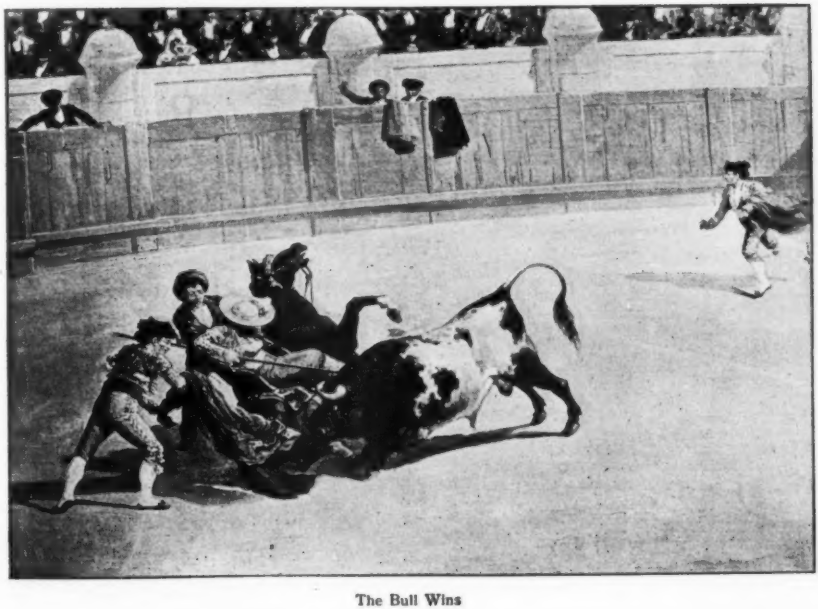
After the espadas come the banderilleros and capedores, similarly, but less richly arrayed; then the picadores on horseback, carrying long lances, wearing buffalo-skin trousers, quilted with strips of iron for protection against the tora's thrusts. The Chulos bring up the rear. All are finely formed men—compact, sin-



A Daring Leap



Goring the Horse



The Bull Wins

ewy, lithe, with dark faces and large, lustrous eyes. They, too, assemble before the President's box. They salute him with the grace of trained gladiators. The key of the toril is then dropped into the ring. A guard picks it up and stations himself in readiness to open the door. The espadas separate, the Chulos prepare their cloaks, vivid as the first rays of the morning; the banderilleros secrete themselves behind the barriers; the picadores adjust their lances; again the signal; the door of the toril is then flung open. A tumultuous shout issues from thousands of throats, as a black monster, with red, blazing eyes, cruel, crescent horns, thick, ropy neck, pricked and bleeding from a spiked ribbon rosette, shoots into the arena, doomed, though he be, to butchery, prolonged and ceremonious. No prima donna, with the voice of a nightingale and a reputation Continental, ever was the recipient of wilder applause. A Chulo waves a provoking cloak; the bull makes a dash at it. In a twinkling, the agile Chulo is behind a barrier. The particular business of these acrobats is to irritate the bull, by waving the bright flags in his face. Bewildered, stunned, but superlative, he sweeps upon a picador, and raising him, horse and all, flings him down into the dust. "*Bravo, toro!*" shout the spectators. "*Pobne caballo!*" murmured a mellow-eyed senorita near me, behind her fan.

The Mexicans are a strange mixture of sympathy and cruelty. The picadores are the first to receive the attack of the bull. With their long lances planted firmly between his horns, they attempt to ward him off. If they do not succeed in planting them, the bull thrusts his horns through the horse, and the picador falls with his vanquished steed. While the bull is extricating his horns, the capadores come forward, and wave their capas across his eyes, to attract his attention, causing him to follow them, and to

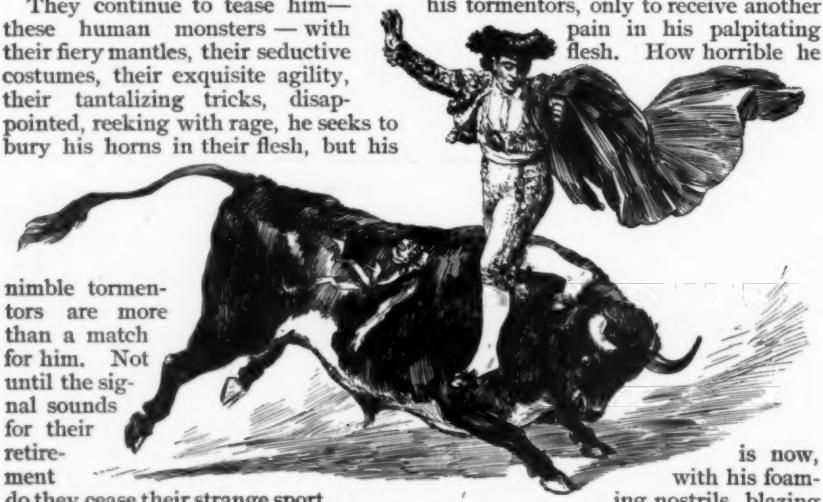
Playing with the Bull

Awaiting the Charge

save the fallen cavalier, whom the Chulos assist into his saddle. If the horse has the strength to stand, he is again attacked and disembodied. Otherwise he remains reeking in his bath of gore until kindly death comes to his deliverance.

Of all the participants in this barbaric tournament, none merit so large a share of sympathy as do those spavined, knock-kneed, old, blindfolded, utterly defenseless nags, fated to the most frightful death, without even the ghost of a chance of resistance. Man, of all animals, is the only one that preys upon the defenseless.

They continue to tease him—these human monsters — with their fiery mantles, their seductive costumes, their exquisite agility, their tantalizing tricks, disappointed, reeking with rage, he seeks to bury his horns in their flesh, but his nimble tormentors are more than a match for him. Not until the signal sounds for their retirement do they cease their strange sport.



Then the banderilleros appear upon the scene. It is the office of these gentry to plant barbs in the neck of the bull. These barbs are about a yard in length, ornamented with particolored paper, furnished with a metallic point, and so made as to render withdrawal impossible, when once stuck into the flesh. The pierced animal, struggling to free himself, only drives them further in. This is most exquisite torture, and yet six, eight, sometimes ten pairs are planted, causing the blood to cover the victim like a purple shroud.

The ambition of the banderilleros is to place these prongs evenly and symmetrically, one on each side of the vertebra. For this feat, great agility, firm hands and perfect accuracy of eyesight are required. If they fail, they will be pierced like the poor horses.

The code of Somero decrees that the performers must stand not more than fifteen paces in front of the bull, without flag, lance or sword, and await the attack. Infuriated, he rushes at them. As the head is lowered, the banderillero makes his thrust, and then steps neatly aside. Now frenzied with resentment, the bull turns upon his tormentors, only to receive another pain in his palpitating flesh. How horrible he is now, with his foaming nostrils, blazing eyes, writhing tail and reeking back, while above—"picture it, think of it"—is the tender blue sky and a few fleecy clouds. Here was heinous work in the face of heaven.

Again the signal! The spectators have been sufficiently entertained by the banderilleros. This only is the excuse for their forbearance. It is then that the hero of the hour, the prima espada, appears upon the scene for the final feat.

With the dignity of a despot, the apparel of an Asiatic prince, a two-edged toledo blade and a flaming muleta, (flag) he advances to the

center of the ring, removes his turban, bows first to the President, then to the populace, raises his sword, kisses it, and in a clear, distinct voice asks permission to kill the bull.

"You may fight him," answers the President. He greets the honored privilege with a gracious smile, a gentle inclination of the head. "One of us must die," he says, with heroic humility which becomes him well, then he crosses himself, and invokes the protection of his patron saint. He has need, for here is an animal of enormous strength, ferocious, bleeding, maddened by prolonged pain, bellowing for revenge, and a man, seductively dressed, alone, defenceless, save for the sword in his hand. He has need of skill, courage, pride, perhaps the prayers being breathed for him; for his *quireda* (sweetheart) is up there in the balcony above, with her glittering eyes upon him. The strained glances of thousands are concentrated there. Not a voice, not a whisper is heard.

The audacious espada provokes attack by waving his *muleta* before the bull, across his very eyes, who dashes at it, hits the cloth, and strikes empty space. He has stepped aside in the nick of time, the horns barely grazed his hip. "*Bueno, bueno,*" yell the sunny side. The shady side contents itself with handclapping. The *quireda* in the balcony snatches her bouquet she wears in her corsage and throws it at him; more bouquets follow, more handclapping, bets are made, and money staked. The toreso has done what man can do in that radiant land to commend himself to the favors of the fair, for these fellows can enslave hearts as well as slay bulls. Seven times by the dextrous use of his flag, the espada invites attack from the fierce beast, and seven times, by a dainty movement he averts death. Suddenly he ceases this seeming by play, and takes aim straight into the great eyes of the wondering animal, goaded to the extremity of desperation by these varied types of torture. His nostrils emit a vaporous mist, his swollen tongue protrudes, about his hoisted

The Dying Matador

horns and wrinkled neck there is blood — blood in blotches, rivulets, wreaths. Every neck is craned. Opera glasses are adjusted, fans have ceased to flutter. Upon every countenance anxiety sits enthroned. The vast audience, tumultuous in less perilous feats, is now petrified. Again the beast dashes at the man, but this time he does not step by—he lifts his sword. It is the *coup de grace*—(dagger of mercy), and it falls in a flash of silver sunlight, over the horns—lowered for the last time—down through the quivering flesh, and bloody vertebrae, to the vital spot. At the feet of the conqueror he falls—dead.

It is the supreme expression of skill exacted from brute force. Then there was a shower of canes, hats, cigars, an avalanche of flowers, kisses, coin. Men shouted, stamped, applauded wild with delight. Women waved their handkerchiefs, *mantillas*. A hurricane of hurrahs greeted the victorious gladiator, who bows and smiles and poses and rests upon the hilt of his sword, which he has drawn from the wound, and wiped with his *muleta*, torn and smeared by the combat. His adversary has fought valiantly, but to the victor belongs the spoils. "*Quesoloden*," shouts the populace (give him the bull). He bows again blandly, with the grateful grace of a Talma. Then he stoops and cuts the right ear of the dead animal, that it may be designated from others in the slaughter-house hard by, and amid vociferous, delirious applause, retires from the arena.

The band which has been dispensing rapturous strains suddenly changes to a dirge for the dead *toro*, now being drawn out by four mules, showily decorated, with tinkling bells, feathers and flags. The most important actor in this singular tragedy is then skinned, cut, sliced and sold, the proceeds of which, in this case, went to swell the receipts of the triumphant *matador*.

When six or eight animals are similarly slaughtered; when the arena is scattered with smoking intestines, bones, bits of flesh, blotches of blood and other remnants of the vanquished; when the bats and kindred nightbirds that lodge in holes among the loftier altitudes of the amphitheater have scorched their wings by the flaring lights substituted for the sun; after his daily voyage across the beautiful valley is ended, and the still, white stars look down—the show is over.

AT THE DRY TORTUGAS DURING THE WAR

A LADY'S JOURNAL

(Commenced in January number)

[The history of the late war has been well treated in various publications, but that portion relating to the famous Dry Tortugas prison, where thousands of men were kept during the war, and where those connected with the assassination of President Lincoln were confined, has never been described, yet the events are now of great historical value. The island upon which the great prison was established was a sand band comprising but thirteen acres, — one of the last of the keys representing the end of the great Florida reef. For seven or eight years a lady, the wife of one of the surgeons, lived in this isolated spot and viewed all the incidents from the appearance of the first war cloud until the declaration of peace. The following chapters were not written or intended for publication, the events being jotted down simply for friends in the North; and THE CALIFORNIAN has been enabled to give them to the public in a series of chapters, believing that many are of historical interest and value, and also as showing the singular life of a lady in one of the most out-of-the-way spots in this country.]

THE extremely hot season warned us to be cautious on account of yellow fever, which was always lurking in Havana during the summer months, and was even now raging there. My husband enforced a strict quarantine, and our mail, which was brought via Havana by a small vessel, was deposited, sometimes on the end of a long pole, on Loggerhead Key, on which stood the lighthouse, previously mentioned, the schooner *Tortugas* going there for it. Upon her return the surgeon boarded her before she came to the wharf.

News from the North had been depressing for some time, and the rumor that McClellan had been driven back from Richmond was discouraging to officers and men. To add to our trials sickness appeared among the soldiers and families.

The steamer *Union* came into port one day with papers up to the 23d of July, and was put in quarantine for ten days—a tantalizing proceeding. The papers spoke of Halleck in command but no mention of McClellan. We lost so much of the news that it took us a long time to fill up the gaps, and the officers became daily more impatient.

Soon after this a vessel came in with guns; another in distress, and one morning we saw on the horizon a steamer evidently in chase of another; but we could not make out which bore our colors, or whether it was a capture or an escape.

The yellow fever had broken out in Key West, and every precaution was taken to prevent its obtaining a foothold in our little garrison. Even our mail came wrapped in a cloth saturated with lime. An order now came for Dr. Hoffman to go to Key West to aid the sick, and by the next boat we heard that our friend, Captain McFarland was ill with the dreaded fever.

The yellow fever raged for two months in Key West; the entire city was a vast hospital, and there were two hundred deaths within four weeks from the dread disease. The one death at Tortugas, if it was genuine yellow fever, was a sporadic case, as there was no other until later in the season, and we refrained from giving it that name.

Many of our people now came down with a sort of intermittent or "breakbone" fever; rightly named, for my own sensations were that the bones were being crushed, and the pain was veritable agony. It went through the families and among the men and soldiers. The list of the well, my husband said, was easier given than those who were on the sick report. His duties were now extremely arduous. Besides being post surgeon he was health officer, and was rowed long

distances in his six-oared barge under a torrid sun to visit every vessel that approached. All felt that their safety was in his hands and that his careful watch and strict enforcement of the quarantine would result in our exemption from the scourge. He was obeyed implicitly, and for a time we escaped the fever, but the "break-bone" singled us out one by one, and several times alarming symptoms of the dreaded yellow fever appeared. My husband was very ill, but he never gave up, and said, laughingly, "that he could not afford to be sick with so many in the hospitals." The doctor who had been sent down from Key West to take Dr. Hoffman's place was evidently too ill with consumption to ever do duty, so Colonel Tinelle sent for another surgeon from Hilton Head; but some time elapsed before one came, and if my husband had succumbed meanwhile I do not know what we should have done. The war news that reached us now was most depressing, and had its effect on both officers and men, especially as it might be weeks before we could learn the result: "Thirty thousand confederate troops within eight miles of Washington and thirty miles of Cincinnati." This created intense excitement, and finally one day we had to acknowledge that the yellow fever had come; how, we knew not; only the "break-bone" fever, seemingly its first cousin, grew worse and worse, until finally it merged into genuine yellow fever. There were five deaths only, in these sad days that oppressed us like a nightmare; then, mercifully, a norther came and the spectre disappeared. We now had several showers, and gradually people began to pick up courage and take heart again.

During all this time we could not obtain a servant at any price. The only assistance we had was a boy from the hospital force, who came at odd hours to aid me. Our larder was again at low ebb, but in the midst of this a vessel came in bringing some Bermuda potatoes and onions at seven and a half dollars a barrel; and we feasted regardless of consequences and cost. We had not seen a fresh vegetable for so long we were famishing for them. Another vessel arrived with cattle, and we were allowed fresh beef twice a week and mutton semi-occasionally.

Most vessels passed us as well as Key West, by, fearing the fever, and we longed for news and the sight of cheerful faces. The flag ship, in command of Captain Ralph Chandler, was the first ship to visit us, and with Captain Van Syce of the gunboat, *Sunflower*, brought a bit of life and sunshine that was really the beginning of brighter days.

Captain McFarland, who had recovered from the fever, was ordered to Hilton Head as soon as he was able to go, and Doctor Hoffman came down from Key West for a visit, bringing the chaplain, and we had the first service for many months. The mercury now went down to seventy-four degrees, falling thirteen degrees in a few hours, and the contrast was so great, we were shivering with closed doors, almost wishing for fires. It was a decided norther and purified the atmosphere, which had been damp, hot and muggy for so long that we felt as though the air was poisoned.

We invited Doctor Hoffman to stay with us, and he put his contraband—a six-foot black boy—in the kitchen, while my sister and I played hostesses for awhile, heartily enjoying the rest; for although the other ladies were in the same helpless state regarding servants as ourselves, the old adage of "misery likes company" did not make the condition of things any easier to bear, and we were thoroughly tired out.

This boy Joe said he was the first slave who left Florida to join the Union. He had a good master, but he sent his slaves into the interior of the State when the war first broke out, and he, with another boy, ran away, taking a little rowboat with a sail, and started from St. Augustine to go

to Key West, nearly six hundred miles. The first night out, a storm drove them on to the rocks, and all the provision they had for the remainder of the trip was what they picked out of the water and swam ashore with. Leaving it on the beach, they walked six miles, swimming two rivers, to get back to St. Augustine. They then took the only remaining boat and started again, picking up their provisions on the way.

They put out to sea, taking the north star for their guide, but were four days and nights without food. When they reached Key West, they were of course very weak, but Joe, as soon as he was strong enough, went to Hilton Head, where General Hunter made out his free papers. He then returned to St. Augustine and brought seven of his relatives to Key West, where he started them housekeeping, while Doctor Hoffman took him as a servant. We all thought Joe had earned his liberty and that he would take care of himself as a freeman.

The question of the freedom of the slaves was already beginning to show the strength of patriotism among the people who had been warm Unionists, and we could see the seeds of discord sprouting in the minds of all those who had bought slaves to work for Government as a source of income for their owners.

It is strange how many people carry their principles in their pocketbooks. The preparatory proclamation of President Lincoln on the 22d of September, 1862, brought out all the sentiments of disloyalty which had been smothered until the alarm. It caused so much discussion that Colonel Tinelle issued an order that every one on the island except the soldiers should take the oath of allegiance. I wondered if it was taken by any one with a mental reservation, for had they not all taken it, they would have been sent away from the island.

The adjutant came around one morning for my sister and I to take the oath, which I fear was robbed of some of its solemnity by the fun-loving Doctor, who tried to invest it with as much mystery beforehand as though it were some secret society we were to join, forgetting that we had both been present when the men on the *Tortugas* took the oath. We promised, however, with becoming dignity and heartfelt sincerity, to be loyal citizens.

The chaplain told us of some very sad scenes during the ravages of the yellow fever in Key West, which must have been terrible to witness. Four paymasters and five surgeons died on the naval vessels, and it was very fatal among the sailors; four and five days was the length generally of the course the fever ran.

The chaplain spoke of one young soldier boy he was very much interested in, not more than eighteen years old. They thought him better and he went in to see him just before dark, and said: "Well, Johnnie, what shall I send you nice for breakfast?" "I want to talk of something else first," said the boy.

Then he told the chaplain that his father had been dead many years, but that he had the best mother in the world, and if he died he wanted the money between the beds sent to her with his clothes; and would the chaplain write her a letter? All of which he promised to do. Between six and seven the next morning the steward knocked at the chaplain's door, saying he had a message from the boy. "What?" said the chaplain, "is he in a hurry for his breakfast?" "No," replied, the steward, "he died last night, and made me promise that I would ask you to write to his mother." The chaplain fulfilled all the boy's wishes, receiving a grateful letter in reply from the heart-broken mother.

The mails during all that dreary summer were very irregular. Col. Tinelle received a letter from his wife, who was in New York, saying that

for weeks they heard nothing from him, the dreadful reports in the papers of the yellow fever, when one day her little girl came running up stairs bringing five letters of different dates; no one knew where they had been.

We all felt the need of something, and as there was so little within our reach, we lacked, perhaps, the energy to suggest a remedy. I had been so frequently ill during the past four months it was discouraging. But one afternoon the three other ladies of the garrison came in, and under the influence of a mutual inspiration we held a council of desertion and decided for a week to leave our cares, and everybody that belonged to us behind, to enjoy Thanksgiving all by ourselves. The very talking about it, inspired us with new life. When our plans were completed, we called in the three husbands and the conspiracy was laid before them.

Whether they really saw that it would be the best thing for us from a sanitary point of view, or that five ladies with their minds made up were rather a formidable party to combat, we never knew, but they so heartily entered into the spirit of the thing, doing everything to aid us, we gave them the benefit of feeling we needed and deserved an outing.

They promised to be responsible for the safety of the children, for two of the ladies would have small ones to be cared for.

Capt. Ellis, of the schooner *Tortugas* was informed that the ladies were to be in command of the vessel the next trip to Key West; and he was to obey their orders to go and return at their pleasure. He had only one request to make, and that was that no other passenger should be allowed to go on that trip of the boat; that we should have it all to ourselves which of course was granted. All the command saw us off, our husbands waving their handkerchiefs from the ramparts as long as we could see them, while the six children stood in a disconsolate row.

We had a delightful trip with a fair wind, leaving at five in the afternoon. That evening Capt. Ellis brought us a box, saying he thought it belonged to us. It was directed "To the Merry Wives of Tortugas," and upon opening it, was found to contain some delicacies from the sutler, packed by our husbands, fearing we might be sick—a thoughtfulness we appreciated as well as the joke. The following morning we saw the sun rise out of the Gulf, as we sailed into the harbor of Key West. There were five naval ships in the harbor. As we passed the U. S. sloop *Huntsville*, an officer lifted his cap, standing uncovered while we passed, which, we thought, a good precedent. On another we saw an officer, whose curiosity overpowered his gallantry, take a glass to see, we presumed, what kind of an expedition Fort Jefferson had fitted out. Some little bird, perhaps the one that notified the wreckers of vessels on the reef, had carried the news that the ladies from Tortugas were coming to spend Thanksgiving at the Russel House, for before "King" had our breakfast ready, Mr. Russel came down and escorted us up to the hotel.

Three married, and two young ladies created quite a sensation in the little town which had not yet rallied from the effects of its sorrowful summer, and perhaps needed an outside stimulant as well as its guests. We knew nearly every one in Key West, and Mr. Russel must have felt that his hotel was the most popular place in it for the ensuing week. During our stay, we were taken driving by all who were fortunate enough to possess carriages, and invited to dinners, teas and lunches, where the Navy officers joined with those of the Army in every attention that would contribute to our pleasure.

Doctor Hoffman called the morning of our arrival to see if it were true that *Tortugas* was deserted. Later he took us to the hospital garden, where we sat under the trees among the beautiful flowers, where we would

have been content to remain all day. After dinner, there was a flag presentation by Captain Curtis, but visitors prevented our going to the grounds, and Colonel Morgan marched the troops down by the hotel, so that we could see them from the piazza. The officers at the barracks gave a Thanksgiving dinner for us, with the proverbial roast turkey and good things suggestive of the North, combined with all that a tropical country afforded. The menu was made with complimentary names given to the Army and Navy officers, and each lady had it as a souvenir stamped upon her handkerchief.

The officers of the 90th New York gave a ball for us, inviting the officers from the *Huntsville* and *Magnolia*, making a very gay affair.

Sunday we all went to church, expecting to return to Tortugas on Monday, but that night a steamer came in from New York, having on board Colonel Tinelle's wife and two daughters and Miss Carrie P——, who had been north for two years at school.

The captain of the steamer, who was going to Tortugas, invited us to go with them, and to add to what we thought had already been a brilliant week, Mr. Russel and the English Consul gave a ball at the hotel, inviting all our friends and the passengers from the steamer who were Army people. They danced until eleven, when we went on board, the band following us to the wharf playing, while we swung out into the stream, giving place to the *Bio Bio*, which had just arrived, having started twenty-four hours after the *Cahawba*, having on board Doctor Hoffman's wife.

We went into the wharf at Tortugas with flying colors, and the Colonel gave us a salute of seven guns. Our husbands boarded the steamer with the officer of the day, giving us a most joyous welcome. Colonel Tinelle came with them, not dreaming whom he was to meet, for his wife had not written him of her intended visit. I asked him if he did not think us successful at recruiting; absent only a week and bringing back four ladies from New York?

We returned to our quiet life, better in health and spirits, finding that the husbands had filled their position creditably during our absence, and satisfied that our trip was a wise measure and a grand success.

On December thirteenth, we were aroused by the report that several steamers were coming in and others in sight.

We expected that it must be for another change of command, and all was confusion, the people running to the bastion with glasses, for we could see the stars and stripes, and the band on one steamer was playing "Yankee Doodle."

Our anxiety was soon dispelled by the first steamer's announcing that all they wanted was coal, and the privilege of stretching their limbs on land awhile, and soon the fort swarmed with soldiers who devastated the bakery and went about peering into everything, evidently very much entertained.

They strolled about a few hours, then gave place to the next steamer. There were twenty-four vessels in all, but they did not all come in. It was General Bank's Red River Expedition. Other steamers followed every day until they all passed or came in; they were to rendezvous at Ship Island, when they would know their destination.

(*To be Continued*)

TENNYSON AND THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

BY LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

IT goes almost without saying to assert that every man must be studied in the light of his environment. In the case of the ordinary individual, that means in general the associations, largely local, which have had an influence over him; but when we come to the study of one who has in any degree asserted an influence upon the thought and feeling of his time, we are compelled to consider as his environment all the facts and forces of his age. Except as he possesses himself of these facts and utilizes these forces, he will find it impossible to make himself worthy of consideration as one of them. That Tennyson has succeeded in stamping the impress of his genius indelibly upon his time is, we will then say, sufficient evidence of the fact that he is in some degree representative of modern, intellectual and artistic life. It is indeed true, as is evidenced by the remarkable success of the late E. P. Roe, that great popularity may be attained by one whose work, regarded purely as literature, is quite valueless, mediocrity being seemingly essential to great popular success; but to have won the attention of scholars, thinkers, and cultivated people the world over, implies abilities and acquisitions differing not only in degree, but in kind.

In any consideration of a poet the artistic character of his work must be the first thing to engage our attention. It is through the perfection of his forms and the beauty of his images that he wins a hearing. Without this the finest and noblest thought fails to please. These are attained in two ways: the patient labor of the one gives seven years to the elaboration of an "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard;" the other flashes out into "Idyls of the King." The beauty of Tennyson's verse is not that which comes from polish, but rather from conscious power.

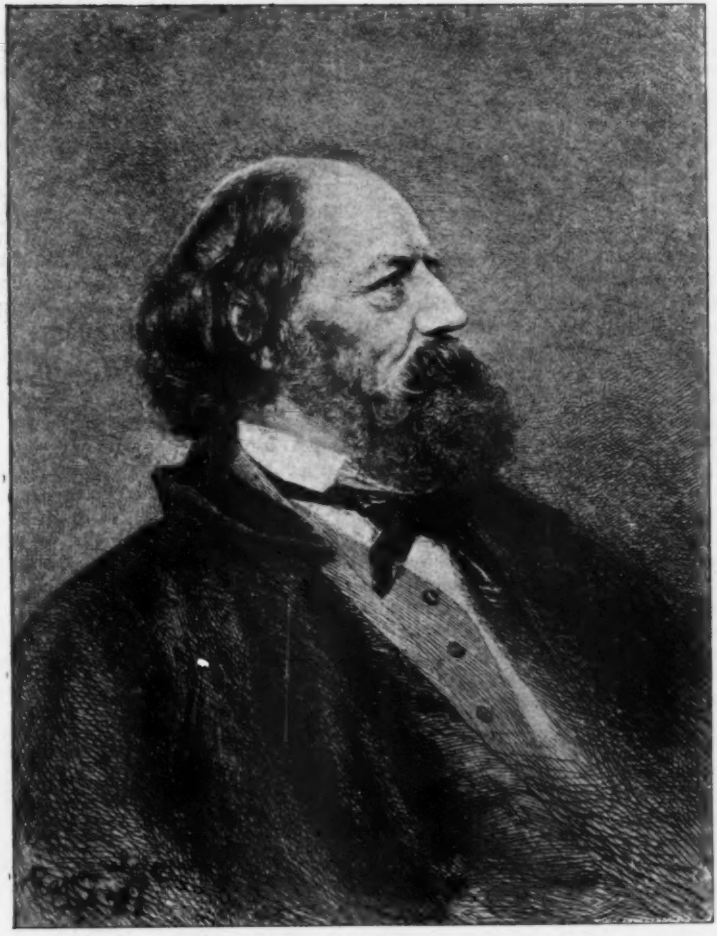
Perfectio of form has this element of endurance, that it appeals to a varied constituency such as might not be interested in the simple message which the writer has to deliver. Thus when the progress of thought has passed him by; has made his words things to be forgotten but for their beauty, this latter imparts to them a permanency which they might not otherwise have; for, however much man's thought may change, his love for the beautiful is an abiding possession. The artistic nature, though in widely varying degrees, is common to the whole race, and while it may continually develop, can never die.

Perfection of form must be considered, also, as including that unison of theme and its clothing; that harmony between what is told and the manner of its telling, which is the highest achievement of poetic art. Great as is the difference between a simple story such as our poet's "Lord of Burleigh," or that more passionately tender plaint, "Œnone," and such a production as his "Ode to the Duke of Wellington," or the "Defense of Lucknow," this difference consists as largely in the treatment as in the inherent differences of subject. What a contrast is presented by the almost sensuous luxuriance of Œnone and such lines as these from the Ode!

Bury the great duke
With an Empire's lamentation.
Let us bury the great duke,
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation.
Mourning when their leaders fall;
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

Note also the ring of these lines from the "Defense of Lucknow."

Hark! Cannonade, fusilade! Is it true what was told by the scout?
Outram and Havelock breaking their way thro' the fell mutineers!
Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again in our ears.



Lord Tennyson

All on a sudden the garrison utter a jubilant shout;
Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer with conquering cheers.
Forth from their holes and their hidings our women and children come out,
Blessing the wholesome white faces of Havelock's good fusileers,
Kissing the war-hardened hand of the Highlander, wet with their tears.
Dance to the pibroch—Saved! We are saved! Is it you? Is it you?
Saved by the valor of Havelock, saved by the blessing of Heaven.
"Hold it for fifteen days." We have held it for eighty-seven.
And ever aloft on the palace roof the old banner of England blew.

It is this versatility of expression, this capability of employing forms as varied as the sentiments he would voice that has made Tennyson perhaps the most widely read of poets.

Devotees of Browning may declare him our poet's superior, but the fact remains that his verse is not musical enough, has too little beauty of form ever to win for itself such an audience as is given to the singing of England's Laureate. We may concede to him an equal or greater interest for the philosopher or thinker, but it is pre-eminently the poet's mission to so beautify and adorn his subject as to make that which in sober prose might attract only the student, pleasing to the world in general. This Tennyson has done, and he is by that much greater than the author of "Paracelsus."

There is still another thing in which Tennyson shows his mastery of the poet's music. It is the ease with which he handles blank verse. There can scarcely be a doubt that unrhymed verse, depending solely on its rhythm as it does, is less readily made pleasing; but, on the other hand, it is, perhaps, the most perfectly poetic, from its very freedom from any reliance upon the mere trick of like-sounding syllables. As time and tune are to music, so are rhythm and thought to verse. The former's embellishments of expression find their counterpart in the latter's choice use of words. Rhyme is a superfluity that the master hand can do without. Of all varieties of verse, the iambic pentameter unrhymed may fairly claim the first place, and it is this that Tennyson most largely employs. In it he has written "Enoch Arden," "The Idyls of the King," "The Princess," etc.

When the world was young, or, rather, in the childhood of the race, the heart of man must have pulsed with some such sense of its great powers and possibilities as comes to the youth of every enthusiastic and great nature. When our ancestors in the dim centuries, thousands of years ago, stood in the virgin forests where the startled deer sprang from the covert, and the birds hymned their myriad songs, or looked with adventurous eyes over the tossing billows of seas, as yet unexplored; when their hearts were still virgin and satiety a thing undreamt of; when the "world was all before them where to choose," life must have been a grand thing and a great thing. Every line of Homer throbs with the expression of this feeling. The crash of battle was a joyous thing, the dangers of the sea were a delight. The world was fair on every hand because in it man could be and do.

In the present much the same thing comes to us, but it is the result of what we have accomplished, not what we feel that it is ours to do. New worlds are not waiting for our discovery; they have been discovered. The mysteries of the physical universe about us are not waiting for our unfolding; they have been unfolded. All things that can interest the human intellect have been explored almost to exhaustion, and we rest in the calm pride of this fact. We it is who are, in our poet's words, "The heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time." As we find in Homer the expression of that earlier sentiment, so does this later one breathe in Tennyson. In the former there is the lusty vigor of young manhood; in the latter, the developed genius that goes straight to the mark with quiet confidence. How

far Tennyson's little beauty is from that of the mere polisher one need scarcely be told who has been in communion with the poet, but let us illustrate by a line from "The Last Tournament." The half-mythical Arthur, who is the principal figure throughout the "Idyls of the King," has gone to battle with the "Red Knight," who has drawn together a heathen "Round Table" to overthrow the organization of that name, of which Arthur is head and founder. Leaving his chief knight, Sir Lancelot, at Camelot, to conduct the tournament, at which injustice is open and unrebuked, and which ends in bitterness, Arthur himself leads his younger knights to battle, having a presentiment of the evil that is to come. He is victorious, but in the overthrow he recognizes the Red Knight's voice as that of one who once belonged to his own Table Round; and Tennyson ends the recital of this, his last victory, in these words:

So all the ways were safe from shore to shore,
But in the heart of Arthur pain was lord.

I know in all literature no other so beautifully sad expression of a like feeling. Its delicate directness can never be surpassed, and we apprehend that this sentence sprang full-fledged from the author's brain, nor could possibly be the product of patient study and polish. It has that charm "of woven paces and of waving hands," that the wily Vivien stole from the seer, Merlin. There are innumerable other ways in which this might have been said, and in some one of these a second or a third rate intellect would have said it, but in this way, genius alone can speak.

That we shall find in Tennyson all the various phases of modern life and thought; that he presents to us a many-colored picture of the day, it would be useless to contend. We may be lulled by such a stanza as this from "The Lotus Eaters:"

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream
With half-shut eyes, ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream;
To dream and dream like yonder amber light,
That will not leave the myrrh bush on the height;
To hear each other's whispered speech;
Eating the lotus day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender, creamy lines of curving spray;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy,
Heaped over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass.

We may be stirred by the tropical luxuriance of this from Maud:

She is coming, my own, my sweet!
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat;
Were it earth in an earthy bed,
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

Or again, we may be carried away by the wild misery of Ripah, and know in our inmost hearts that here he is a master.

Before turning to the consideration of Tennyson from another point of view, attention must be called to the admirable art with which he has made the tale of mythic Arthur acceptable to a nineteenth-century audience. The story as it comes to us in the old legends is full of the supernatural, colored by the superstition of the time in which it sprang into being—superstitions, it need scarcely be said, with which we of to-day are in no degree in harmony; yet so cleverly has he draped that which would seem incongruous; so unerring has been his skill in naturalizing, if we may so express it, these fancies of that old time in skeptically analytic atmosphere of our own, that we are borne away into the region of the romantic unreality, without being conscious of having reached the border land. A reading of Sir Walter Scott's "Bridal of Triermain," or "Harold, the Dauntless," gives one, through the failure of his giant intellect, to accomplish the like result—some under-

standing of the art that has gone to the making of "The Idyls of the King."

However we may turn it about, the world's unrest as far as it is social, resolves back to this, to the feeling that there is general injustice in the apportionment of earth's bounties, and that in this, the age of the people, it should and must be remedied.

If we look at *Maud*, a poem which Tennyson is said to have founded upon personal memories, we shall find this feeling expressed in all its passionate bitterness. The hero begins his story with the recital of the death of his father, who, maddened by having lost his all in a speculation, either is killed by falling accidently over a precipice, or purposely dashed himself down there to death. The wildness of his grief is a measure of his wrath against the wrongs of the world, and breaks out without restraint into such lines as these:

Why do we prate of the blessings of peace? We have made them a curse,
Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not its own;
And lust of gain in the spirit of Cain, is it better or worse
Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on his own hearthstone?

But these are the days of advance, the works of the men of mind,
When who but a fool would have faith in a tradesman's ware or his word?
Is it peace or war? Civil war as I think, and that of a kind
The viler as underhand, not openly bearing the sword.

Sooner or later I too may passively take the print
Of the golden age—why not? I have neither hope nor trust;
May make my heart as a millstone, set my face as a flint,
Cheat and be cheated and die; who knows? We are ashes and dust.

The feelings that have here found a voice can not be dismissed with the assertion that they are unjust and spring from a disordered state of mind, because in any case they are widely prevalent, and must be dealt with as facts neither to be lightly passed by, nor to be talked down. We may then consider that the lines just quoted give voice to the fundamental cause of our unrest, and have a significance which we shall hardly be wise if we fail to perceive.

We shall find something of this same thing in "Aylmer's Field," but for an understanding of the fact a reading of the entire poem is demanded; it can hardly be shown by quotations. Perhaps the poem by which Tennyson is best known, that which has won the widest and most enduring fame, is "Locksley Hall." It was written before "Maud" and has some things in common with that work, among them the burning sense of wrong which we have just noticed. In studying Tennyson it must be remembered that he is now an old man, and that he has been a spectator and student of the marvellous changes of the last half century or more. "Locksley Hall" was written that long ago, written when the recent invention of the locomotive and the steamboat combined with the thrill of awakened liberty to inspire men with high hopes for the future of the world. So it is that, mingled with his bitter moanings over the present, are grand prophetic glimpses of the glorious things that are to come in its place. He says first;

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth,
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth.

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest nature's rule,
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straightened forehead of the fool.

And again:

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly dying fire.

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

What is that to him who reaps not harvest of his youthful joys?
Tho' the great heart of existence beat forever like a boy's.

And again;

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?
Every gate is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that honor feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels.

But as the foil for all this we read these brighter lines, strong in the glowing beauty of a higher promise, rich in the imagination of a grander prophecy;

Men, my brothers, men, the workers, ever reaping something new;
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do;

For I dipt into the future far as human eye could see;
Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there reigned a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies, grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wide rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the battle-storm;

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe;
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

With this larger outlook, dreaming this greater dream, he says in the ringing accents of the enthusiast;

Not in vain the distant beacons; forward, forward let us range;
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.

For to him change means advancement. The possibilities of the future, though dim, loom up giant-like, and all for good, for progress.

But this was in the dawning of the century. For that time it was the most perfect truth, but we have seen how all this has been altered.

Some years ago Tennyson published a second "Locksley Hall" entitled "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After." In this he takes up the old subject from the new point of view to which he has been brought by the experiences and the observations of the long intervening time; in brief, the point of view of to-day.

Gone the cry of "Forward, Forward," lost within a growing gloom,
Lost or only heard in silence from the silence of a tomb.

Half the marvels of my morning, triumphs over time and space,
Staled by frequence, sunk by usage into commonest commonplace.

Science has failed of her promise, he tells us. Democracy from being the hope of the world has become a menace, or, at least, is powerless for good.

France had shown a light to all men, preached a gospel all men's good;
Celtic Demos rose a demon; shrieked and slaked the light in blood.

* * * * *

Envy wears the mask of love, and laughing sober fact to scorn,
Cries to weakest as to strongest, "Ye are equals, equal born."

* * * * *

Chaos, Cosmos, Cosmos, Chaos, once again the sickening game;
Freedom free to slay herself, and dying while they shout her name.

This is the picture that presents itself to his mind in this latter day; but in the decay of youthful hopes and ideals there is one thing to which he may yet cling. In the life of his early rival who

Strove for sixty widowed years to help his homelier brother man,
Served the poor and built the cottage, raised the school and drained the fen,

He finds the force that is to uplift the world. It is the leavening power of noble natures, influencing society by

their every-day acts, by their lives made a part of the common life, that is to effect whatever good the coming years shall show.

Another poem of our poet's, "The Palace of Art," having perhaps but slight connection with this line of thought, is yet well deserving of consideration. More and more are we learning the interdependence of men upon their fellows, and it is this which the "Palace of Art" is meant to teach.

I built my soul a lordly pleasure house,
Wherein for aye to dwell.
I said: "O! soul, make merry and carouse,
Dear soul, for all is well."

Everything that can gratify the senses is here, music, painting, sculpture, all things, human companionship. Here in solitude the soul revels in the bounties of art prepared for it and revolves in mind the problems that pass before her where she

Sits as God, holding no form of creed,
But contemplating all.

Full oft the riddle of the painful earth
Flashed thro' her as she sat alone;
Yet not the less she held her solemn mirth,
And intellectual throne.

But at last her loneliness conquers her, and she cries,

I am on fire within,
There comes no murmur of reply,
What is it that will take away my sin,
And save me lest I die?

The reading of some portions of Tennyson might incline one to think of him as dwelling also in "Palace of Art," but when we have studied what he has written in its entirety, we find that he is alive to all the questions that agitate the modern mind, and that he is responsive to all the chords that are struck in the great world which he looks out upon.

There are two great problems that confront man in all times and places, the problem of life here and its possibilities of happiness, and the same problem varied by its relation to the hereafter. It has been seen that Tennyson is in touch with his age on social questions; it now remains to discover whether the same is true in regard to religious opinions and beliefs. The first inquiry must, of course, be directed toward discovering the theological feeling, thought, and tendencies of our time.

While our age is a questioning one we may affirm with equal certainty that there is less of mocking skepticism among us than there has been hitherto.

The poet is first and foremost an interpreter, but he is also a seer. As there are sounds that can be heard only by an ear that is very finely organized, so the higher notes of life, notes that are to others all unheard in the discords that clash upon the harmony, come like far æolian music to the poet's ear alone. He is a seer because, catching parts of the harmony that we miss, he can feel and know, as we cannot, the changes which it presages. We shall then expect to find in Tennyson the echoes of these things which, as we have seen, are troubling present thought, nor shall we be disappointed.

In his poem "The Two Voices," he takes up the old question of Hamlet's "Soliloquy"—to be or not to be. The first voice urges upon him the fruitlessness of life, its misery and littleness.

A still small voice spake unto me;
"Thou art so full of misery,
Were it not better not to be?"

At last in giving answer to the repeated plaints of this bitter voice, he shows the hopes that then were and had been his.

I sang the joyful pæan clear,
And sitting, burnished without fear
The brand, the buckler, and the spear.

Waiting to strive a happy strife,
To war with falsehood to the knife,
And not to lose the good of life.

Some hidden principle to move,
To put together, part and prove,
And mete the bounds of hate and love;

As far as might be to carve out
Free space for every human doubt
That the whole mind might orb about;

To search thro' all I felt or saw,
The springs of life, the depths of awe,
And reach the law within the law.

Here he strikes full and clear the strong note of modern feeling. We can hardly conceive a broader outlook than is his who would, "Carve out free space for every human doubt." This man is no mere babbler of tinkling verses, but a strong-souled giant who feels in his own heart and mind the pulse beat of the world, one whose

Spirit leaps within him to be gone
Before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among
The throngs of men.

It is to "In Memoriam," that we come for the deeper convictions, hopes and fears, to which he has given utterance. Throughout the poem is one long questioning. It is an anxious, earnest soul's yearning for some glimpse of the truths that must ever be denied us, save as we grasp them with the spirit's insight. The character of the poem finds specific expression in the following extract from it:

You say, but with no touch of scorn,
Sweet-hearted, you, whose light-blue eyes
Are tender over drowning flies,
You tell me doubt is Devil-born.

I know not; one indeed I knew,
In many a subtle question versed,
Who struck a jarring lyre at first,
But ever strove to make it true.

Perplext in faith but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He is too great, he has too catholic a spirit, too broad a justice to misunderstand the religious instincts, the intellectual fiber of him who doubts; and his own religious nature is so deep and strong that he equally understands how great is the soul's need of religious feeling. To him each stir of doubt is as a hand outstretched towards the highest, an uncertain groping for something tangible and sure amid the uncertainties that hedge us in on all sides. Because of this attitude, which is so just an interpretation of the best thought of the time, he welcomes doubt, nor can he think it devil-born. But he also apprehends how thoroughly incapable is a purely intellectual philosophy of satisfying the soul's needs. It is something finer, holier, more purifying than this that must come to us ere we shall be content and at peace.

Hold thou the good, define it well
For fear divine philosophy
Should push beyond her mark and be
Procuress to the lords of hell.

Tennyson tells us in his second *Locksley Hall* that

Since our dying race began
Ever, ever, and forever was the leading light of man.

* * * * *

Indian warriors dream of ampler hunting-grounds beyond the night.
Even the black Australian, dying, hopes he shall return a white.

And to him the thought of God, mingled with the thought of eternity, is that it must come to us as a dominating, an ennobling influence.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control;
These three alone lead life to sovereign power,

as he tells us; but what he calls "The sacred passion of the second life" is greater and more potent than these.

We have already noticed that he is no longer as hopeful of the coming days as he was at an earlier time, that he has caught the tone of anxiety that marks the present; but are we to conclude from this that he is a pessimist? As far as those earlier dreams are concerned it may, well it must be so, but the "Golden Age" is only put farther away in the future; it is not abandoned as the ideal to which hope points. He has come to learn that social conditions are changed only as men are changed; that legislation is a result, not the cause of altered social relations, bettered or otherwise; and that democracy is a menace, save as the operation of good influences in communities shall make it pure. Yet, if

these influences are slow, they may be none the less potent. He says, only

"Let us hush this cry of 'Forward' till ten
thousand years are gone."

In like manner, if he doubts, his is not the doubt of despair; at the last all must be well, though now he would gladly see more clearly.

Oh! yet we somehow trust that good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood.

That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.

There are those who fly from their doubts to some positive belief. To it they yield themselves, not because they have sufficient intellectual assurance of its truth, but because they need it to cling to; because they must have something to strengthen themselves against the questioning fears which they are perhaps able neither to face with courage, nor to grasp and fathom as problems for the understanding. These are little souls, and Tennyson is not among them. He does not fly from his doubts, but meets them manfully: He does not banish them lest they disturb his repose; he rises above them, calm in his strength of soul. They are with him still; they perplex him but they cannot trouble him.

In *The Two Voices*, when he has debated long with the one that would have him break away from life, he hears at last another voice.

"What is it thou knowest, sweet voice," I
cried.
"A hidden hope," the voice replied;

So heavenly toned that in that hour
From out my sullen heart a power
Broke like the rainbow from the shower.

To feel, although no tongue can prove,
That every cloud that spreads above
And veils the love itself is love.

He has other grounds of faith than the book. Were this taken away he would still look up to

That God who ever lives and loves;
One God one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves.

God is not to him altogether the God of the schools and the theologians. He is not one who can save only through the shedding of blood, the performance of rites. He is a greater figure and a grander; he is

Infinite Ideality,
Immeasurable Reality,
Infinite Personality.

This he has learned from an inner consciousness; it is not a thing that he has proved, neither can it be proved. His whole theological thought is rather a development from within and from the teachings of Nature, than a thing that he has accepted for himself as the words of inspired men. Sitting on the "Great world's altar stairs," he feels that they "Slope through darkness up to God." In that darkness he can only

Stretch lame hands of faith and grope,
And gather dust and chaff and call
To what he feels is lord of all
And faintly trust the larger hope.

And yet, for all this, he has the consciousness that these are the world's altar stairs, and that they lead to God. This is sufficient for him; knowing whither he is going, it shall not disturb him if the way, its whys and wherefores, present to his understanding many things beyond its power to fathom.

In all this Tennyson's theology is in accord with modern thought. It owes no allegiance to dogma; it is earnest, thoughtful, liberal. Its questioning springs from the needs of a developed civilization, which demands that its religious belief shall harmonize with its intellectual convictions. Its yearning is that which has come to man in all ages and will be his forever. Its hope is the heritage of the race, and nowhere has it found a sweeter, a nobler, or a higher expression than in that grandest of Tennyson's shorter pieces, *Crossing the Bar*.

BY HELEN O'SULLIVAN DIXON

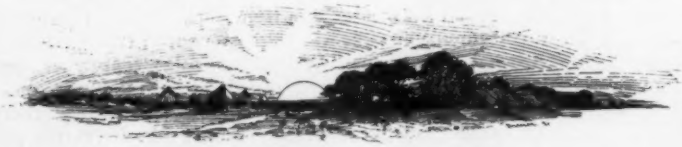
I tread amid the tangled grass ;
Against my cheek
The breath of honeysuckle sweet.
The very clover at my feet
A wealth of honey dew distils.
And when a softest wind
From out the west
Comes whispering—Ah me !
This odor fresh
My heart with rapture fills.
Methinks an odor strange,
A something of another world
Than this—
A flower-crowned world,
Unknown to pain,
Whose May tide season
Being only once,
Must never come again.

The wheat, so tall, so tall,
Upon its head a golden tinge,
And greenest rye,
In graceful strength
Uprears its tossing crest
Above it all.

Along the rough and worn old fence
So gray,
That e'en the lichen from it
Falls away,
Small, whitest blossoms,
Cling and bloom,
Soon to berries red and black
In wild profusion come.

A palest butterfly skims past ;
Against each flower
It softly leans,
But not for long,
It flies so fast
To other loves,
(The fickle thing !)

At last,
I pause amongst it all,
A something's missed,
A something very sweet to me,
It is the trembling poppy,
Scarlet kissed,
And winsome eyed
Enough to see,
It holds within
(But once we gaze)
Its subtle self
For every thought ;
While from its silken,
Restless heart
Across our souls outsteal
An essence weird and wild,
A very elf
To mock our every sense,
It tending us by its power,
Indeed a fatal power.
Enchantment is its dower,
This black-eyed, rosy flower,
Enchantment is its dower.



ERICA

BY PAUL VERNET

THEY were sitting upon the veranda, watching the play of the moonlight over the rippling sea that stretched out before them, Lionel Wintour with a glowing cigar between his lips, Mrs. Wintour swinging in her hammock, idly passing her fingers at intervals over the strings of her guitar in a succession of plaintive, melancholy chords.

"Erica," said Lionel Wintour, breaking their long silence, "we have been married just two years to-night."

"Yes?" said Mrs. Wintour, with a listless interrogative inflection, "I had forgotten."

It is usually the man who ignores or loses count of the anniversaries.

"Two years to-night," repeated Wintour, casting the stump of his cigar out among the sands in front of the house, and tilting his chair a little more to the end that he might look into his wife's face better. "Two years to-night, and in many respects the two happiest years of my life. There has been but one thought—" and he hesitated, sighed unconsciously, and turned a grave face toward the sea.

"Well?" questioned Mrs. Wintour, with the same listless air as before.

"And that is," continued her husband, as with an effort he turned his eyes full upon his wife again, "that I do not seem at all necessary to you. Your life would have drifted on quite as well, better perhaps, if I had been satisfied to be your friend, your patient, willing slave, who, while he kept himself in the shadows of the background, would yet be ready to serve you when you needed a strong champion. I do not know you as well to-day as I did then. I cannot touch your innermost being, and you, too, you are unsatisfied, unhappy, and chilled. I cannot blame you, but in the days preceding our marriage, I used to think in my blind egotism, in my intense hope, that with tender unobtrusiveness, I could win you away from your sorrowful past."

Wintour ceased, drew out the silken handkerchief from his breast pocket, and wiped his forehead slowly; perhaps he passed the fabric across his eyes, I do not know; then he went on in a tone whose vibrating melancholy would have moved to pity any woman in the world but Erica. "I live in the hope that some day I shall reach you and touch you again as I did that winter in Genoa, when your need of sympathy was so great, and my need of you seemed more than I could bear."

"Genoa?" exclaimed Erica, with kindling eyes. "How I love even the sound of the name! Genoa! the city built from the life breath of poets, the life breath crystallized into perfect form. And its cemetery, the Campo Santo, it has been one of my prayers that I might be buried there, where death seems freed from all its horror."

"Ah! You do remember. How long ago was that?" asked Lionel, regarding his wife's dreamy eyes curiously.

"O, what makes you ask me such stupid questions?" cried Erica, petulantly, bringing a series of harsh discords from her guitar. "You are always asking me when and where this, that and the other happened, and you know I cannot remember. All that I do know is that it did happen. Genoa! Its sculptures live in my brain; the soft, delicious days warm my freezing body even now. I met you there—pst! is not that enough?"

"Poor, poor little woman!" was Wintour's sole reply, as his wife continued:

"I suppose it is because there have been so many blanks in my past that

I do not remember accurately. Ah! how I used to suffer! How pain and sorrow dazed my poor brain! How I longed for a mother's touch! But my mother was far away—far. Lionel," she whispered, leaving the hammock and nestling down in her husband's lap with the air of a tired child, "Lionel, you talk about love as if I never had any conception of the feeling. I tell you if you had known the years of a love like mine and—and his, you would never wish to hear the word again, you would never be clasping a woman to your pitying breast as you are clasping me now. Less agony and intensity than mine has sent many a soul to a madhouse."

"Hush! Erica, we must not talk like this. It excites you too much, and I, myself, cannot endure it. I should not have reproached you, but I saw you sad and distrait, and I felt impelled to tell you once more, as I have told you already a thousand times that I long for you to lean on me and open your heart to me, just as you would to your own mother. If I cannot be more to you, I, at least, want to be the dearest and nearest friend you have on earth."

"You are that. No man could do more than you have, and I thank God for having sent you into my life. The saddest part of it all is that I have so little to give, while I am constantly taking from you until the debt is too large to ever be repaid. You are my best and dearest friend," and she laid her cheek against his in a way that sent the man's blood in him coursing through his veins until he almost forgot that she gave so little in return for all his overwhelming love. "You are my dearest friend, and perhaps one day you will be more. But what fire can be brought out of dead ashes? I died centuries ago. O, Lionel! there is but one thing that could fan the ashes into life, and I pray God it may be your hand that will find that lost link of my dreary life. I know you have tried. O, Lionel, Lionel, leave no stone unturned."

Wintour could bear no more. He carried her to the hammock, then leaving her, strode away down to the sands. When his stalwart figure had grown dim in the distance, Erica went into the house, lit the lamps, tried to read a book, then tried the piano, then the guitar, and finding nore of these in accord with her mood, she wrapped a mantle about her head and shoulders and walked down the beach to meet her husband. Her thin slippers became wet and uncomfortable before she had gone two hundred yards, so she turned back again saying to herself: "I'll go back and make the house bright and warm, and I will try to be more cheerful. I am little less than a fiend to burden him with my sorrows. He is so good. Dear, noble Lionel! What an irony of Fate it is that he and I must travel in parallel lines forever; that neither of us can fathom the loneliness of the other."

CHAPTER II

THE GATES AJAR

Mrs. Wintour arranged an opera party for a certain evening in February knowing that Nihlson was to be the prima donna. The Opera House had only been opened for a few weeks, and as it was said to be quite unique in the matter of interior decorations and arrangements, Erica and her friends were in a flutter of delighted anticipation.

They were a little late and the curtain had risen on the first scene when they entered. Mrs. Wintour came in on the arm of Governor Hampstead and her husband led in Mrs. Hampstead. They were followed by Mrs. Sangteller, a charming woman—widow, scarce turned fifty, and Senator Foraker, both guests at the Wintour's home.

The opera was Faust, and its weird music, as it always does, held the audience spellbound until the curtain dropped. The fall of the curtain on the first act saw a sudden change in Mrs. Wintour. Her husband, sitting

near her, noticed that she shivered, and at once laid her warm fur cloak about her bare, white shoulders. She had relapsed into a trance-like silence, her eyes fixed upon the drop, her brow troubled as if some inner consciousness struggled for expression, and her face as white as a block of marble. All this was only perceptible to Mr. Wintour, who was a barometer in the matter of his wife's feelings, and to Mrs. Sangteller, who was studying Erica's strange moods with the deepest interest. The rest of the party, chattering together in undertones in the back of the box observed nothing at all unusual. Even had they sat beside her, they might have seen no change. So few people comprehend the fine shades of moody intensity.

The Opera House was Moorish in style, being a network of fretted and richly colored arches, lit by fantastic colored lamps, some half concealed behind the open-work carvings, some swung by massive chains from the ceilings of the many private boxes—everywhere the color, the carving, the curves and the textile fabrics stiff with gold and silver that belong to the tales of the Arabian Nights for magnificence, and to the Moors for beauty of form and individuality of style. The curtain represented the unloading of an ox team at the gates of Seville. Erica felt a thrill of recollection as she gazed steadfastly upon the creamy bricks of the arched wall, the creamy dust of the broad highway, the short square, sturdy bodies of the oxen, the clumsy-wheeled ox cart, the barefooted driver with his long, sharp goad, and the water carrier with his two buckets of water and lemonade, and little stand of glasses on either end of a long pole swung across his shoulders.

These people belonged to her. The curtain melted out of sight, and out of the mists of her pain-paralyzed memory came a faint picture of a winding road of this same creamy dust, tinged with burnt sienna on the outer edges; a long, low line of willows on one side of the way; a trimly cut orange hedge on the other.

Back from the road was a small two-story house, with a fantastic roof of dull red tiles. The dwelling itself was built of rough-hewn creamy stone, which time had softened down to a gamut of rich browns, grays and greens in the corners and cracks, with the combined aid of lichens and dirt. Deep-set balconies, such as the Spanish women love, were sunk in here and there, over entrances and wide windows, and a broad arched veranda went round two sides of the building.

How clearly all the details came back to Erica! Against the creamy walls of the entrance, a rosebush laden with blood-red blooms laid its glowing cheek against the stone, and beneath this very archway a woman stood in an expectant attitude. Tall, commanding, beautiful, though she had nearly reached the close of a long life, she folded and unfolded her hands nervously, and continually turned her great black eyes toward the west, to gaze down the road whence those whom she awaited must come. She was expecting Erica, her new daughter-in-law—Erica and her son. She was a Basque and not a Spaniard (the Basques are always careful to make that distinction). She had strong loves and strong hates. Like all Basques, she was severe and self-contained, and modeled her life after the Spartan pattern. She loved the plain truth, the penances and the rigorous fasts imposed by her religion; patriotism swept her soul in surging billows, and her greatest ambition lay in having sons and grandsons to perpetuate the honor of the family name. There were no women among her own people to suit her exacting ideas regarding the transmission of desirable traits, and so she had centered her whole hope upon this young American of good stock and great brain power.

Erica never remembered but one phrase of the welcome she had

received. Her mother-in-law had remarked:

"Cold like me. That is good, excellent! Yet volcanoes beneath—good again, for a furnace at the heart is the only motive power by which one reaches greatness. Thou art one of us." And tired, strange Erica went into her own apartments, inwardly thanking God that her new mother-in-law was not an emotional person, like some of the Spanish women she had known.

* * * *

The assembly burst into round after round of tumultuous applause, and shouted madly for the incomparable Nillson to come before the curtain. Erica heard them not. At last her husband bent forward and said to her with a voice full of tender concern:

"Erica, dear, you are not well. Can I not do anything for you?"

Erica shook her head slowly, and drew her chair apart from her husband's. A shadow of annoyance passed across her spirit, for she had tried to remember the Past so often, and she could not; and now the gates were slowly swinging apart and revealing the long-buried secrets. If the awakening was ever to come, it must be now. Even if it brought with it anguish and suffering, she felt that she must regain the lost control of her mind. In a moment she relived another scene.

* * * *

All night she had lain among the heaped-up pillows of her bed, her eyes distended and aching with the pressure of rushing thoughts, and unable to lie down lest her breath cease entirely; even in sitting up, a curious catching pain wrenched her heart. She drew breath with the greatest difficulty, and the weight of centuries seemed to crush both brain and chest. Outside, the rain beat down in torrents, driven by the veering winds in sharp gusts against the rattling panes from time to time. The rose branches, too, swept from side to side with an eerie scratching noise.

Erica counted the little streams that fell spasmodically from the eaves, but that soon became confusing. One light, a hanging lamp with a pale green globe, cast a grim radiance through the room. Presently, it must have been near morning, her husband issued from the shadows of his own apartment, and approached her bedside. Tall and slender, with the proud carriage of an Emperor, nervous in build, with cruel, gray eyes, high cheekbones, square jaw, short black hair and a large nose, he was not pleasant to look upon when convulsed by the undisciplined feelings to which he was a prey. A Spartan in time of danger, a polished companion in society, the best student in the college in his school days, a lover such as few women ever had—a lover in intense adoration and overwhelming mastery; a fiend, now that jealousy gnawed at his vitals.

Erica had stretched herself out at full length in her bed, folded her hands upon her breast, and for a moment had stopped breathing and speculated as to how long it would take to stop the machine permanently. Upon her husband's approach, she had simply opened her eyes, and maintaining the same attitude, said in a bantering way:

"You would love me far better dead—just see how white and cold and peaceful I look."

"Yes," he answered, slowly looking down upon her, "I should love you better dead; I hate you so now. If my church did not call it a sin, I would kill you myself. You are not one of us. You cannot comprehend a love like mine. To you I am a tyrant; to one of my own race, I would be what I am—a lover. Erica, Erica, I have given up everything in life for your sake—friends, ambition, business, relatives, all, all, and to what end. No sacrifice you can make is enough. The chair you sit on, I could crush to atoms; the guitar that you play takes away your thoughts from me, therefore I hate it; I hate

my mother, for you talk to her, and she holds your hand; I hate our son, and I have sent him far away, whence he will never return, lest I see him kiss you. I have given up everything, and for what? For hell, torment."

His eyes blazed dangerously, but Erica knew that in the worst event her hand could restrain him. He was taking a small vial from the breast pocket of his loose dressing robe—a curiously wrought vial of Venetian glass. Oh, but these wizards of the hot-blooded races know how to cloak their death-dealing potions in festal robes! Erica pretended to ignore the movement, and, placing her hand upon his arm, she forced him down upon his knees beside her.

"Pray with me and for me," she pleaded, "just a moment," and under the ghastly light of one lamp, they both entered into silent prayer. Then Erica said: "Euskaro mio, I have come out of a far country, and I have left my people because I love you; I have given up the men friends that in my country are permitted, because I love you; I have put women and girls out of my life whom I might help and comfort, and I have done this because I love you; I have shut myself within the four walls of my chamber, into which even your mother does not come, because I love you. I have nothing more to give but life itself. All the rest—soul, spirit, heart, senses, son, kin and friends, I gave long ago—then take my life."

The Venetian vial touched her hand. Oh! the slavery she had endured all these years, and here was an opportunity. Should she take it?

"Let us die together," the Basque whispered, stricken almost dumb with intense feeling. "Let us die together! This life will never satisfy me. Unless your body were incorporated with mine, I never could feel absolutely secure. Oh, angel among women! God will care for us as those of this world never can. Five drops and they will find us here to-morrow, locked in an eternal embrace. Will you try it?"

The little glass stopper was sweet; life was too bitter; the hungry heart was throbbing itself to death in prison, and the very word death carried with it a sense of rest, peace and eternal love.

One drop on the stopper! The Basque watched her with the eyes of a madman.

Two drops! He was trembling violently, but a seraphic smile was on Erica's face. Visions floated before her eyes; her labored breathing became tranquil; her husband grew into a god-like image, and she fell unresistingly into his waiting arms.

Three drops! A crash roused her just a little. Two wild eyes burned into her ecstatic semi-consciousness, and troubled her. There were cries and shrieks and a sound of many feet, and her husband cursed and swore and cried out:

"Bring a doctor! fools! hounds! devils! Can you not see that she is dying—my angel, my life, my body, my spirit, next to my God!"

She knew no more for many days, and then she only knew that she lived.

* * * * * *

"Erica," said Wintour, leaning forward, and touching his wife on the shoulder, "you are not well. Let us go home."

"No," she said wearily, "I am not well. We will go home if you do not mind the trouble. I feel so very, very strange."

"Yes, dear, I understand," he replied, as he wrapped her in her cloak, and excused her to her guests. With a faint smile on her face—women must smile as you know, even when the thumb-screw wrenches the hardest—with a smile she left her friends. Once in the carriage Wintour said to her, as his arms crept around the weary body:

"Little woman, by some strange power, I have walked side by side

with your mind over the old ground to-night. Poor little woman! my little Erica! my weary, storm-beaten child! I want to be more your friend than ever before."

CHAPTER III.

A HEART HISTORY.

Just one word regarding this Mrs. Sangteller. Two months before the opera party was given, a letter had come to Erica from a friend who was visiting in a far-off city. It read:

"My dear Erica:

By this same mail I send a letter to a Mrs. Sangteller, who has recently gone to your city. She is a thoroughly charming woman, with a warm personality. You and she were destined to become friends, for her intensity needs concentrating, and yours needs diffusing. She will reach your inmost soul as no woman has whom you have ever met before. Work together, and some day I shall be proud to say that I led you together for the good of the great world.

Your friend as always,

JOHN TERRY LANGDON."

So Mrs. Sangteller had presented her card at the Wintours'; and when Mrs. Wintour and she had greeted each other, their spirits had rushed together in a mighty fullness. Day after day Erica listened in wrapt admiration to the continuous torrent of reminiscences, philosophic thought and ready wit with which Mrs. Sangteller's conversation sparkled. One afternoon when they had known each other for many weeks, Mrs. Sangteller looked down into Erica's eyes and said suddenly:

"My dear, so far I have done all the talking, and it has been, for the most part, about myself. Now tell me a little about your own life. What has caused the deep current of melancholy that tinges your whole existence? I do not ask out of any idle curiosity, God forbid, but simply because I feel certain that I can help you if I once know the cause of the sorrow. Tell me, dear, have you had a dark heart history?"

Erica looked at her with an expression of utmost simplicity and replied:

"Beloved friend, what woman has not?"

"There! that is enough—that is all I wanted to know for the present," replied Mrs. Sangteller, gazing at Erica with an absorbed and troubled air.

"What puzzles you so?" asked Erica, uneasily. "Why do you look at me so curiously? Have I said anything strange? Sometimes when I think of the way in which my mind has been paralyzed by years of tragedy and suffering, I feel as though I ought not to be among sane people at all. My only excuse is that my past is a blank, that my memory is blunted, and that I am only alive to the present."

Mrs. Sangteller bent forward and kissed her. No kiss had ever thrilled her with such a sense of perfect trust, and then said to her:

"Dear child, I shall never press you for your confidence. I knew that you had had a heart history, for you are the most mature woman for your years that I ever knew, and your kind of maturity is never seen except in the wake of intense suffering. You do not seem to belong to this age or this country; you are brimming over with foreign expressions, not the affectations of the modern novel reader, but with expressions that show that you have lived in a foreign land. Were I a believer in re-incarnation, I should say that in a previous state of existence you were a Spanish lady of high degree. In fact you always impress me as one who has just stepped out of an old, old canvas."

"Have I a moth-eaten appearance?" asked Erica, with a smile.

"O no, no, no! but you are quaint and silent, and your eyes have a hungry look in them that wrings my heart."

"I am sorry that my features should convey such an impression," said Erica. "I ought to be a most contented woman with a husband like Lionel, who is not only my husband, but my friend as well."

"He is a good man," said Mrs. Sangteller, "and one to whom you can anchor your faith, Erica. And, dearest, never let anyone come between you two."

"Between Lionel and me? What an idea! As if anyone could!" exclaimed Erica scornfully, while Mrs. Sangteller thought:

"Weak in her safety; a child yet in some ways."

CHAPTER IV.

THE PRINCE.

The Wintours were again at their summer home at the shore-Wintour Manor. One of Lionel's ancestors was known to have come over with Lord Baltimore in 1633, and the present Wintour had a strong leaning toward everything English, so Wintour Manor was as nearly like its English prototype as money and limited time could make it.

They had only been a few weeks at the shore when Wintour was called away on urgent business. Before his departure he only had time to telegraph Mrs. Sangteller an invitation to come down and stay with his wife, and then to take the train to town and drive to John Langdon's office.

"John," he said cordially, "I am called away on very disagreeable business. I may be detained several weeks, so if you can make plans to suit, I wish you would go down and stay at the Manor at night. Erica is timid, but you understand her so well that I shall feel quite at ease if I know that you are looking out for her comfort. You'll go?"

"Indeed I will, Wintour."

So Lionel went on his way with a comparatively light heart; and Langdon, a healthy, wholesome-minded man as one would wish to know, went down to the shore every night, and did his duty in protecting and amusing the two women.

Langdon was a lettered man. He ought never to have been tied down to the cares of a humdrum business; but as destiny had made him a manufacturer, he was obliged to submit and only indulge in communion with the muses when the cares of the day were laid aside. So it happened that he took more than ordinary delight in trying to stimulate Erica's taste for good reading, and really did much toward bringing her mind out of the terrible apathy into which it had drifted.

Erica's previous marriage, of which few people were cognizant, had been a peculiar one. The intensity of that period of life, with a man who adored brains, but who bitterly resented the influence of the printed page, inasmuch as it diverted his wife's attention from himself, ten years of that sort of thing had deadened her mind to such an extent, that it was almost impossible to rouse it again into action.

The third of July had arrived, but Lionel was still away; so Langdon put a book of recent verse into one of his pockets, and a small volume of manuscript verses written by himself into another pocket, then with a peculiar, abstracted look, sauntered down to the train that would convey him to the Manor.

Once settled in his seat in the car, he curled down in the corner, drew his hat down over his eyes, and prepared to rest thoroughly. Most of the men were trying to read the headlines of the evening papers, but the train was going so swiftly, and the lights were so poor, that they soon gave up reading and stared vacantly into space until they came to their respective stations. Suddenly Langdon smiled, pulled an old envelope and a pencil from his pocket, and after using his fingers as automatic counters for a few moments, he scribbled something, and replacing the paper in his pocket, relapsed into silence. He had written a triolet.

The next morning was so delightful that Mrs. Sangteller accepted an invitation to drive, leaving Langdon to look after Mrs. Wintour. Erica

was one of the women who, having outlived their dangerous passions, or who, having never been aroused, at the same time fan into flame the emotions of the men with whom they are much thrown in contact. As a rule they do not attract men at first. Women like Erica are the ones who drive men to the tragedies of life. Erica was so pathetic, and Langdon so perfectly staunch and spiritual that Mrs. Sangteller, with all her worldly wisdom saw not the least impropriety in leaving these two to spend the day as they wished, be it on the beach, on the drive, or in wandering through their own grounds.

There had been a slight rain the day before which had freshened the air and drawn the sweetest odors from earth and shrubbery alike. After seeing Mrs. Sangteller off, Langdon and Erica made a detour of the grounds. At last they reached a point where sea and land lay stretched out before them in a beautiful panorama. Throwing themselves upon the sward beneath the trees, they were both silent for many moments. While their eyes gazed out abstractedly across the sea, their minds were flowing in very dissimilar channels. Erica was vaguely contrasting her past with her present condition. Like a child who has stumbled and fallen, and gets up bruised and lame, without realizing what has disabled him, Erica felt bruised and stunned, but except at rare intervals, her brain carried no specific impressions of the many tragic scenes which she had lived through. There might have been men whose strong personality would have wakened the dormant memory to life by the temporary arousal of her emotional nature: but fortunately or otherwise, Wintour was not one of these and she drifted along by his side and if life offered her no acute enjoyments, it at least spared her any acute suffering.

Langdon's brain, on the contrary, was in a tumult. He had lived to the age of forty-three and never before had found himself in such an unsettled state. Sometimes he had been lonely, it is true, but a canter on his horse, or a visit to an excellent theatre would dissipate any blue feeling he had ever had. His pride in Erica as Wintour's wife, was unbounded. He was on sufficiently confidential terms with the two, to know something of Erica's past, and his constant study had been, to devise a means to arouse her from the state of chronic melancholy into which she had grown.

To-day his failure seemed more than ever apparent. The hungry look in her eyes seemed to cry out to him. For the first time in all their long friendship, the truth flashed over his spirit. It blinded him. It drove the blood in surging billows through his heart until it seemed as if death clinched at his very being. But his honor was strong.

He took his triolet from his pocket, and read it aloud to her. He had a soft, tender voice and the dewy, wistful eyes that belong to the spiritual nature. The triolet was so simple and its sentiment so very harmless that he never questioned the propriety of reading it.

"HER HAND

The touch of her dear hand
So sweet and tender!
Ah! how can I withstand
The touch of her dear hand,
Nor can I understand
What charm doth render
The touch of her dear hand
So sweet and tender!"

The voice ceased. The man waited in silent suspense, until Erica said in her cool, critical way: —

"Excellent for a triolet: but I dislike French forms. Who wrote it?"

"I did," replied Langdon, folding it up to replace it.

"Let me look at it again please," said Erica, extending her thin white hand to take it.

Her fingers only brushed across his, but the touch made Langdon quiver from head to foot, and throw himself back upon the grass to recover himself in a silent struggle.

Erica regarded him curiously as if he might be a new species of insect. Presently she found that she could not remove her eyes from him. Memory's gates swung slowly apart: she remembered feeling something like this once before: then the touch of her hand had sufficed to still the tempest. She would try it again: it was a pity to see a man, and that one her best friend, suffer so. Poor, unconventional, untutored Erica! She touched his brow in the lightest possible manner, and said solicitously:

"You are ill. Your face is as white as the moon. Your lips and eyes are strangely drawn. Can I do nothing to help you?"

A dismal groan was the only reply. Then Erica continued: —

"I have had just such feelings. It is your heart, is it not? It feels as if it were being crushed in a mill. Sometimes even now, there are many nights that I cannot sleep, for the pain and the oppression."

Langdon could endure her touch no longer. Rising to a sitting posture and gazing at her with famished eyes, he said in choking tones: —

"Erica, I had hoped that I should never lose my self-control as I have to-day. To-morrow I shall go out of your life forever. I shall write to Lionel and tell him what has occurred. This one day though I must tell you all – all – all! Erica, I am thirsting for such words of tenderness as might come from your lips: I am starving for the touch of a hand like yours: I am perishing for the love of a woman like you — one who could meet me heart to heart — sense to sense — one who could be a companion as well as a wife."

Erica rocked back and forth, her eyes closed, her hands locked tightly together. Something was stirring within her. Her King had died to her long ago: but there are times when a Prince holds the sceptre of an absent King. Was this the Prince?

"Erica," whispered Langdon, "it kills me to see you suffer, and yet the demon within me pushes me on to the end. For me the light of eternal day has dawned within the last hour. I shall leave you with nobler purposes, higher aims and tenderer sympathies than I ever had in my life before. But I shall leave you bearing with me a tomb in my heart. If you ever need me send for me. If anything should happen to Lionel send for me. For the first time in my life, Erica, I comprehend the agony that has arrested your mind's growth. Erica! my little friend — I must go — I can endure no more!"

Erica's eyes were distended wide now. Langdon leaped to his feet to leave her while there was yet time, but he had taken but one step when Erica threw herself forward and wound her arms about his ankles.

He was helpless. Over Erica's storm-tossed soul rushed the full realization that here was a man who might have been her Prince. If they both could have died there!

Langdon at last stooped awkwardly and unwinding Erica's arms, lifted her to her feet and said huskily: —

"Come, Erica, we must go back to the house, and to the life that is left us. It would be madness to stay here."

And the Prince passed out of her life leaving her a child no longer, but a woman with all a woman's strength and with all a woman's capacity for suffering.

CHAPTER V.

THE MONSIGNOR

After that day, Erica drooped rapidly. By the time they were ready to go back to town after Thanksgiving, she had become so weak that she was obliged to remain in bed all winter. It was a hard struggle for her. Years of tyranny and pain had trained her to be secretive: the light of worldly eyes had never shone in on the dark heart chambers, for pride had kept the door fast locked, yet it was not the secretiveness that sought ways of darkness, but a secretiveness

that led her to believe that the world took but small interest in her individual woes.

She and Lionel seldom spoke of Langdon. Erica knew that her husband had received an explanatory letter from Langdon, for he had drawn her down upon his knee one evening and said: —

"Dearest, if you had met Langdon before you knew me, do you think that you could have loved him? Do not be afraid to answer. John is my best friend. And as for you and me, much as I might wish it otherwise, I know that you will never love me with the blind intensity that I do you. But I am content to be your friend if it must be only that."

"O my darling, my darling! I do not know whether I really loved him or not. That scene with him waked my mind from its long sleep, and helped me to re-adjust the past. But it also brought with it a fuller realization of your beautiful unselfishness than I had ever had before. O how cruel I have been to inflict all my mental distortions upon you. Why did you ever marry me?"

"Why? Because I loved you and I knew that you needed tending. And I hoped that the time would come when you could return in part the love I had for you."

"Where is John now?" asked Erica, after a long pause.

"He is in Spain, dear. In that one letter he wrote, he said he should spend the rest of his life searching for a solution to the mystery that you and I have so long and so hopelessly tried to unravel. Poor fellow! even if he never finds a clue, it will be some satisfaction to him to feel that he is in our service, and he may win success where we failed."

One day, not long after this conversation, a card was brought into Erica's sick room, which sent a torrent of blood rushing over her body. It bore the name of

MONSIGNOR GREGORIO ARROYA
Sevilla

He had been told by the man who attended the door that Mrs. Wintour had been ill for months, and could not receive. He had, however, insisted upon being announced, and had stated that he had a message of the greatest importance to deliver to her.

"You may show him up at once, Bennett," said Mrs. Wintour. When the man had left the room, the maid hastily arranged a chair for the reverend guest, otherwise there was no preparation to make, for Erica's apartments were always dainty and fresh. Besides, what difference could externals make in the face of the revelation that waited upon the priest's lips? She had been searching for this man for years: she had heard of him from time to time but she had never dared to question him by word or by letter, lest the answer should crush her. It was this one question that had by continual recurrence to her bewildered brain, maddened her, paralyzed her powers of thought, and totally arrested her mental activity. It was this same question that now, as she lay on a bed of illness, indirectly induced by the scene with Langdon in the garden of Wintour Manor, this same question that incessantly swung round and round in her brain with the broad, perpetual sweep and whirl of a great water wheel.

She tortured Lionel with it whenever he was with her, and he was never long absent: and Lionel grew care-worn and aged in these few months, overwhelmed by his helplessness to minister to his wife's diseased mind, even in the smallest degree. And now the answer was to come.

The grave Monsignor entered, bowed and seated himself.

Erica was the first to break the silence.

"I have waited so long for you, Father!" she said breathlessly, "I cannot call you Monsignor yet: the title is too new: and when I knew you before, you were only a father. I have crept to your door, and have turned away, sickened with the fear

that you might not know where he was. I have written you tear-stained letters and have burned them. I had not the courage to send them. O Father, I hope that you have good news — I could not bear another blow!"

"Patience, patience, my child!" replied the Monsignor, "God has been very good to you. He never lets his faithful pass unrewarded. You hunger for word of your son, the child they took away from your breast so many years ago?"

"Hungered, Father? Ah, only a mother can understand."

"I have brought him back to you. And I have left in the convent where we found him a friend of your husband's, John Langdon, who will end his days in peace there. It was he who found us and told us where you were and how you yearned for your child."

"My Manuel? — here with you?"

Erica had risen up in her bed to a sitting posture. Her eyes were unnaturally bright and she was shaking from head to foot. Presently the distended eyes relaxed, the locked hands fell apart, and as the light of consciousness faded out of the pain-racked face, the Monsignor tenderly laid her back among the pillows and made the sign of the cross upon her forehead.

"Your mistress is in no danger," he said to the maid, "and if you will kindly bring up the boy I left in the carriage, I shall be obliged."

Light feet soon tripped up the stair-case. At the doorway the new comer showed a shy reluctance to enter.

"Come Manuel," said the Monsignor, "your mother is unconscious now, but in a moment when she wakes, your hand must be in hers. Manuel, it has been the waiting and the yearning for you all these years that made your poor mother so ill."

Manuel, though less than twelve years of age, was almost as mature as a man, having been brought up in a convent among men, and in all the loneliness of a parentless childhood. No woman had ever come into his life. The beautiful pictures of the Virgin and her images on the chapel altars were the only semblances to a woman that he had ever seen. In his eyes therefore, all women were as angels, and as such intense reverence was due them.

A boy who had ever known a mother's touch would have embraced a long-lost parent. When Erica uneasily turned toward the door and opened her eyes is a dazed, dull way she saw a beautiful boy kneeling before her, his white hands clasped together tightly, and his eyes lifted toward her with mute, prayerful admiration.

"Can it be?" moaned Erica, "my little boy! my little baby!"

"He speaks no English," said the Monsignor softly.

Erica started painfully, then relapsed into the loving Spanish tongue that had so long been strange to her lips.

The Monsignor withdrew, the maid withdrew — Erica and Manuel were alone.

Presently Lionel stole into the room, happier than he had been for years, yet with the secret dread that the son that Langdon had found for Erica might not love him at all. As he walked over to the bed-side where Manuel lay locked in the arms of a real, flesh and blood mother, all the loneliness of his life vanished — for Erica was happy. Lionel hesitated, but Manuel, with a look from his large liquid eyes that was almost heavenly, disengaged one hand from his mother's neck and reaching out to Lionel, drew him down and said in sweet simplicity: —

"Y tu? — tu es mi padre bien-amado, si, mas que bien-amado, — adorado!"

And then life really began for these three.

M'SIEU' LAFONTAINE OF CALIFORNIE

AN EASTER STORY

BY JULIA H. S. BUGEIA

PART I

WHAT a queer little wedge of a shop, chinked in between two great sombre buildings, down on California street, with "Ici on Parle Francais" in quaint, awkward characters upon the door—a common enough notice in this cosmopolitan city of San Francisco; but there was something distinctive about this, as there was also about the odd looking proprietor of the place.

He was very carefully dressed in fine clothes, but his face and hands and rounded shoulders bore evidence of a life of toil and hardship. Rough and rugged he surely was, but his countenance beamed with honest good-nature, and a sort of whimsical humor lurked in his blue eyes. How came he to be in this place? I wondered.

"Yes, sare," he was saying, as he put down upon the counter a glass of violets, "I h'am pretty fon' of flower, but I ain't nevare tink to buy dem jus' for me. No, sare, dat's for ma seester," he added gently, and, after a slight pause, "I'll tol' you 'bo't dat, eef you got tam, an' eet ain't bodder you too much."

His wistful look was irresistible, and so was his droll speech, to which no pen can do justice.

"Yes, certainly," I replied, "I have time enough and I'd like to hear the story, Mr. ——?"

"Lafontaine, *m'sieu'*, my name dat's Toussaint Ouézime Lafontaine. T'ank you, *m'sieu'*, take a chair; w'en we tell somebody h'all w'at we got of trouble on our 'eart, dat's make it seem more h'easy, don't it? Well, sare, 'bo't ma seester—I be'n h'offle fon' of dat seester. You see, w'en we are small we h'all at 'ome 'ave *la picotta*—you see?" pointing to his scarred face, "dat's *la petite vérole*, but we call 'eem *la picotta*, an' dat's ver' common wid de French Canadians. Well, we h'all die h'excep' me and Noémie an' dat's make dat we h'are more fon' of h'each odder, some way. I guess you ain't nevare see a more pretty girl dan Noémie; 'e ain't 'ave 'ardly h'any *picotte* lef' on 'ees face, and 'ees w'ite—*'blanche et belle'*, we say, we odders. An' e's gay lak a bird. You know dat bird, *m'sieu'*, dat bob-blink, w'at seeng lak e's laugh 'eemself to det? Dat's Noémie, laugh and seeng h'all day; 'an' 'h'always gentle an' sweet, an' do something to make h'everybody 'appy—*chère petite chatte, va!*"

He paused to brush away a tear and heave a great sigh.

"Well, 'e's get married wid a feller. *Sacré tonnerre!* W'at for 'e ain't die lak de res'! *Pauvre petite*, 'e ain't want dat feller, 'e don't lak 'eem mos' as bad as me, and me—I 'ate 'eem!

"Dat's ma modder done dat. Ma modder 'e's tink dere ain't notting on dis worl' lak to be reech; and Nazaire Gagnon, 'e's got a good farm close by to 'ome, an' 'e's got leetle money on de bank, an' 'e's great fren' wid Cure Lefort; so ma modder an' Cure Lefort dey make Noémie get married wid 'eem. Ma poor Noémie! 'e ain't laugh much h'after dat, an' 'e ain't seeng needer; dat's work, work, work, an' notting h'else, h'excep' children, an' dey mos' all die—dat's a good job for dem too!

"An' 'e's *mean*, dat Nazaire — I'll bet you ain't nevare see such a mean cuss lak dat. Get dronk? No, sare, 'e's too mean for dat — too tough, too steengy! I ain't say 'e ain't dreenk no w'eesky; some tam w'en somebody 'll treat, an' some tam on de 'lection 'e's get pretty fool, (full) but dat ain't make much deefference. By golly!" said Toussaint, with a whimsical smile, "eef dat make 'eem *good* nature, we h'all pay de w'eesky! 'E's treat Noémie lak eef 'e be'n slave. De poor girl can' nevare 'ave some pleasure wid 'ees fren', dat's cos' too much for 'ave companie; 'e h'ain't nevare 'ave some good clo'es; an' Nazaire, 'e's cross lak de debble — say de mos' meanes' ting w'at can pass on 'ees min'. Oh, *ma foi*, I can' tol' you h'all w'at dat man can do for wear de 'eart away, an' starve de soul of some one gentle lak Noémie!

"Ma modder, 'e's h'offle sorry for dat, but dat's too late, 'e can't nevare h'undo dat job.

"Well, sare, me, I can't stan' it; I be'n 'fraid dat sometam I'll keel dat dam Gagnon! So I've lef' de country an' come on Californie. Ma modder 'e's dead soon h'after dat, an' poor Noémie 'e's lef' alone — ma fadder 'e's dead since a long tam before Noémie get married.—Well, sometam Noémie sen' me letter, w'en Nazaire ain't know it. 'E's got two boy — dey're jus' de same lak d'eir fadder — an' 'e's got one girl, Rosalie; dat's pretty good girl, too; but 'e be'n 'ave mos' de same luck lak 'ees modder; h'only de 'usban', dat's Narcisse Pilon, 'e be'n more kan' dan Nazaire. I *guess* Narcisse 'e's mean to be pretty good to Rosalie, but 'e ain't dezackly know 'ow!" another twinkle of Toussaint's blue eyes.

"Well, sare," he continued, "Nazaire 'ee's dead one day, by a haxidan (accident) an' true-sa-leeve a'm glad of eet! You tink dat ain't ra't, I sup-pose, *m'sieu'*, but you ain't know Nazaire Gagnon, dat's make de deefference. Now — I be'n say at mase'f — I guess Noèmie 'e's go-ing to 'ave better tam. But 'e ain't feenish to suffer yet.

"Dose boy — *diables qu'ils sant!* dey 've hang 'ro'n an' dey've manage to get mos' h'all de prop'ty on deir 'an' den dey've clear out. Well, Narcisse, 'e's got de res' of de money an' 'e can't *rij*-fuse to take de modder on 'ees 'ouse; an' I guess Noémie 'e's come pretty near to be 'appy dere; for Rosalie 'e's h'offle good to 'ees modder, an' Narcisse, 'e ain't say *much*."

Here Mr. Lafontaine paused, looking steadily down to the floor, as he leaned his arms upon his knees.

"Well, sare," he resumed, drawing a heavy sigh, "dat's a hard worl, ain't it?

"Poor leetle Rosalie, 'e's die, an' pretty soon Narcisse, 'e's got anodder waf, an' dat's *mos'* h'all w'at Noémie can bear; 'e don't got no more courage. H'after w'ile 'e 'ear dem say dey go-ing to put 'eem on de poor-'ouse—I be'n forgot to tol' you dey've move on de State before Rosalie 'e's dead, an' dat be'n anodder troub' for Noémie—leave h'all 'ees 'ol' fren' an' country, an' 'e can't spik de H'anglish needer. Dat's make you laugh on me, don't it? Well, dat's a fac' I ain't spik 'eem ver well, but I make ma *affaire* wid 'eem. Well, sare, because Noémie 'e's h'ol' an' seek, an' can't work no more, dey say go-ing to put 'eem on de poor'ouse. But 'e's got one 'ope lef' on dis worl', an' 'e's beg Narcisse to wait for dat 'e'll wrat to 'ees brodder; so Narcisse 'e ain't say notting more, for dey h'all tink a'm h'offle reech o't on Californie—somebody be'n tol' dat. Well, dat's a fac'; I be'n make some money on de mine, but I loose 'eem ra't off again. *Mon Dieu*, dat 'll break your 'eart eef you read dat! 'E's beg me to come an' save 'eem of dat deesgrace; 'e's spik abo't de tam w'en we are h'all two so 'appy togedder, in dat spring-tam of our young 'eart, on de h'ol farm on Lachine; an' 'e say 'e ain't for long tam on dis worl' to make me some

troub, an' 'e know dat Toussaint Lafontaine ain't want 'ees h'ol' seester die on de poor'ouse, w'en h'en so reech. H'excuse me, *m'sieu'*," said the poor fellow, wiping his eyes vigorously, "I can't 'elp to cry, w'en I tink abo't it."

I couldn't "help to cry," either, and seeing the tears in my eyes, Toussaint appeared to be comforted; for with one of his deep sighs, a regular upheaval of the thorax, he continued his story.

"W'at make me feel 'shame, so I can't 'ol' up *ma* head, dat's we'n I tink 'ow I be'n desert 'eem long ago, eenstead to stay an' watch for some chance to 'elp eem; but 'e ain't nevare make me no *rip*-proach, ma poor girl, h'always so gentle, h'always forgeeve to h'everybody! Well, sare, I ain't put much tam to make some plan; I've make a vow ra't dere to make honor to ma seester, an' make dat 'e'll die 'appy. I've got some money on de bank. I've work pretty 'ard for earn dat money—some tam on de mine, some tam grobe (grub) de ranch, chop de h'ood (wood)—oh, h'every kan' of ting w'at I can do. Many tam I go hongry, an' mos' bare feet, so I'll save de money for w'en I be h'ol an' can't work; for me, I don't wan' to die on de poor-'ouse needer. Well, I got to leave dat to *le Bon Dieu*. I be'n tink to go do'n to Los *Angelus* and buy me small ranch for keep de bee, but I ain't tink abo't dat no more," he said, with a resolute sweep of the hand, as if sternly waving away a temptation.

Then his whimsical, humorous look came back, and he said slyly:

"Dey tink Toussaint 'e's reech, eh? *Eh bien!* I say, I show dem 'ow we do something on Californie. Den I've buy me som fan' clo'es—oh, by golly! dat's make me laugh see Toussaint Lafontaine dress up lak dat! An' eef you'll see me, 'ow I'll scrob, scrob, scrob ma han' for make dem look lak eef dey ain't work, you'll laugh, too. I'll go on a drug-store an' ask for something for make sof' ma han, an,' w'ite; an' eef you'll see 'ow dat clark 'e'll green (grin)—'e's tink for sure a'm go-ing to get married! Well, by de tam I get to Narcisse Pilon, back on Mass'chusit', a'm look pretty reech. I've got h'always some glove on ma han', I've got damon peen on ma bosom—dat's cos' me tree dollar on San Francisco, but dey ain't know de deeference do'n to Mass'chusit!" I wish I could put upon paper his droll inflection and the touch of contempt with which he disposed of "Mass'*chusit*."

"I've got beeg gol' watch an' chain, an' I got plenty gol' piece on ma pocket. Oh, I'll bet a'm reech! Eef you'll see 'ow dey are *po*-lite to *m'sieu'* Lafontaine from Californie—pah! dat's make me seek some tam.

"But, Noémie! eef you'll see 'ow she's been glad, an' 'appy an' proud! You see, dat's a long tam before I got 'ees letter, I be'n move ro'n de country so much; an' w'en dey ain't 'ear notting, Narcisse, 'e say I ain't such a fool to bodder maese'f' 'bo't a h'ol woman lak dat; and dey get ready to start 'eem off on de poor'ouse. 'E's got few ting tie h'up in a h'ol' shawl; but de sam tam 'e's pray *le Bon Dieu* for Toussaint, an' dere I h'am!

"*Mon Dieu, m'sieu'*, w'en I see dat poor h'ol seester, I tink I h'am going to break ma heart! 'E ain't much h'older dan me, but for sure you say 'e got twenty years more. To grow h'ol' wid many year, lak w'en de grain ees h'all rap' for de 'arves'—dat's all ra't—dat ain't make us feel sorry; but w'en we see somebody w'at we love grow wreenkle, bend h'over, sad an' gray by pain an' sorrow, dat's make us feel h'offle! I 'ope you nevare will see dat, *m'sieu'*.

"Well, I don' stay dere long. I make a journey to Lachine; dere I 'ear many sad ting abo't Noémie, an' w'at 'e be'n suffer. Dey h'all are so glad I come to 'eem; an' dey make me so many compliment for make such gran' beesness on Californie. I be'n feel lak a t'ief wid all dat

good clo'es, an' dat brass chain, an' dat 'damon'! I feel lak to cry, oh, *chers vieux amis*, don' look so to me! I h'am not reech, I h'am more poor dan you odders! But for love of Noémie, I say notting: but I ain't stay ver long tam. Den I take Noémie — dey be'n dress 'eem up w'ile I go to Canada — an' we come on Californie.

"Well, I tink I'll confess, den, dat I h'aint so h'offle reech; but I've see dat Noemie 'e's h'offle weak. So, I've call a doctor; 'e say t'ees mos' over wid 'eem — dat 'e's h'all wear out, an' we can not do much for 'eem — jus' to keep 'eem 'appy and well nourish, plenty good food — delicate ting.—Den 'e's look on ma face sharp an' say, 'You got plenty money?' Den I be'n tol' 'eem someting 'bo't dat. 'E's blow ee's nose pretty 'ard, an' 'e's got offle 'urry to go!

'All ra't, ma good feller', 'e say, don't bodder abo't dat beel, w'en I want some money bad I h'ax you for 'eem, call on me, w'en you want; good-day!'

"So I ain't tell Noémie notting. I've rent two tree furnish room wid a French familee; dat a steel (still) place wid plenty sone-shine; not a fashionable street, but Noémie ain't know dat; 'e's tink dat fine. *Madame Mère* 'e's ver kan' to 'eem; an' 'e's got a young girl w'at wait on Noémie, an' read to 'eem, an' do many ting to h'amse 'eem. H'every body love Noémie, an' make so many pleasure for 'eem — 'e's 'appy lak a queen. I do h'all w'at I can to save de money, but h'always I do someting to look lak eef a'm reech. An' I pray *le Bon Dieu* to forgeeve me of all does lie w'at I make. I be'n take dis place from somebody w'at 'e wan' to go on de country for ees 'ealt' for few mont' an' I make somting on de business, but not much. I don't buy no lonch, but I take de price an' buy some flower for Noémie — lak dese violet — an' eef you'll see 'ow 'e's glad an' proud of dat at-tention! An 'e'se tink dat such a won' a' ful ting to 'ave all dose beautiful flower in de winter. An' 'e b'en starve for flower too, for Gagnon ain't nevare allow dat r'on' 'ees 'ouse — dat's take too much tam for such a foolishness! But 'e's got plenty now, *pauvre fille!*

"I be'n take 'eem h'all ro'n' on de green 'ouse, an' on de Park, an' on de country; but dat make 'eem too much tired now, so 'e stay quiet on ees' room, close on de beeg weendow w'ere de sone shine h'all day — smell ees flower, look on de bay, an' make ees prayer, wid Clotilde for read, and *Madam Mère* for talk wid 'eem an' make de musique some tam. Den I come at 'ome an' bring some more flower, an' tell someting drole w'at 'appen on de store, or h'on de street; or, eef dere ain't notting 'appen, I tell 'eem h'all de same! Den we 'ave a fine deener an' talk some more, an' den we make our prayer togedder, an' Madame put Noémie on 'ees bed; an' dat's anodder 'appy day feenish. Oh, eef I can keep 'eem h'always lak dat! But 'e h'aint for long tam now. An' de money ees mos' gone too; but I guess dat hol' out."

"And then —?', I suggested.

"Oh, well, den, *m'sieu'*, I go on de country some more. Ma fan' clo'es, dey begin to wear out. I shall put on ma blouse an' h'overall some more, an' den adieu *m'sieu'* Lafontaine — dat's Toussaint again, ready for h'earn some more money!

"I be'n tol' you h'offle long story, ain't it, *m'sieu'*? An' I tank you for leesten wid such a patience — H'*ex*-cuse *me* eef I bodder you too much."

He turned away, brushing his eyes with the back of his great hand. I told him I would like to pay his sister a visit some day. He was delighted, and replied that he would be glad to take me "at 'ome" any day.

But I was suddenly called out of town and did not return until a few days before Easter. Feeling anxious to know how Mr. Lafontaine was getting along, I went at once to see him.

PART II

EASTER GLORY

"Ah, *m'sieu'*, dat's mos' h'over now, for sure!" said Mr. Lafontaine, shaking his head sadly. "De doctor say Noémie got h'only few more week, maybe not so long. But eef you please to come wid me, *m'sieu'*, I show you de flower w'at I buy for make 'eem de h'Easter present."

"Eef you please, I lak to show to *m'sieu'* de h'Easter flower," said Mr. Lafontaine to the florist.

"All right. This way, please."

We followed him down several steps into a tiny greenhouse. I was prepared to see an Easter lily. Imagine my surprise when the florist stopped before some rare orchids. To see the look on that homely, tender old face bending over those spirit-like flowers!

"*Saint-cœur-de-Marie!*" he exclaimed, with his hands clasped, as if he stood before a shrine. "Ain't dat look lak eef 'e came from heaven? W'at Noémie go-ing to say w'en 'e see dat?

"Dis one ees mine *m'sieu'*," pointing to one that was nearly ready to blossom. "Dat's h'all mine, de 'ole (whole) plant; Noémie is go-ing to 'ave de 'old teeng—dat flower of Paradise!" he cried with childish delight.

"But, my poor fellow, that is very costly," I exclaimed.

"W'at dat make," he answered gaily. "For a reech man like *M'sieu'* Lafontaine of Californie, dat's notting."

"I be'n pay 'eem seence long tam, ain't it, *m'sieu'*?" he said, turning to the florist. "I buy dat on de *h'eenstallman* plan; I pay someting h'every Saturday. To-morrow I pay de las' h'eenstallman, and dat's belong to me! You sure dat's h'open Sunday morning?" turning anxiously to the florist.

"Yes, and perhaps to-morrow, but if not, you can have one of these; you shan't be disappointed, Tousaw, said the man, kindly.

"Tousaw" drew a sigh of relief.

"Now, *m'sieu'*, eef you will come at ma house?"

Turning down a quiet street, we soon came upon a small plaza, with a delightful view of the bay, and here Mr. Lafontaine stopped before a pretty cottage.

"You shan't say notting 'bo't dat flower, ain't it?" he whispered, as he led the way up the stairs to a charming little parlor, bright with pictures and flowers, and a cheerful open fire. In the sunny bay-window, a sweet-faced old lady lay upon a couch, with a profusion of soft cushions and gay spreads about her. A young girl sat at her feet; she had been reading to her.

"*Ma soeur*," said Mr. Lafontaine, speaking in their own quaint Canadian French, "I present you my good friend, *Monsieur* Blanc. Since a long time, he wishes to pay you a visit. *M'sieu'*, my sister, *Madame Gagnon*."

If *Madame Gagnon* had been royal, he could not have been more respectful; and I bowed with sincere reverence over the poor thin hand of the old Canadian woman.

Truly it was hard to imagine in her the "*blanche et belle*" *Canadienne*, laughing and singing, "gay lak a bird," by the shores of their bright St. Lawrence; and yet, white and beautiful she was now, her delicate, sweet old face set around with soft, white hair, under the border of fine lace; for she wore the cap that the old Canadian women always wear. And though the lines of care and toil, of heartbreak and bodily pain, crossed and recrossed her face, I could still find a trace of the beauty of which her brother had boasted.

Perhaps it was coming back to her, in this serene sunset of her life, her soul resting in the tenderness of this chivalrous, dear brother, even as her frail body reposed upon the luxurious pillows of her couch—loved, honored and caressed as she had never been

since her girlhood, surrounded by luxuries of which she had never even dreamed in her hard life, all unconscious of her brother's sacrifice, but imagining that it all came from a plenteous store in this wonderland, where all day long she felt the blessed sunshine, breathed the fragrance of rare flowers, and gazed upon the beautiful blue water and the great, gliding ships!

While this was passing in my mind, she was speaking softly to her brother, and admiring the roses he had brought her.

"Put them here, Clotilde, where I can see them and smell them. Is he not kind, *m'sieu'*, this dear brother?"

"Very kind, Madame," I answered, "but it is a pleasure to him to have some one that he loves in his home."

She gave him a fond, proud smile, but said nothing.

"You have a fine view of the bay," I continued.

"Yes, *m'sieu'*, I like that; sometimes I look at it so"—half-closing her eyes—"and I think it is our dear St. Lawrence going down so grandly to the sea. But I think not often of that, for it brings sad memories, and here I am so happy! Often I say in my heart: Surely Purgatory is passed and Heaven is begun!"

"Saints don't pass through Purgatory, my sister, they go straight to Paradise."

"Yes, but I am not a saint, me, flatterer!"

"You'll see what St. Peter is going to say about that," said the brother, stoutly, with one of his droll smiles.

But perceiving that the poor old soul could not endure so much talking, I soon made my adieus and withdrew.

"Come to see us on Easter, *m'sieu'*," said Toussaint, as he followed me through the door and down the stairway.

"W'at you tink, eh, *m'sieu'*?" he asked in his old eager manner, as we reached the outer door.

"I think that you are a noble fellow, Toussaint, and that your sweet old sister is worth your sacrifice. And, Toussaint, my friend, remember this, 'the blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich.' You will never die in the poor-house. Yes, I am coming to see you on Easter day; I wouldn't miss it for a visit to the President!"

"Dat—dat's h'll r'at, *m'sieu'*" stammered the poor fellow, drawing his hands across his eyes and softly closing the door.

Easter morning—how brightly it dawned! As I looked upon the rose and violet and silver of the sky, I thought of Noèmie and her "flower of Paradise." At church, too, all in the beauty of the flowers, I seemed to see that patient, sweet old face crowned with light and splendor; and throughout all the glorious service I seemed to hear the soft voice murmuring gladly, "Heaven is begun."

That afternoon I went to pay the promised visit. Clotilde opened the door for me; her eyes were red with weeping and she said not a word. I followed her up the stairs. At the landing she laid her fingers on her lips, and gently opened the door.

There sat Toussaint, alone, bowed down, his face buried in his hands and tears falling through them.

Beyond—in the alcove—ah, yes, it was all over at last. Noémie was gone; only the poor old body, turning to marble, lay upon the bed. Tall candles burned at head and feet; two nuns, a little way withdrawn, softly intoned their prayers; and there, where a ray of sunshine made its way, shone the wondrous blossom, her flower of Paradise.

"Come with me, my poor fellow," I said, taking Toussaint by the arm and leading him away, "try to tell me about it."

"Well, sare, dat's happen abo't nan' o'clock dis mo'ning, I've put dat flower here on 'ees table, on de soneshine; an' w'en 'e wake h'up, I've pull de portiére an' say, '*Eh donc, ma chére*, look you h' Easter presen'! 'E' ain't see ver well, so I've take

'eem h'all wrap wid een ees blanket and put 'eem on de sofa, jus' w'ere 'e can look on de flower.

"*Mon Dieu*, eef you see dat face! An' 'e's put ees two han' togedder en ees bres' lak eef 'e make 'ees prayer; an' 'e say, all sof'lee;

"*Mon frere, ca viens du Ciel! C'est un ange qui m'apporte ca!*"

(My brother that came from Heaven; it was an angel that brought it to me!)

"I ain't say a word.' E's look long tam, long tam on dat flower, an' I nevare see such a 'appy face lak dat! Dat's make me tink 'bo't w'en we are h'll two children togedder, an' we 'ear some music on dat h'ol' church on Lachine, an' I tink I see dat *petite Noèmie* on 'ees knee dere, wid ees 'an togedder lak dat, an' 'ees face sweet lak a h'angel, leef' up to de *Madonne* wid de *Enfant Jesus* on 'ees h'arm an' de *guirlandes* of w'ite roses on 'ees 'ead.

"Bomby, Noèmie say, 'Toussaint, come to me.' An' I go kneel do'n dere, an' 'e's put 'ees an' on ma 'ead, an' 'e say, 'Good-by, now, *mon bien aimè*, I tink I mus' go. 'Te'es sad to leave you alone on de worl', but *le Bon Dieu* weel take care for you, an' bless you for be so good to me. An' pretty soon, you come, too, an' we be all togedder dere; an' we weel 'ave many of dese flower, h'all w'at we want.'

"Den 'e's turn 'ees face to look on dat flower, an' smile, an put 'ees han' on 'ees bre's'. An lak dat ma Noèmie e's gone!"

Toussaint hid his face again and wept. I turned to the window to hide my own emotion. The bay was shining like silver; a ship moved slowly out to sea.

H'excuse me, *m'sieu'*," said the poor fellow, presently, "but dat's h'all w'at I've got to love on de worl' —dat's de las' one; an' now I go away, poor an' a'one!"

"No, my brave Toussaint," I said, "there will be friends for you wherever you go; here, at least, you will always have a faithful one; and while I have a dollar you shall not want. So be of good cheer."

I will never forget the look which answered me!

What became of him? Well, he's down in 'Los *Angelus*,' on his bee ranch; be bought it, with a little help from me, on the 'h'eenstallman plan.' It is nearly paid for now. What is better, he has a good wife—*Madame Mère*, in fact, the mother of Clotilde—and two pretty children, a little Noémie, and one that I am proud to say, is named for me.

As for the Easter flower, come into the conservatory and I will show it to you; it is just in bloom—it is a fine *Cattleya*, and there isn't money enough in San Francisco to buy it from me.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL—HISTORY AND TECHNIQUE

BY WILLIAM LAWRENCE MERRY
Consul General Nicaragua

THE splendid profession of the Civil Engineer finds in the Nicaragua Canal a source of gratification and delight I have conversed with very many practical men who have passed over the route, and when they have been shown the skill with which the project has been developed, their admiration has always been unbounded. As remarked by Senator Morgan of Alabama, "the most fervid imagination is surprised and captured by this splendid reality." As the result of engineering skill here is a summit level of navigation one hundred and fifty-three and one-fourth miles long, and one hundred and ten feet above sea level, reaching within three and one-half miles of the Pacific and twelve and three-fourths miles of the Atlantic Oceans. From each end of this summit level a gun can be heard on either ocean! This splendid result has not been attained without arduous labor and great engineering skill.

The availability of the Nicaragua Isthmus for a ship canal was urged in 1550, by Antonio Galvao. Since 1822 the United States government has had its attention repeatedly called to the advantages of the location for canalization, and in June, 1826, the first private contract was made for the execution of the work, which failed, owing to political and financial reasons.

De Witt Clinton, the builder of the Erie Canal, was one of the leading spirits of this primary effort to unite the oceans. In 1837 and 1838, a survey was made by civil engineer Bailey, under instructions of the then united Central American government. In 1839, John L. Stephens made an inspection of the route, as thus surveyed, for the United States government. On the 8th of January, 1846, the government of Nicaragua gave Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte power to organize a European company to build what was to be called "*Le Canale Napoleone de Nicaragua.*" His election as President of the French Republic changed the scope of his ill-starred ambition, but he was always an advocate of this canal route, and doubtless it was due to his influence that Count De Lesseps endeavored to obtain a concession to build the Nicaragua Canal, failing in which he took up the Bonaparte-Wyse concession at Panama, which has proven such a disaster to French pride and finance. In September, 1849, Vanderbilt and associates obtained a concession for an interoceanic canal, and in 1850-51, Colonel Childs made a careful instrumental survey of the route, which was referred to United States topographical engineers and by them pronounced feasible. The canal proposed by Vanderbilt was not built and the concession was forfeited. I am informed by Hon. John T. Doyle of Menlo Park, who is familiar with the conditions, that the project was favorably regarded by English financiers, but was finally dropped for the alleged reason that the proposed canal was not of sufficient depth for the large ships of the English mercantile marine and navy, and they did not care to encourage what would become practically an American coast wise transportation route.

Vanderbilt had meanwhile obtained an additional concession from the Nicaragua government and organized "The Nicaragua Accessory Transit Company." Under this concession he laid the foundation of his colossal fortune, and transported many thousands of passengers to and from California at highly remunerative rates. He had to encounter the competition of the Panama and Tehuantepec transits, but he understood the

policy so well developed at a later day in the Pacific States of charging "all that the traffic will bear."

In 1858, Nicaragua and Costa Rica jointly conferred on Felix Belly of Paris a concession for a canal on the Child's route. At this time the Walker filibuster war and subsequently the commencement of civil war in the United States had a discouraging effect on the project and before Belly could raise the funds necessary, the concession lapsed. From 1852 to 1880 many explorations were made at various locations, some by private parties, but the most important by the United States government. The Nicaragua route was surveyed by Commander E. P. Lull, U. S. Navy, with A. G. Menocal as civil engineer, in 1872-73. Captain Lull was well known on this coast, and last visited San Francisco in command of the glorious old flag ship *Hartford*, now permitted to rot ingloriously in the mud at Mare Island. Civil engineer Menocal, U. S. N., still survives, and has honorably associated his name throughout the world with this great enterprise, while his gallant commander has gone over to the majority, too early to see his convictions as to an interoceanic highway realized. The result of these various surveys developed only eight routes worthy of instrumental investigation, viz. :

Name	Length	Altitude
1. Tehuantepec,	150 miles	755 feet
2. Nicaragua	169 miles	153 feet
3. Panama	41 miles	295 feet
4. San Blas	30 miles	1145 feet
5. Caledonia-Turya	87 miles	1008 feet
6. Atrato-Turya	115 miles	800 feet
7. Atrato-Truando	125 miles	950 feet
8. Atrato-Napipi	180 miles	778 feet

It will be noted that the Nicaraguan has the lowest elevation and the San Blas route the shortest distance between the oceans. In fact, at San Blas, the ocean tide waters approach within twenty-three miles of each other.

In 1872, President Grant appointed a commission consisting of General Humphreys, Chief of Engineers, U. S. Army, Captain Patterson, Superintendent U. S. Coast Survey, and Admiral Ammen, U. S. Navy, to report upon the subject with recommendations. The report is dated Feb. 7th, 1876, and may be epitomized thus: "That the Nicaragua route possesses both for construction and maintenance, greater advantages, and offers less engineering difficulties than any of the other routes."

In 1876–77 and in 1884–85 civil engineer Menocal, U. S. Navy, made careful additional surveys in Nicaragua under order of the United States Government, making improvements of importance in the surveys. In March, 1887, the present concession from the Nicaragua government was obtained, and since November of that year the canal company has run not less than four thousand miles of survey with transit and level, in locating definitely the canal line. Borings have been made at stated locations on the line so that the Company's engineers know precisely the character of the material to be excavated—the samples are at the New York office for examination by experts and contractors.

I have been thus precise that the reader may understand how carefully the canal company has prepared itself for the great work before it. I am informed, in fact, that it has expended over half a million dollars in ultimate surveys. Let us now examine how the canal is constructed.

From San Juan del Norte, the Atlantic terminus, to Brito, the Pacific terminus, the distance is one hundred and sixty-nine and one-half miles.

The navigation is one hundred and forty-two and two-thirds miles in lakes, rivers and basins, and only twenty-six and three-quarters miles in excavated canal.

The route may be divided into four divisions, viz.: the Eastern, the San Francisco, the River and Lake and the Western.

Eastern Division, from San Juan del Norte to San Francisco basin, eighteen and seven-eighths miles. This reach

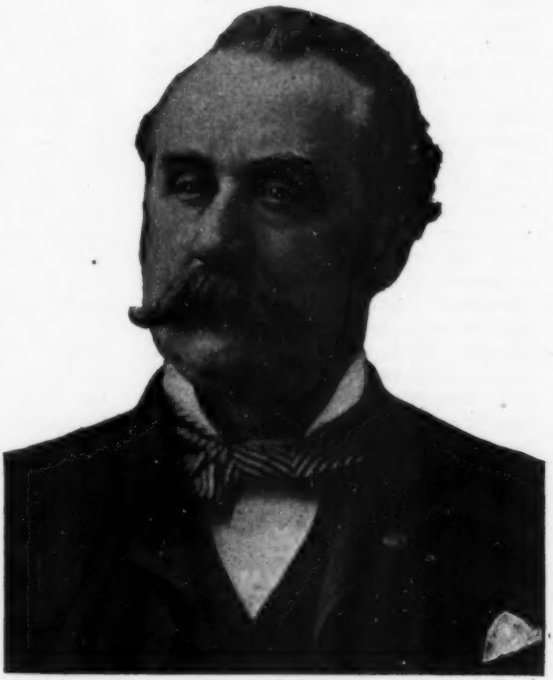
will be at the sea level, with a bottom width of one hundred and twenty feet, surface width, two hundred and eighty-eight feet; depth, twenty-eight feet.

The cross section is five thousand seven hundred and twelve square feet against three thousand seven hundred square feet at Suez. This reach is practically an extension of the harbor, wide enough to permit a line of the largest ships to lay at one side, and leaving ample space for other ships to pass. The ground is entirely alluvial and will be excavated entirely by machinery. About one mile of this has been already excavated to a depth of seventeen feet, the "first cut" of the Slaven's dredges.

Lock Number one will have a thirty-one foot lift, and, like all others on the line, will be six hundred and fifty feet long, by eighty feet wide, ample dimensions for two ships of two thousand five hundred tons each. The foundation of this lock is a stiff tenacious clay. All the locks will be built of solid concrete masonry and iron.

Lock Number two will be one and one-quarter miles beyond the above. Through the intervening space flows the little brook, Deseado. A dam connected with the lower lock will raise the water twenty feet above the bottom of the valley, and through the flooded area the canal passes, only partially in excavation, to the second lock; lift, thirty feet, located in hard ground. This raises the water level to sixty-one feet.

Lock Number three, with a forty-five foot lift, is twelve and three-quarters miles from the Atlantic and very nearly two miles from Lock Number two. The Deseado is here spanned by other embankments of one and one-third, miles aggregate length, and average height, twenty-one feet. By these means an artificial lake is created over three miles long, with depth from thirty to seventy feet, without excavations, except in spots aggregating one-third of a mile. The water in this basin is maintained at one hundred and six feet above sea level. Immediately above each lock is a large basin, the utility of which is obvious, as they furnish abundant water for the locks, without appreciably altering the canal level above.

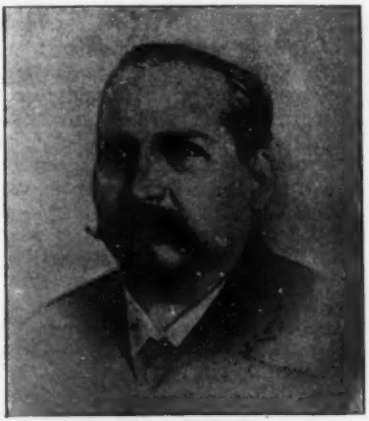


Senator Warner Miller, President Nicaragua Canal Company

The "Eastern Divide" Cut, three

miles beyond the third lock begins the heaviest cut on the line. This cut enables the vessel to pass at one level from the Atlantic Coast proper into the San Juan River Valley, that portion of which is used being inundated, the whole region in the vicinity becoming an extension of Lake Nicaragua.

This dividing ridge is a spur of the Cordilleras, two and nine one-hundredths miles wide, with an average cut of one hundred and forty-one feet to the canal bottom. The material to be excavated is mostly solid rock, permitting minimum excavation and permanent slopes. This rock



Doctor Don Roberto Sacasa
President of Nicaragua

will be used for the Ochoa dam, the breakwater at the Atlantic terminus, and as rubble for pitching the canal banks. On both sides of this cut is an ample water-power, which will be used for driving excavating machinery and for lighting the works. The time necessary to complete this cut is the measure of time needed to complete the canal, other portions of which can be constructed simultaneously. Contractors have guaranteed the completion of this cut in four years.

The San Francisco Division. From the divide to Ochoa dam, twelve and one-half miles. Near the crest of the dividing ridge rise two brooks, the Deseado and Limpio. By utilizing their beds, the work of uniting their drainage channels is greatly reduced. For three-quarters of a mile after leaving the divide, the bed of the Limpio must be deepened an average of sixteen feet to gain the requisite depth for navigation.

The Ochoa dam, one thousand nine hundred feet long, seventy feet maximum height, raises the surface of Rio San Juan to level of the lake. Between the divide and Ochoa, embankments with an aggregate length of sixteen thousand seven hundred and seventy feet, and a maximum height of sixty feet are needed, as the surfaces do not always rise to the canal level. Of the San Francisco basin, eight and two-thirds miles will be in flooded valleys, many times the required width, and from thirty to sixty feet deep. Of the remainder two and one-half miles will be partly and one and one-fourth miles entirely in excavation, the material being clay. The advantages of the San Francisco basin are obvious, affording unimpeded navigation through a wide channel, where ships can pass each other at ocean speed, and also vastly simplifying the problem of drainage. It is a remarkable feature of the surveys, possible only in a surface canal.

Lake and River division. The Ochoa dam will hold the waters of Rio San Juan permanently to a height of one hundred and six feet above the sea. The lake level being one hundred and ten feet, the difference, three-quarters of an inch per mile in the sixty-four miles river, gives the slope necessary for a free discharge of lake and river waters, about twenty thousand cubic feet per second, at about three-quarters of a mile per hour current.

This dam secures navigation in slack water all the way to Lake Nicaragua. With the exception of twenty-eight miles above Toro rapids, the channel will be one thousand feet wide, and from twenty-eight to one hundred and thirty feet deep. Rock

blasting and dredging above Toro to the lake will be required to an average depth of four and one-half feet, in all for twenty-four miles. With the river channel here deepened, it will have a width of one hundred and twenty-five feet at bottom, and five hundred to one thousand five hundred feet at surface. At three points the river bends will be improved, decreasing abruptness of curves.

Dredging in Lake Nicaragua to an average depth of ten feet in soft mud, bottom width, one hundred and fifty feet will be necessary for fourteen miles from the shore, to secure a navigable channel thirty feet deep.

Lake Nicaragua is an inland sea, one hundred and ten miles long and forty-five miles wide, oval in form, with a depth in its center of one hundred and thirty to one hundred and fifty feet, its bottom in places below sea level.

From the San Juan outlet at Fort San Carlos, to the mouth of the brook Lajas, where the canal leaves the lake for the Pacific terminus, is fifty-six and one-half miles. For more than forty-two miles the depth is from thirty to one hundred and fifty feet. The west coast of the lake near the canal is shoal for one thousand four hundred feet, and deepening will be required here also. It has been estimated as rock, such being the indications near the shore. Lake Nicaragua is the great physical feature of the canal. It is a magnificent sheet of water, surrounded by a beautiful and productive country. As the traveler stands on its shores, its waves dash at his feet with the cadence of an ocean surf, and sky meets the water when he looks for the opposite shore! The trade winds blow across it almost perennially, creating a splendid climate, with nights cool enough to require a blanket to sleep under. It is the Gateway between the Oceans and in the pathway of the world's commerce, secures to the Republic of Nicaragua a great future. Jointly with Lake Momagua with which it is to be united by a short canal, with one lock of twenty-four feet lift, it secures to Nicaragua cheap internal transportation. The surrounding country is very fertile and produces cocoa, coffee, indigo, maize and every fruit known in the tropics. It is a country with a glorious destiny and with a future history which will attract the attention of all nations.

The Western division. From the lake to the Pacific seventeen and four-hundredths miles of this distance, eleven and one-half miles will be in excavation and five and one-half miles in the Tola basin. The excavated portion joining the lake to the basin is nine miles long, the deepest excavation piercing the Divide between the lake and the Pacific by a cut forty-three feet above canal level and one hundred and fifty-three feet above ocean level. For a distance of five miles through the deepest cutting, principally rock, a bottom width of eighty feet is provided for. The approach to this section, from the lake, one and one-half miles long, will have a bottom width of one hundred and twenty feet and a top width of two hundred and ten feet. Beyond the divide to the Tola basin the line follows the brook, miscalled Rio Grande, having a bottom width of eighty feet and a top width of one hundred and eighty-four feet. The Tola basin is five and one-half miles long, and no work whatever is required in it for four and one-half miles.

The Tola basin. A dam at La Flor, eighteen hnndred feet long and seventy feet high, inundates four thousand acres grazing and wooded land. The average width of the navigation line in this basin will be a mile, and the depth of water thirty to seventy feet.

Locks Numbers four, five and six, between the Tola basin and the Pacific, have lifts of forty-two and one-half feet each. Numbers six will have a variable lift, according to the tide on the Pacific Coast. From this lock to the Pacific, one and one-quarter miles, the canal will be at sea level; its bottom width, one hundred and twenty

feet, and top, two hundred and eighty-eight feet, making this section practically an extension inland of the Pacific terminal port, Brito.

San Juan del Norte, the Atlantic terminus, miscalled Greytown, a name not recognized by Nicaragua. Thirty years ago this was a capacious harbor. From well-known causes the entrance was blocked by sand. It is intended to build a breakwater three thousand feet long to the six and one-half-fathom curve, and to dredge a new entrance under its lee. This work is already constructed eleven hundred feet seaward, and has produced fifteen feet of water. Sea-going vessels of light draft now enter the port, to the Company's wharves. The entrance channel is to be thirty feet deep and five hundred feet wide at that depth. The harbor area will be about three hundred and fifty acres, exclusive of the inner bay, where there is now a depth of ten to twenty feet, with soft mud bottom.

Señor Don Evaristo Carazo, Late Ex-President of Nicaragua

Brito Harbor, the Pacific terminus, is an open roadstead, with one projecting headland. The brook, Rio Grande, discharges close to this headland, which is rocky and moderately high. At the mouth of the brook and beyond it, the beach is low sand and land behind it, for a short distance, low. From the headland a jetty nine hundred feet long will be constructed, into seven fathoms of water. Another jetty, normal to the beach, will be constructed eight hundred and thirty feet long, leaving an entrance eight hundred feet wide between the two, enclosing a small harbor, which will be added to by the enlarged prism of the Canal already alluded to, and extending inland to Lock Number six. Tola basin, only three and one-half miles distant, also affords a splendid fresh-water harbor of large area.

Capacity of the Canal. The experience at Suez has been profited by. It will have been noticed that the longest single reach in the Nicaragua Canal is less than ten miles long, and that passing-places are frequent and ample. There are but seventy miles where any work at all is needed to secure depth and width, and one hundred miles of free navigation will not need a dollar expenditure.

For a single lockage forty-five minutes are allowed. If one vessel only passes at a time thirty-two can pass in twenty-four hours, or eleven thousand six hundred and eighty in a year. If these are of same tonnage as at Suez Canal they will aggregate twenty million four hundred and forty thousand tons, involving day and night navigation, as at Suez. The estimated time for transit is placed at twenty-eight hours. The average time at Suez is twenty-four hours.

Cost of the Canal. The engineers' estimate of cost is sixty-five million eighty-four thousand one hundred and seventy-six dollars, including twenty-five per cent. contingency, but without interest during construction, bankers' commissions or discounts on securities to be disposed of. A conservative estimate of cost may be placed at ninety to one hundred millions of dollars. The Suez Canal cost ninety-four millions of dollars and paid nineteen per cent. dividends in 1891, the stock being now held at 500 per cent. Boards of advisary engineers have carefully examined chief engineer Menocal's estimates without material differences, considering the gross amount Space forbids a detailed estimate of cost, but the prices allowed for different classes of work will be of interest to the student of the project.

	Per Cubic Yard
Dredging	20c @ 30c
Earth excavation	40c @ 50c
Rock excavation	$1.25 @ $1.50
Subaqueous rock excavation	$5
Embankments, earth from cuts	20c @ 30c
Embankments, rock from cuts	40c @ 50c
Embankments, earth from cuts	70c
Embankments, rock from cuts	$1.50
Masonry, concrete and stone,	$6 @ $10

Five million dollars have already been expended, and the work thus far has been done under the estimates. The description given of the Nicaragua Canal will perhaps be tedious to the general reader, but it is too short for the civil engineer and the student desiring to comprehend the project. Enough has been written, however, to indicate how carefully the surveys have been made, each additional one as an improvement on its predecessors. A firm foundation of engineering knowledge has been laid, and no money need be thrown away in construction, while every dollar has been made to tell thus far in work executed under the estimates.

Enough has been done to prove that the difficulty of the work is solely in its magnitude and cost. However, if the city of Manchester can afford to pay forty-six million dollars for a ship canal to connect it with the Mersey, we may hope that money will be found to pay one hundred million dollars for the Nicaragua Canal, which saves the circumnavigation of half a continent and the violent storms of the southern ocean.

The Nicaragua Canal Construction Company, under the able leadership of Hon. Warner Miller, is pushing the canal, having already expended, as above stated, five million dollars with excellent results. Senator Miller's well-known integrity and influence is a guarantee that the enterprise will be pushed to a successful conclusion. With him are associated some of the most influential men in the country—men who do not undertake a project to see it fail.

A bill is before Congress for construction under control of the United States Government. It is supported by the Administration, and its passage by the Senate appears assured, while its passage through the House of Representatives depends upon the absence of the party lines, which too often control our legislation. In no sense a party question, it receives the support of the most able men of all

parties, and it is to be hoped that, discarding the narrow plane of partizanship, the bill may be passed as a National measure and on the wider plane of its great advantage to our country.

But if this patriotic legislation is not to be obtained from Congress, the canal will nevertheless go on to a conclusion, probably ending under European control, to the lasting shame of partizan politics and the serious detriment of the Republic, politically and commercially.

The interoceanic canal has been a question of education—because Count de Lesseps succeeded at Suez, it was presumed he would succeed at Panama. Because he failed at Panama, it is still presumed by some (happily not many on this coast) that Americans will fail at Nicaragua. Only a few months since, one of the most prominent bank presidents in San Francisco told me that he had "no confidence in the Nicaragua Canal;" to-day his business associates are many subscribers to the stock of the Construction and Canal companies, and it is probable that his bank will be offering canal securities for sale in the near future. Why should it be otherwise? I have studied the problem since 1863, and have closely followed the development of the surveys, with a local knowledge attained by observation and residence. How can it be expected that a man shall believe that which he knows nothing about? Faith is applicable to religion; but it is not found in banking houses. However, the necessity for the Nicaragua Canal presses upon us with increasing force; our wisest statesmen advocate it; our merchants petition for it; our farmers demand it; our legislatures and conventions urge it as a national work of supreme importance.

To-day no intelligent man in the United States opposes it, except with an utterly selfish motive, and only a "still fight" can be made against it in Congress; it has become too popular to fight in the open. I meet people every day who thought I was a "canal crank" in 1880, but now tell me that I saw the light before it reached them, and they thank me for my steadfast advocacy of a project so beneficent to our State, to our country and to the world.

I merely had the opportunity to study it, which they had not, and I had the courage of my convictions in doing what I could for an enterprise which will double the value of every acre of land in California; a deliverance to the producer and the merchant; a pride to the Republic if our Government controls it; a disgrace to our country if Europe builds it, because we lack the ability to throw off the pernicious influences which too often are arrayed against the public welfare. What the Pacific Coast can do, if it is in earnest, is proven by the anti-Chinese movement. When it was first agitated, we had the whole country east of the Sierra Nevada against us. Now it is won over to our side, and our Eastern fellow-citizens are convinced that we were correct in demanding Chinese restriction.

We shall not have so long a fight with the Interoceanic Canal, because the question is not one of religion and the Utopian "brotherhood of man," even if the family is destroyed. New York, New Orleans, Savannah and Mobile demand the canal. From the Penobscot to the Rio Grande, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the producers and merchants are urging its speedy construction. The volume of public opinion will force action, I trust, in time to prevent Europe, with its selfishness and land hunger, from planting itself on the future highway of the world's commerce in Nicaragua. Politically, in a world-wide sense, and commercially, in every respect, it is the greatest question now before the people of the United States. They have solved questions far more difficult, and, in full faith, I close with the conviction that my countrymen

will find a speedy solution of this great question, so pregnant with advantage to themselves and to their children, and so glorious to the great Republic, if carried to a successful conclusion under its control. I recall the words of Grant, who had an American heart and an American soul in him, if ever man had. He wrote: "With due regard to our National dignity and power, with a watchfulness for the safety of our interests and industries on this continent, I commend an American canal, on American soil, to the American people!" Where is the American heart that does not say to those noble words, speaking to us to-day from his grave across the Continent—AMEN!

Hon. Warner Miller is a native of the State of New York. At the conclusion of the Rebellion, during which he served with distinction in the Army, he entered into commercial and manufacturing enterprises, in which he still has large and valuable interests. He served ten years in Congress, two terms in the House of Representatives and one term in the United States Senate.

Senator Miller is a quiet, self-contained man, who talks in a clear and concisive way, which carries conviction to the hearer. He is the reverse of visionary, and is not wanting in caution, seldom evincing enthusiasm, but always presenting his views with conservation. His influence is deservedly great, because his intelligence, ability and integrity are alike unquestioned. It is his honorable and patriotic ambition to complete the beneficent work which he has undertaken, and, if his life is spared, success appears certain to attend his persistent efforts.

His Excellency Senor Dr. Roberto Sacasa is the constitutional President of the Republic of Nicaragua. He is a native of the Republic, of Spanish extraction, and was educated in France, where he graduated with high honors as a physician and surgeon. President Sacasa is a warm friend of Americans and an ardent supporter of the canal. His expressed aim is to make an honorable and peaceful record of progress at home and honor abroad for his native country. He is a firm ruler, a warm friend and an able, patriotic citizen, of whom his countrymen may well be proud.

His Excellency Senor Don Evaristo Carazo, now deceased, was the President of Nicaragua when the canal concession was passed by the Government, under his guidance. He was a native of the Department of Rivas, Nicaragua, where his family still reside. President Carazo was beloved by his countrymen. He was a man of generous impulses and a warm heart. His industry and energy were remarkable. It was my privilege to be closely identified with him for three years on the Nicaragua Transit when California passengers and freight were being passed over the route, and I had an excellent opportunity to acquire an intimate knowledge of his character as well as to appreciate his true worth. He was a warm personal friend, and it is one of the regrets of my life that his noble heart went over to the majority before the auspicious day that both of us had so long hoped for—when his country will become the pathway of the world's commerce. Justice, equity and honor were the foundation principles of his character. He died suddenly of heart disease during his official term.

THE OPIUM DEN PICTURES—HOW THEY WERE TAKEN

BY A MEMBER OF THE PARTY

FOR ten years photographers, amateur and professional, have been trying to obtain photographs of the underground opium dens of San Francisco, but without success. The intruders were driven out, their lives threatened, cameras ruined, and it was generally understood that a man took his life in his hands in making such an attempt. THE CALIFORNIAN MAGAZINE proposed to illustrate the following paper in a manner never before attempted; in fact, by photographs taken by flash light in these dens, and on a certain night, a few weeks ago, accomplished its purpose literally by force of numbers, intimidation and diplomacy; the results are herewith submitted, being the first interiors of these dens ever shown or likely to be.

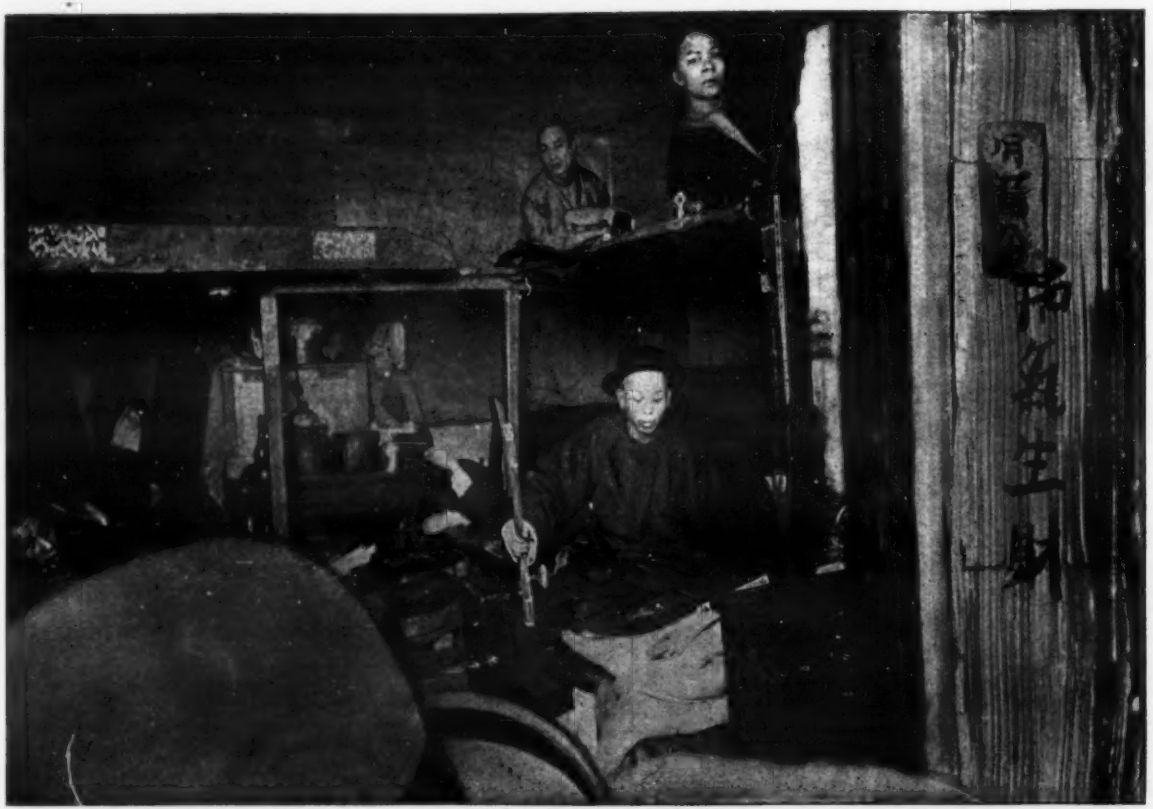
A Chinaman is not violently eager to pose as an object lesson at any time especially when no benefit accrues to himself. He might be induced to sit for his photograph in the robes of a mandarin; but to expect him to give his likeness to posterity, associated with vicious surroundings, clad in tattered garments and with an opium pipe in his hands is a picture from which his mind would recoil with horror. The thought of such a thing would wound John's self-respect, who, after all, looks forward to some better career when transmigration cycles are complete. Realizing the danger and the possibility of getting a stray bullet in the rush that was sure to come, the CALIFORNIAN party was made up with a view to taking the pictures, come what may. The party was led by one of the most skilled and determined detectives in San Francisco, Cris Cox. Others were Mr. H. J. Breuer, then of the Art Department of THE CALIFORNIAN. Frank Davey, the expert photographer of W. Taber's and his assistant Mr. Amsden, with another representative of the MAGAZINE The camera was a large eight by ten instrument, while a flash box, and a plentiful supply of blitz-pulver completed the outfit. In many cases the smokers rushed out or hid themselves before the shot could be taken, and in the dark dens many feet below ground amid yells, oaths, threats and shrieks, often left in complete darkness, the party accomplished its work, one of the pluckiest performances in the cause of "reform" ever made.

The first place visited was on Spofford Alley, in the basement of the headquarters of the notorious Chee Kung Tong Highbinder Society. A dinner was in progress, while a number of Chinamen were smoking opium on the surrounding bunks. The entrance of the party awakened considerable interest. The camera could not be concealed, and the inmates took in the situation at a glance. Everybody rose from the table with indecorous haste, chopsticks were thrown down, and bowls half-filled with rice, chicken and pork, left uneaten. The visitors asked them to proceed with their meal, but every one felt he had eaten enough. The smokers also had risen from their beds and not one could be induced to return. "Me no likee. Mo better you go away. Wha' for you do that thing?" Seeing the artists adjusting the focus, some made a stampede; others were defiant, heaping upon the MAGAZINE party invective and scorn. One indulged in very uncomplimentary speculations upon the ancestry of the visitors, while another made disparaging allusions to their relatives in language that cannot be repeated. Suddenly every light was extinguished

—the curfew order having been given on the supposition that the darkness would frustrate our efforts. All smoking had ceased and it was evident the intruders could not get the pictures they wanted. Preparations were about complete to take a snap at the den when an interruption took place. In the dark some one heard or imagined he heard a rustling sound, and the tread of approaching feet. It was suggestive of trouble. The thought of a flank movement to capture a valuable camera flashed across the artists' excited minds and to save the camera, the signal was given to retreat, a rush was made for the street, the exit being followed by the slamming and bolting of doors, oaths, curses and threats. Here was failure at the very outset. The party, however, soon recovered from its chagrin and resolved to make a better directed assault. The next place visited was in a little *cul de sac* off Jackson Street. They groped their way into a den and drew the smokers into conversation while the artists made their preparations in silence outside. At a signal the door was thrown open and the camera pointed, Detective Cox standing ready to knock down the first aggressor. Muttered imprecations were heard, stifled shouts, and out went the lights. For a second the party hesitated, as each one knew that a knife stroke or a bullet might be received at any moment. Then they rallied, click went the cap, a blinding flash, a dense cloud of smoke, and all was confusion, the party escaping in the cloud of blinding smoke which filled the apartment. This interior is shown in the accompanying photograph. The detective's hat is in the foreground as he held the opium fiends back that rushed for the door, a stupefied smoker starting up with a dazed expression on his face, while other faces appear on the shelves above, startled from their sleep in fear and alarm, shouting "Ay Yah, Ay Yah, Boom sing," and other exclamations at the rolling smoke which covered Mr. Davey's retreat. The Chinamen were dumbfounded and it took some time for them to recover their wits. The last the party saw of this den was a Chinaman, dazed by the flash, groping wildly about and finally running amuck against the wall in his misdirected efforts to find the door.

The next visit was to the subterranean dens where the liberal offer of dollars procured some fine pictures, one Chinaman after considerable haggling consenting to pose for the exorbitant sum of $2.50. This photograph was a great success though it took the poor fellow some time to recover from the shock sufficient to enable him to take hold of the proferred coin. The next place was a veritable pit of squalor. The party approached one of the dens very cautiously and when ready placed the camera close to the door, care being taken not to discover themselves to the garrulous throng of smokers inside. At a given signal Detective Cox went down on hands and knees, pushed open the door and placed his head against the lower part of the door. Quick as a shot the powder flashed, the door swung back. There was a sudden hush, and then rose a roar of excited voices. On all sides had been heard the muffled concussion at which every door flew open, pouring forth on all sides a crowd of bewildered Chinamen who gazed wonderfully upon a cloud of white smoke that rose above the CALIFORNIAN party and covered their retreat.

They next went to a den the keeper of which Detective Cox saluted by name. He raised his head and nodded in recognition. The detective explained the nature of the visit and begged the guests to keep their seats. The sight of a mysterious machine on three legs was not re-assuring. They all looked uneasy, and some, remembering other engagements, hastily retired. The Chinese interpreter of the party made a long explanation in Chinese and after some persuasion Ah Kwai was induced to return to the pipe,



Flash Light Photograph **An Underground Den**

Smokers starting up, on upper and lower levels, alarmed at the flash light—Smoker with hat on is half stupefied—The hat in the foreground represents Detective Cox who guarded the door while the flash light man and photographer did their work

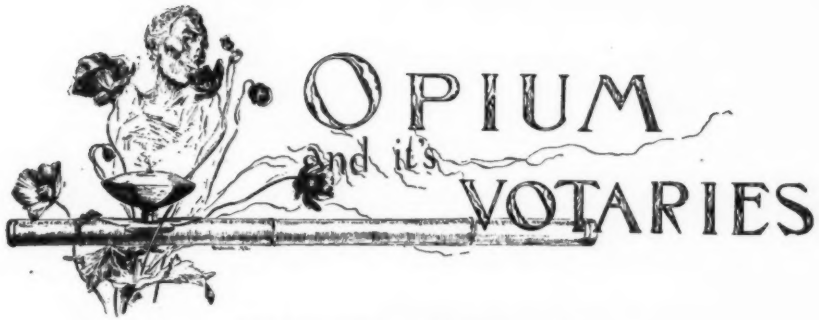
placing himself in an excellent position. The trigger was pulled and off went the flash with an effect such as Ah Kwai had never dreamed of. It took a few minutes for that astonished individual to recover consciousness. A farewell peep at Ah Kwai showed that he had dropped his pipe and was rubbing his eyes, while his companions buried deep in blankets had disappeared from view. A sepulchral voice was heard asking what could have happened and whether Ah Kwai was hurt. "Ah," said the keeper in Chinese, "I suppose the thing busted and killed somebody, and serve 'em right."

The party had hardly got round the corner when Ah Kwai came running after them. He was laboring under evident mental excitement and exclaimed, "This too muchee devil business, must give me money, if only five cent for good luck." A much larger sum was handed to him, which he looked at with incredulity and proceeded to test on the window sill.

The effect of the flash light upon the Chinese at the different places visited was indescribably ludicrous. It was a piece of fireworks that for once completely disturbed John's equipoise. In one place it set fire to some loose paper of a low ceiling; in another it blew out the lights. The blinding glare, the concussion and the pitchy darkness that followed seemed to scare them out of their senses. Some were too terrified to speak; others fearing it the precursor of something worse, cried out "Ay Yah! Ay Yah! save life! save life!" One lad had anticipated their visit to a den, and they found him describing them as "foreign devils with a picture machine that shot out fire like a cannon and a bang that shook the house."

One could not help feeling a twinge of conscience for perpetrating such a practical joke, but the party gathered some excuse from the thought that these were all evil doers who would escape conviction on some technicality in the courts and who in the absence of severer punishment richly deserved the annoyance caused them. Altogether the Magazine party were able to take ten or eleven excellent *photographs which will remain as a monument of one of the most amusing and exciting adventures ever undertaken in San Francisco.

*These pictures are copyrighted by the CALIFORNIAN and Taber. Copies of the large negatives may be obtained from the latter.



BY FREDERICK J. MASTERS, D. D.

Superintendent Methodist Chinese Mission of San Francisco

THE love of narcotics is almost universal. There are few nations, whether civilized or barbarian, that have not sought to excite the imagination or drown care and sorrow by some nepenthe. The Persians and Turks find exhilaration in hemp smoking; the Malays, Pacific Islanders and Anamese chew betel nut; the Chinese seek solace in the lulling fumes of opium, while tobacco is used throughout the civilized world.

Opium, as everybody knows, is the juice extracted from the capsules of the poppy, and is extensively grown in Asiatic Turkey, Persia, India and Western China. In India, the cultivation of the drug is a Government monopoly which brings to the Imperial treasury an annual revenue of upwards of forty millions of dollars. It is in India, where the opium best adapted for smoking, the Patna and the Malwa, is produced. Persian and Turkish opium contain over ten per cent of morphia, have an acrid taste, and cannot be smoked without causing headache and skin eruptions. The West China drug contains only six or seven per cent of the alkaloid, and is steadily improving under cultivation. The Patna opium contains only from three to four per cent of morphia, is of superior flavor and dominates the market. The crude Patna is imported to China in balls of the shape and size of Dutch cheeses. After being marketed in Hong Kong, Macas and other places, it is taken to the factory, where the balls are cut open, the core taken out, boiled, filtered and prepared for the pipe. The Fook Hing Company, in Hong Kong, pays the Colonial Government from two to three hundred thousand dollars every year for the privilege of preparing the drug in that colony. Nearly all the prepared opium imported into the United States comes from their factory. When prepared for smoking, the drug is a dark-looking fluid, about the same color and consistence as molasses, and is put up in five-tael tins, which sell in San Francisco for $8 per tin. This is the kind of stuff that John Chinaman loves as he loves nothing besides. But for this he would rank high as a temperance man. It is true that he drinks a little samshoo and gets red in the face over it, but he never gets drunk. A bottle of brandy can be left in his room for months, and it will not evaporate. As a rule, he detests beer, does not like saloons, but he does like a pipe of opium. When John first learned to smoke the drug, the East India Company, who ought to have had something better to do, undertook to supply his wants. The Chinese Government raised serious objections, uttered threats and issued edicts, but the drug kept coming. At last British traders were seized, their cargoes destroyed and their vessels confiscated. Then came trouble with

England and two disastrous wars, the upshot of which was that China was forced to legalize a traffic that her rulers saw would entail misery and ruin upon her people. The business has long been a National disgrace to Great Britain, but it is so far satisfactory to note that our cousins are becoming ashamed of it, and are making efforts, though tardy, to repair the wrongs of the past. England's ratification of the Chefoo Convention, five or six years ago, now permits China to collect "li-kin," or internal dues on opium, which, added to the regular maritime duties, is likely ere long to cripple the Indian trade. It should also be mentioned that the only merchants in China engaged in the trade are Jews, Parsees and Chinese. But relief came too late; the mischief was allowed to go too far. China is to-day enslaved by chains that no legislation can remove; she grows it in her valleys, and actually pockets a revenue from the maritime trade alone of nearly three millions of dollars every year.

Much might be written of the ruinous effects of opium smoking in China,

Photographed in China

Opium Smoking in China
A victim in the last stages

but that is not the purpose of this article. What need is there to cross the seas for object-lessons that we can find in our very midst? The purpose of this paper is to describe the character and extent of this vice in San Francisco, and to suggest some remedy. We begin by visiting an opium den. Any Chinatown guide will take you to the one about to be

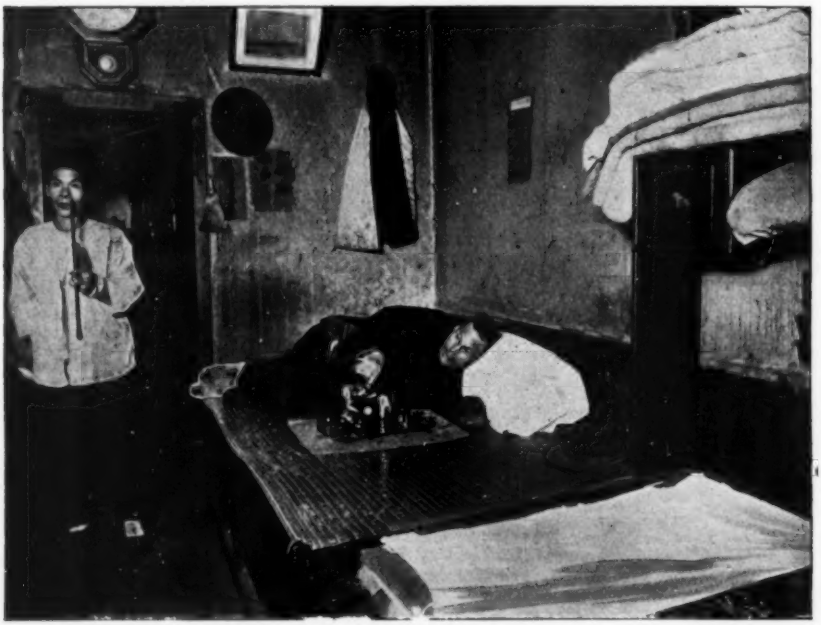
described. It is about ten o'clock at night. Turning out of Jackson Street, we enter an alley of execrable squalor, from every basement of which rise the sickly fumes of opium. We come to a doorway, over which is pasted a piece of red paper bearing an inscription in Chinese: "May the five blessings enter at this door." Then descend a crazy stairway, brush past three or four Chinamen crawling out into the light, and land at the bottom in Stygian darkness. We now grope along a narrow passage-way just wide enough for two to pass, then turn to the right, where a few paces bring us to a rickety door. After a rap with a cane, the door is slightly opened. The emaciated and yawning proprietor peers suspiciously round the corner, and lifts his hand in a *procul este profani* attitude. A word or two of Chinese admits us, and the door is closed, and the accompanying illustrations, which are freely described in the previous article, give but a faint idea of the horrors of the den. Nose, eyes and ears soon tell us we are in the presence of the dusky tyrant. The air is sultry and oppressive. A stupefying smoke fills the hovel, through the gloom of which the feeble yellow light of three or four opium lamps struggles hopelessly to penetrate. There are two or three wooden beds covered with matting, and each furnished with lamp and pipe. Three Chinamen lie curled up on the beds, one taking his first puffs, the others in different stages of stupefac-

Flash Light Photograph **One of the Worst Underground Dens**

Two smokers in an old fire-place, a third on the shelf above, all trying to conceal themselves from the CALIFORNIAN party that rushed in suddenly upon them headed by Detective Cox

tion. The room is about fifteen feet by ten, ceiling and walls black with years of smoke. We had been in this den about five minutes, and no one had spoken a word. It was like being in a sepulcher with the dead. The noise of the street could not reach us there, and nothing could be heard but the sputtering of opium pipes. What a contrast to the glare and glitter of the saloon, or the hilarious shouts and wild frenzy and excited mirth are here. It is a place of shades and sleep and dreams; the hush of the grave, to which, alas, it so often leads.

Everybody knows how opium is smoked. The smoker lies on his side curled up, with his feet resting on a bamboo or earthenware pillow. Before him is a tray containing the necessary appliances. There is an opium lamp of cut glass narrowing at



Flash Light Photograph Underground Opium Den
Smoker caught in the act by the flash light. The keeper in the door had extinguished the lights

drunken orgies of the dive! How different to that smoking of hashish far away in Constantine—that saturnalia of fleshless Arabs sitting under the Adultress' rock, smoking their pipes of hemp, or chanting and swaying their excited bodies to and fro, shrieking to the wild echoes of the chasm! The Chinaman may yell over his drinking game, and curse and swear at the gaming table, but he quiets down in the opium den. No

the top, the rim being on a level with the tip of the flame. There is a pipe aptly called "smoking pistol," being a polished stem of carved bamboo, often mounted with silver, a ring of ivory at the mouthpiece, and a round, earthenware, flat-faced bowl, with a tiny hole in the center. There is a box about the size of a pill-box, made of buffalo horn containing smoking opium, near which lie a number of slender wire pokers, a cup of water

and a sponge to wipe off the bowl after being used. The smoker now takes up the pipe and warms the bowl over the lamp. Using a wire poker, he dips it into the box, taking out as much opium as adheres to the point. He holds this over the flame, being careful not to burn it. The heat makes it swell up to twenty times its original size, till it looks like melted India rubber. The steam that has a state fit to be smoked, it is worked into a conical-shaped ring around the wire. The point of the wire is then inserted into the hole of the bowl and twirled round till the opium becomes detached from the wire and adheres to the pipe, the hole through the center of the bolus connecting with the hole of the bowl. If the opium does not slip clean from the wire, it will have to be roasted and rolled a little longer.

Flash Light Photograph Underground Opium Den
Smoker caught lighting his pipe. Proprietor in the foreground taken by flash light

been generated inside is liberated by rolling the opium upon the flat surface of the bowl. Again, it is held over the flame, roasted for a few seconds and again rolled over the bowl. This operation is tiresomely repeated for a couple of minutes, by which time it is reduced to a soft, solid state by the evaporation of a portion of the water of the extract. When the little bolus has been brought into The stem of the pipe is now applied to the mouth and the bowl held over the lamp, care being taken not to char the opium by contact with the flame. The smoker takes a deep inhalation, and the heat is drawn over the bolus, converting into vapor all the volatilizable material of the bolus, which frizzles and sputters like a candle burning down in its socket. Fifteen seconds have gone, and there is no sign of

smoke. The fumes have evidently gone into the man's lungs, traveling over the respiratory mucous membrane, where the alkaloids cannot fail to be absorbed into the blood. But now the pent-up vapor breaks forth, a dense volume of smoke pours from nose and mouth, the smell of which is enough to turn a horse's stomach. The pipe is empty, the bolus having been smoked in exactly thirty seconds. There is a short pause, the bowl is sponged off, and the smoker takes another dip into the little box, and the same tiresome process is repeated. Four times in succession was that pipe loaded and smoked. At last the box was empty, and twenty cents' worth of opium gone. The victim sinks back, the pipe slips from his hand, and oblivious of everything around him, he drops off to sleep. What is that dismal den to him now? All misery, pain and care are shut beyond his sense. His soul borne on nepenthe fumes is far off in dreamland's Elysian fields. Having been half suffocated and in a vapor bath for twenty minutes, we groped our way back into the street. What a transition, from the poisoned air of that murky den into the chill night breeze and blinding glare of the electric light!

There are many opium-smoking resorts in Chinatown more accessible than the place just described. Ask the guide to show you the way to the house on Jackson Street, derisively called the "Palace Hotel." Go along the passage, down the steps and across the filthy yard. There in front of you are three or four dens. We entered one of these places a few nights ago. There were the same dismal surroundings, the same sallow faces and the same sputtering of opium pipes. For economy of space, the couches were arranged one above the other, (see accompanying illustration) like the bunks in a ship's cabin, and every bed was occupied. Fifteen men were all smoking together, and the smoke was so dense, we could hardly see across the room. A bright, wide-awake-looking young man lying near the door saluted me by name, and was very communicative. He was twenty years old, and had just begun to smoke, having got no farther than three or four pipes a day. He described the nausea, giddiness and headache that resulted from the first pipe. He liked it better now, but would never let his appetite go beyond ten cents' worth a day. Poor fellow! little did he realize the powerful fascination that was creeping over him, and the chains that would one day enslave him. The keeper of the den sat near with an earthenware jar on the table, out of which he was lading

Brass Opium Box

opium and weighing it with a little steel yard called a *ley tang*. It was out of the profit of these sales to the smokers that he ran the den. We talked together in Chinese. He owned up that *excessive* smoking was a bad thing, injurious physically and financially, and that some of his patrons were of that class. When asked how he could carry on a business, which, according to his admission, brought men to ruin, he was not at all disconcerted. His reply was almost identical with that of a local newspaper editor the other day, whose attention had been called to the large space devoted to prize fights and social scandals and other deleterious matter.

"It is the business of you moral reformers," said he, "to improve people's tastes, until then we provide the public with what the public likes." Of the seventeen smokers in the room, only two were of a decidedly emaciated type, and a very dried-up pair of mummies they were. As might be expected, these turned out to be hard smokers, in whom the habit had become deeply engrained. One was forty years of age, had smoked for fifteen years, was getting feebler every year, and was now smoking five dollars' worth every week. He had given up work and depended upon the support of his sons. The other was a dirty-complexioned, bony-faced man of forty-seven years of age, who had smoked for nearly twenty years, had lost appetite for food, needed four dollars' worth of opium every week, and had become prematurely old and infirm. He declared that to break off the habit would mean certain death. The agony endured whenever he had tried to abstain, he compared to a tiger's teeth and claws fastened upon his vitals. He could refrain from the pipe only for a couple of hours, beyond which time he became restless and languid, then utterly prostrated, and in a little time the internal gnawing would begin, which drove him to the pipe. After the first few whiffs, he finds relief, and the pain gives place to the most delightful sensations. Most of the other inmates of the den seemed to be in good health, and were evidently moderate smokers, who smoked not more than twenty-five cents' worth a day. The largest amount of smoking I have ever heard of is by a Buddhist priest in San Francisco. It seems incredible, but he is said to consume $9.00 worth of opium every week. That opium

Flash Light Photograph An Opium Den

Showing double row of smokers, some broke out through the door, others concealed their heads. The lights were blown out as the party entered

smoking is a terrible curse cannot be denied, but is it worse than our National vice of drunkenness?

Comparing its effects with the appalling amount of crime that results from the use of alcoholic liquors I must honestly confess that the balance is slightly in favor of opium smoking. Opium ruins its thousands but strong drink its tens of thousands. Opium does not entail gout and other evils upon posterity as drink does, for to the inveterate smoker all chance of posterity is cut off. Opium does not brutalize and inflame human passions but soothes and finally destroys them. In an opium den one never hears a brawl, or a curse, or sees men fighting like infuriated demons. The smoker does not go outside to "paint the town red," raise pandemonium on the streets and go home to drag his wife out of bed by the hair of her head.

A good deal of exaggeration is found in half we read of the effects of opium smoking on the system. It is a mistake to suppose that when a man begins to smoke the drug, he begins to lose strength and waste away. Opium is no doubt responsible for the widespread misery and destitution seen in many of the poorer districts of China, but the concomitant evils have to be distinguished from the direct effects upon the individual. The great mass of people in China are too poor to smoke the drug without depriving themselves and their families of the common necessaries of life. Very few indeed can afford to smoke anything but a vile adulteration which soon breaks up the constitution. When a man spends in opium the money that is necessary for the support of his family it can easily be imagined what misery and ruin are the result. On the other hand I have seen officials, merchants and others who smoked regularly and suffered little apparent physical injury. Years ago when in South China I made a journey of thirty-five miles in one day borne in a sedan chair by three strong Chinamen who took nothing but opium till they got to their journey's end. They would carry me at a rapid pace for three hours till they came to a town, then dump me down in the crowded market place and deaf to all remonstrance, rush off to an adjoining opium house, have a quarter of an hour's smoke, and start again with lightness and elasticity in their tread. I have had boatmen who have towed, rowed and poled my boat up rapid streams from sunrise till dark on three meals of coarse rice and salt fish, yet every night these hardy fellows retired to the stern of the boat and smoked opium for an hour or two before retiring, maintaining in the face of all my good advice that they could not do their work next day without it. It would appear therefore that used moderately and with proper bodily nourishment opium smoking is a stimulant like strong drink and is not attended by any immediate debilitation or any visible physical infirmity as is generally supposed. This is no doubt the case with the great majority of smokers in California. With good food, comfortably clothed and housed and wages sufficient to procure the best opium we do not so frequently meet with the hollow eye, ashen complexion and enfeebled body usually regarded as the marks of the opium smoker. Yet who will dare to maintain that even a moderate use of the pipe is inocuous or that the fumes of a deadly poison can be taken into the lungs even in small doses, with perfect immunity from disease? There may be no injurious effects to the system visible for the time being but the man is not what he was. He becomes idle, dirty in his person and habits and generally down-at-heels. He loses all capacity for business, and interest in his work. No one in China has any confidence in an opium smoker's word or honesty. If a member of the Christian Church in China persists in smoking even the smallest dose he is expelled. If you discover your domestic servant to be an opium smoker, go and count your spoons at once, and send him off. He

Flash Light Photograph

Interior of a Horrible Opium Den Underground
The face of one smoker was caught in the flash. The two others concealed themselves

may only smoke a few pipes a day but the love of the pipe means moral degradation and you can place no more confidence in him.

It is a difficult question to determine how far a smoker can go before he becomes hopelessly enthralled. The Chinese say that a man can break off the habit if he has not smoked long enough to get the yin or craving. When a man gets to that stage he is ishes. More opium, yet a little more and then comes the long last sleep from which no awakening ever comes. Like a lamp, the oil ot which has run low, the wick is repeatedly turned up temporarily quickening the flame but only hastening the final exhaustion of the oil and with it the extinction of the light.

The number of opium smokers in proportion to the population is difficult

Photographed in China

Opium Smokers in China
Showing effects

supposed to be past hope. Home is deserted, business neglected, he spends his days and nights on the opium couch. Month after month he sinks deeper. Appetite for food gives place to an insatiable hunger for opium. The body becomes attenuated, the face dark, the whites of the eyes turn a sickly yellow, the man is a moral and physical wreck. The shackles bind tighter, the craving increases, vitality diminto estimate. In China the most unbiased and trustworthy opinions give thirty per cent for those who are addicted to the habit and ten per cent of confirmed opium sots. I am inclined to think that the same figures will hold good for the Chinese in San Francisco though Colonel Bee, the Chinese Consul, places the percentage much lower. The Consul says that eight years ago a careful investigation

showed only sixteen per cent of smokers and he thinks there has been no increase since. On the other hand well informed Chinese place the percentage as high as forty per cent of smokers and twenty per cent of sots. The truth evidently lies between these two extremes, but what the exact figures are cannot be known. No one however can go among the Chinese without realizing what a terrible hold it has upon that community. There are few stores but what have an office in the rear fitted up with a lounge where some business transaction is closed with a pipe of opium. In factory, store and office you detect the presence of opium. You ascend the stairs of the tenement houses amd meet its fumes issuing from curtained apartments and dark squalid back rooms. A well-to-do home is hardly complete without some luxuriously furnished opium couch where guests are invited to smoke. The fashionable restaurants have their gilded alcoves where the rich guest indulges in the seductive narcotic while near him sits a painted and bedizened belle, twanging the *peypah* or screeching forth some love song.

The most serious phase of the opium evil is that the vice is spreading amongst depraved white people of both sexes. Every day one can meet in Chinatown young men and women of our race whose faces bear the unmistakable marks of the opium sot. One evening I watched a neatly-dressed young woman of about twenty-five years of age pass under a store window on which was pasted a piece of red paper bearing an advertisement in Chinese: "Kung in san tiu," (Patna opium retailed here). She cast furtive glances around, and thinking herself unobserved she stole inside. Stepping quickly forward and peeping round the corner of the window I saw her produce from her jacket pocket a tell-tale little box which the dealer proceeded to weigh and replenish with opium extract. She laid down half a dollar and went away down Kearny street. It should be mentioned to the credit of our police that the visits of white men and girls to opium hells in Chinatown, so often described a few years ago, have now been stopped. A white person convicted of visiting such a place is now sentenced to three months' imprisonment without the option of a fine. During the last six years spent about Chinatown I have failed to discover a single Caucasian in one of these dens, or even suspiciously near one. If done at all it must be very secretly. The movements of white people about Chinatown are so carefully watched, and the different hells under almost half-hourly surveillance, that it would be impossible for them to frequent these places without soon attracting the attention of the police. There is plenty of smoking done by American people, but it is carried on in private houses or in rooms secretly kept by white people. Near the writer's house is one of these haunts. The place is occupied by two dissolute-looking young white women, upon whose besotted faces opium has stamped its indelible brand. The window blind is sometimes raised, revealing a revolting scene. From the window of my house I can see a bed, an opium tray and a lamp. The light falls upon the faces of a young man and a young woman reclining near, with opium pipes in their hands. How many more such places are to be found in San Francisco who shall say?

The fearful prevalence of opium smoking in California is attested by the enormous quantities of the prepared drug imported or smuggled into San Francisco year by year. From statistics furnished by that ever-courteous official, Deputy Collector Jerome, it appears that during the last eight years there have passed through the customs at San Francisco *four hundred and seventy-seven thousand five-hundred and fifty pounds* of the smoking extract. Collector Phelps, through whose vigilance so much smuggling has been detected, and Collector

Quinn, who is fighting the illicit manufacture of opium, both inform me that fully half the opium extract sold in California has been smuggled in or illicitly prepared in the State. In spite of increasingly heavy duties cannot be less than one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. The statistics given above only cover the past eight years for the reason that it was not till 1884 that the Custom House began to segregate crude and prepared

Flash Light Photograph Approach to an Underground Den
Chinaman astonished at the flash light

the importation of opium for smoking purposes has averaged sixty thousand pounds annually, while in 1888 it reached nearly one hundred thousand pounds. The total amount of opium used annually for smoking purposes on this side of the Rocky Mountains opium in their tabulated reports. From 1875 to 1883 the "crude" and "prepared" are lumped together and the reports show that in nine years there were imported into San Francisco *eight hundred and sixty-eight thousand eight hundred and eighty-*

five pounds of opium, or *ninety-six thousand five hundred and fourty-four pounds per year*. The figures are unsatisfactory, as they do not show what proportion of the importations was for smoking, though the probability is that nearly all was directly or indirectly for the pipe. The total quantity of prepared and crude opium imported for the last eight years was eight hundred and sixty-four thousand and twenty-one hundred—within a few thousand pounds of being equal to the importations of the previous nine years, when the Chinese population had attained its maximum, and when the duty was only six dollars per pound. In 1883 the duty was raised from six dollars per pound to ten dollars per pound on the smoking extract and one dollar per pound on the crude opium. This continued, with no abatement of the trade till 1889, when, under the McKinley bill, the duty was raised to twelve dollars per pound on all kinds of opium, whether crude or prepared, containing less than nine per cent of morphia, this being the only kind that is fit for smoking purposes. Notwithstanding this heavy duty and the large decrease of the Chinese population under the Exclusion Bill, *sixty-three thousand one hundred and eighty-nine* pounds of prepared opium paid duties last year amounting to over three-quarters of a million of dollars.

There has been of late, especially last year, a marked decrease in the importations of crude opium. This is easily explained. Before the McKinley Bill any one was allowed to cook and prepare opium, the only duty or tax required being the import duty of one dollar per pound of crude material. Since October 1st, 1889, only native Americans can legally manufacture the article, and that only on paying a tax of ten dollars per pound. As yet not a cent has been collected for this purpose, the industry not offering very strong inducements to American capital. To make a salable extract the manufacturer would have to import the best crude Patna, or that which contains the least morphia, and the duty on this is as we have seen twelve dollars per pound. Now it requires two and a half pounds of the best Patna to make one pound of the extract. He has, therefore, to pay thirty dollars duty for material enough to make one pound of the extract. Then he would have to pay ten dollars per pound internal revenue tax on its manufacture, making, altogether, forty dollars dues to the Government for every pound of opium extract prepared here. But the Lai Yuen brand preparation can be imported from Hongkong and placed in the market for eighteen dollars per pound. This heavy taxation, therefore, makes the legal manufacture of the extract in California an impossibility; it enriches the foreign producer and encourages a very extensive illicit manufacture at home. To stop these illicit opium kitchens is almost impossible when it is remembered how simple and inexpensive are the appliances necessary to its manufacture. Check it to-day in one place, it is begun to-morrow in another. Collector Quinn has lately broken up some twenty of these kitchens in San Francisco, each with a capacity to defraud the Government of over one hundred dollars per day, and yet each place could be started again to-morrow with appliances that need not cost more than three or four dollars per kitchen. A few months ago a shanty was discovered in the midst of an impenetrable thicket on the American river where was found a complete set of appliances for cooking opium. Similar hovels have been discovered in out-of-the-way nooks at Redding, Red Bluff and other places.

In addition to the heavy duties and taxes levied upon the trade by the Federal authorities, we must not forget the restrictions upon the sale and use of the drug imposed by Municipal ordinances. In 1881, the Board of Supervisors for the City of San Francisco, passed an order declaring it

unlawful under heavy penalties for any person to sell smoking opium without first procuring a license, the sum paid being determined by the amount of business transacted, one hundred and fifty dollars per quarter for a business of five thousand dollars, one hundred dollars for a business worth three thousand dollars, and fifty dollars for sales less than three thousand dollars per quarter. The Municipal authorities having licensed the sale of the drug, and derived a revenue. Perhaps some lawyer can be found to harmonize these conflicting ordinances and tell us how the city can enforce the 1889 law, and yet license the sale of opium. There ought to be no ambiguity about the general order passed by the Municipality in 1880. Section sixty-one declares that any person keeping or visiting a house or room where opium is smoked shall be punished by a fine of not less than two hundred and fifty dollars or three months' imprisonment. One can

Photographed in China

Chinese Boy in Opium Den
Showing the pipe, lamp, etc.

revenue from the trade for eight years, passed another ordinance in 1889, making it illegal to sell any extract of opium except upon a written order of a practicing physician, and requiring that the amounts sold, with the name, sex, color and residence of the purchaser, and the name of the prescribing physician, be entered in a book. The City Council thus passes an ordinance practically declaring a business illegal which it has already legalized and from which it is not ashamed to draw a hardly credit the existence of such a law in view of the crowded opium dens in the basements of Chinatown, yet we are told that the difficulty of proving a den to be other than a private room makes it almost impossible to convict under this ordinance. It is true that numbers of arrests and convictions take place every year, but the evil remains unchecked. The fact is, with all our duties, taxes, licenses, and restrictions, nothing has been done to abate this awful curse, or root out

this cancerous growth in the heart of our city. We fill our general order books with vague, absurd and conflicting ordinances that soon become a dead letter. We legalize the importation and sale of a deleterious article, and then we try to restrict its use. We may as well legislate to restrict the tides of the bay. There is only one way to deal with this evil and that is the plan proposed by the better class of Chinese several years ago, namely, to shut our gates against it, remove it from the tariff, declare the opium extract contraband, and authorize officers of the law to confiscate and destroy it wherever found. Whatever may be said for crude opium and the medicinal uses to which it may be applied, the traffic in prepared opium, carried on at this port, is utterly indefensible and disgracefully wicked. Here is a preparation that can have no earthly use but to ruin men morally and physically; and yet it is legalized by our traffic laws. It is brought over in American ships, imported only by American merchants, and can be legally manufactured in this country only by our people. For the last thirty years, from pulpit, platform, and press, we have been thundering forth denunciations against Great Britain for importing crude opium into China and deriving a revenue therefrom, which some have called a revenue of blood, and yet during the last eight years we have been importing, at this port alone, half a million pounds of opium, prepared only for smoking purposes and which have brought to our National Treasury a revenue drawn from human vice amounting to *five millions of dollars*. Yet this is only for the last eight years, and this a period, it will be observed, marked by the exaction of heavy import duties and added to this a steadily decreasing Chinese population.

It is a very shocking state of things for which no excuse has ever been offered. England tries to extenuate her protection of the opium trade with China by the plea that the accruing revenue is necessary to the maintenance of her Indian Empire. It is a very poor excuse but a better one than we can offer for our trade in a lethal drug that has already become a craving amongst thousands of our own people. With our National vaults running over with accumulated wealth, what business have we deriving a revenue from human vice and human misery? Is there not already enough vice and crime in this country without adding another curse to enthral the bodies and souls of weak, struggling men and women? Have not moral reformers enough to do in combating the hydra-headed monster of strong drink, or the Minotaur of Lust without having to do battle with the demon, opium? There is no time to lose. It is generally admitted that the difficulty of suppressing or even restricting the liquor traffic lies in the immense capital and powerful interests combined to resist reform. In dealing with the opium trade our legislators will not be embarrassed by any such difficulties. If we begin at once, the evil can be uprooted before it gathers strength to resist, but if we wait till its roots have laid hold upon American capital, or till our people have become enthralled in its power, it may be too late. For Heaven's sake, for the sake of the honor of this great country, for the sake of innocent Chinese children, born on our soil and growing up in our midst, for the sake of our own race upon whom the habit is laying hold, let us call upon the Government of this country to prohibit the importation of this poisonous drug, wash its hands of an infamous revenue and a dishonorable trade, and deliver posterity from its curse and shame.

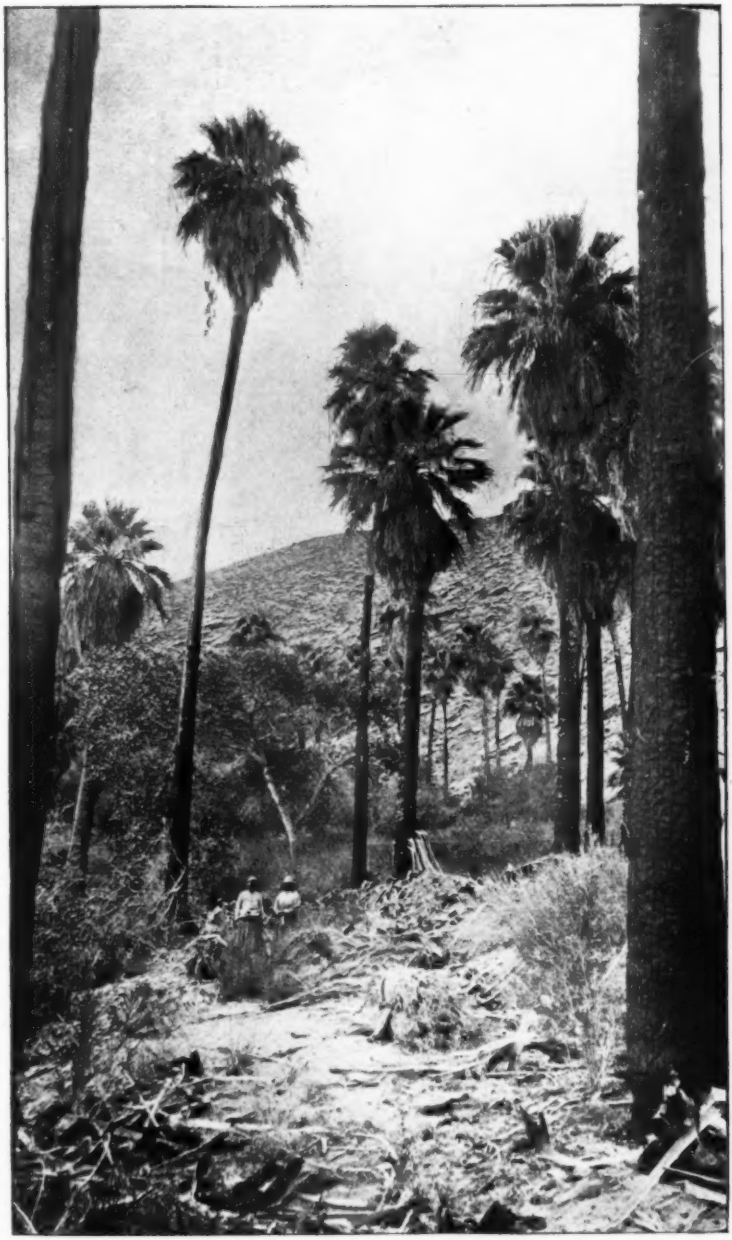
IN PALM VALLEY

BY GEORGE HAMLIN FITCH

THE mention of any new natural wonder of California is apt to cause a derisive smile among those who have heard a great deal about the marvelous things in the Golden State ranging from Yosemite Valley to the Big Trees and from the Geysers to the bottomless lakes of the Sierras. Yet it is safe to predict that five years hence the Eastern tourist will be loath to return to his home without a sight of Palm Springs and Palm Cañon, those unique spots on the fringe of the great Colorado Desert, which have no parallel in this country but which are known only to a small number of people who have braved the forbidding barriers that shut them in from the outside world. The Colorado Desert was exploited last year by the appearance of the singular lake at Salton. It is probable that thousands received their first definite information about this vast stretch of desert from the articles describing the sea that lately occupied the old hollow in the lowest part of this abomination of desolation. It is a land of mystery which no familiarity robs of its impressiveness. Those who have lived for years on the edges of the desert confess that they know as little of its real nature as the sailor knows of the ocean. It is a place to be dreaded in summer as the plague, for the fierce sun beats down so pitilessly on the head of the traveler that he is forced to seek the shade of the mesquite tree until the evening coolness comes. Few prospectors venture along its edge in midsummer and these hardy fellows always go in couples, so that one may lend aid to his companion.

In all other regions of the earth the shade of tree or rock is safety from the burning heat of the sun, but in the Colorado Desert shade is deadly to the over-heated man or beast. The solitary man who remains too long in the sun and then takes refuge in the shade perishes miserably, for his system is unable to rally from the shock. Only brisk rubbing of the body and the extremities will save the sufferer from this fierce desert heat. For miles and miles one may see nothing but the gleaming sand broken by patches of sage brush and dwarf mesquite and walled in on either side by mountains that reveal no verdure and no trees. In places are great moving mountains of the purest white sand which the wind molds into a thousand fantastic shapes. In others, the sand is covered with millions of stones and boulders, like a battle ground of the Titans. Only the long, snake-like curves of the railroad, which follows closely the old Santa Fé trail, and the telegraph poles show that man has penetrated and conquered this desolation.

It is on the edge of this desert that beautiful Palm Valley and picturesque Palm Cañon lie hidden. The great granite wall of the San Jacinto Mountain shuts them off from the desert, while the San Bernardino Mountain and Grayback, 12,000 feet high, separate them from the orange groves of Riverside and Redlands. The little settlement in Palm Valley is clustered about the old hot spring, or Agua Caliente, known to Indians and plainsmen since the first settlement of the country. Through the San Gorgonio Pass, the sea wind from the Pacific shrieks during nine months of the year, and is lost on the great, mysterious desert. The strong wind bears with it the desert sand, and for months Seven Palms, the railroad station which is placed where it re-



The Oldest Inhabitants

ceives the full force of the gale, is the center of a sand storm as violent as any which sweeps across the Sahara. No description can give one an adequate idea of the fury of these sand storms, especially in March and April. No horse can make any head against the wind, and the man who is caught in such a storm feels his way carefully along the railroad track, for to lose this guide would be to perish miserably. All the railroad section hands wear huge goggles and face masks, for the sand is hurled through the air with such force as to penetrate the unprotected skin. These constant volleys of sand have a marvelous effect upon any woodwork. The station building at Seven Palms is very solidly built, and its roof is anchored down by great stones, but the wind sometimes shifts these boulders, and the constant beating of the sand on the sides of the house wears out the softer part of the wood, giving it a worm-eaten appearance. The exposed sides of the telegraph poles are hollowed out as though with an adze, and the poles are renewed every four months. Even the window panes at the end of the station house are converted in a few days into genuine ground glass.

A Desert Home—Palmdale

The traveler who alights from the overland train at night at this station of Seven Palms cannot fancy by any stretch of imagination that within four miles is a fertile valley, where the air is so still at evening that the flame of a lighted candle never flickers. The wind was blowing a lively gale when I grasped my gripsack one

night last autumn and jumped off the train. A friend with a one-horse trap was in waiting. The ride across the desert, in the brilliant moonlight, was a strange experience. The warm wind tugged viciously at the heavy robe which protected our feet, and the swirling sand penetrated every opening in our clothing. The road winds about between huge boulders, and finally, after an hour and a half, we came upon the great mountain wall that out-of-doors. Finally, we reach our stopping place, the tired horse is given feed, and in a short time, lulled by the soft gurgle of running water, we are asleep.

In the morning, the sun rests on the great mountain more than an hour before his beams reach the valley. The light leaps from peak to peak, lending a rosy flush to the black cañons and painting the forbidding rocky sides of the mountains with

Indian Homes in the Desert

is the portal of Palm Valley. Rounding the base of the mountain, we enter upon Palm Valley, which is shut off from the storm-swept desert as though by a closed and barred door. The soft night air has a touch of chill in it—the effect of the water in the irrigating ditches that gleams like silver in the moonlight. We pass cottages in the deep shadow of great cottonwoods, the beds under the verandas indicating that the dwellers adopt the oriental habit of sleeping royal gold and purple. Not one hundred yards back of the little settlement of Palm Springs, with its low houses, half hidden by fan palms, figs and cottonwoods, rises San Jacinto Mountain—a sheer rocky wall, perpendicular to the valley and looking as though it had been cut and squared by prehistoric stone-masons. Beyond, to the west, are Grayback and San Bernardino mountains, their tops crested with everlasting snow. In the crystal-clear air, they seem only a

few miles away, while the high, rugged back of the San Jacinto Range appears so near that one fancies he may throw a stone upon it. Through all shades of rose and purple, the arrows of the sun make their way to the awakened valley. They bring out in high relief the stalwart form of the ditch-tender, as he makes his morning round with shovel on shoulder, and they expose some of the domestic economies of the aborigine, whose dusky family lies sprawling outside his wickiup, as full of animal life and as little restrained by clothing as the dogs they play with.

Beginning of Palm Valley

Palm Springs is a mere hamlet, consisting of a low, rambling hotel, a postoffice and a half-dozen houses. It is not more than a quarter of a mile from the rocky wall of San Jacinto, and it owes its name to the remarkable hot spring, known to all pioneers as Agua Caliente. This spring is unparalleled on this coast, and perhaps in the world. Through a central shaft, of the dimensions of an ordinary well, the hot water and sand rise, sometimes spurting high in air like a geyser, but usually merely bubbling over the surface. The water spreads around in a circular pool about six feet by ten, to a depth of three or four inches. The bottom is hard sand until one reaches the shaft. Then the bather sinks with a swift motion, which makes the heart leap. The warm liquid sand closes in around the body, and one goes down to the arm-pits. Then, with a mighty recoil, the limbs are thrown out and the pool once more becomes placid. As one sinks in this bubbling water, there rises before the imagination that awful picture in Hugo's "Les Miserables," of the wretch who per-

ished in the quicksand, of his agony as the sand crept higher and higher, and of the final scene, when only the wild, despairing eyes remained above the waste of treacherous beach. Or, looking upon this strange hot sand, which seems instinct with life and motion, the memory reverts to that ghastly place, the quivering sands in "The Moonstone," in whose depths the weak-willed servant hid the evidence of her master's supposed crime. If one has not been warned of the peculiarity of this spring, he is pretty sure to feel genuine terror until he has solved the mystery of this pool, which plummet has never sounded, nor scientist explained its origin or character. The chemist has shown that it possesses certain properties that make it a sure cure for many blood and skin disorders, but all that you care to know is that the black sand washes you as beautifully clean as the best rubber in a Hammam bath, and that the effect of the hot water is wonderfully exhilarating. There is no trace of relaxation of the muscles, none of the enervating influence that usually follows a hot bath. Instead, this mysterious water, so full of mineral strength, acts as a powerful tonic to the system, and one comes out of the bath feeling as though he had taken several glasses of champagne. The spring lies on Indian land, but it is rented to the proprietor of the hotel. It is practically undeveloped, and only the rudest hut has been placed over it. The Indians still have the right of bathing in it, and they look on its waters as a cure for most of the ills that flesh is heir to in the desert.

White Water River

Next to the spring the greatest natural curiosity in this valley is the grove of palms that is found in Palm Cañon about seven miles distant. The ride to the cañon gives the best idea of the valley and of its curious mountain environment. Starting out from the Springs we pass along by the side of the big ditch which carries the life-giving water to all parts of the valley. To the right is the San Jacinto range of mountains, broken

A Group of Palms in Palm Valley

by two cañons that are marked by grass and cottonwoods growing along the streams that flow out from these rents in the great masses of granite.

On the left the valley melts away into that arm of the Colorado Desert known as the Cahuilla Valley. Most of Palm Valley is still in a state of nature, covered with mesquite trees and weeds, but the few patches that have been redeemed show the remarkable fertility of the soil and the marvelous growth in this dry, warm air. Judge J. G. McCallum, formerly of Los Angeles, may be called the pioneer in this valley. He had over two thousand acres, and he demonstrated that the fig, grape, peach and other fruits can be ripened here fully a fortnight before they are ripe in Vacaville or Newcastle, and that all vegetables mature earlier in this valley than in any other section except favored spots in Arizona. The orange is untried yet, but from two-year-old trees in McCallum's orchard it is safe to say that this favorite southern fruit will flourish.

The lemon appears to endure the dry heat better than the orange, and several trees in the valley cannot be excelled in growth by any trees in Los Angeles County. McCallum is testing many varieties of early peaches and grapes. Some of the trees and vines have already come into bearing and the fruit was sold in the Los Angeles and San Francisco markets for fifty cents a pound.

Dr. Wellwood Murray, one of the best-known horticulturists in California, has carried on experiments in Palm Valley for years, which are of the greatest value to the fruit-grower. With granite from the hills and with Indian labor only, the doctor constructed a cottage hotel, and from a strip of barren sand around it he has evolved an environment of tropical verdure and beauty. He has demonstrated what plants will not grow, as well as those which are fitted for the exceptional conditions of soil and climate in this unique valley. He first proved the wondrous possibilities of San Gorgonio Pass, near Banning, planted its first vineyard and made known by his pen its climatic conditions. The Industrial School for Indian children, begun by Miss Drexel, is now upon the old Murray place. The doctor is an enthusiast upon the subject of developing these fertile fringes of the great desert and he believes this desert valley in a few years will be the chosen home of a large body of invalids and convalescents who will find that its dessicated air arrests disease in all pulmonary complaints, and that the ozone and balsam from the neighboring mountains bring healing to shattered nerves.

Professor Wheaton of Riverside has done much also to make the valley known. He was forced by asthma to seek the dry air of the desert and he found in Palm Valley the ideal atmosphere for which he had longed. He has planted a small vineyard and he induced a number of Boston people of means to improve small places. The most pretentious scheme of improvement is that of the Palmdale Company. It is an orange grove of 160 acres, planted in a part of the valley which is peculiarly exposed to winds from the desert. The trees look fairly well, but they cannot compare with the trees planted elsewhere in smaller groves. What gives the valley a ragged look is that every alternate section is Indian land. A few of the Indians have built houses, planted vineyards and orchards and worked hard to develop their small possessions, but the great majority allow the land to lie idle. The mesquite bean gives them food and they take no more thought of to-morrow than the coyote. Only when the government shall grant them lands in severalty and place them in one district will there be an opportunity to properly develop this valley.

Driving around the edge of the valley one sees that the soil is pulverized granite and sand, washed from the neighboring mountains. Three inches from the surface it is moist and

may be rolled into a ball with the fingers. Where it is irrigated this moisture is more pronounced. It is cultivated with care; in fact, the whole valley is like one great garden bed, free from stones, roots or other inpediments to plow or harrow.

About three miles from Palm Springs, we come to higher ground, where the valley begins to narrow, a great spur of the mountains enclosing it on the east. Here is a tract of fine land, which its owner has called the Garden of Eden. It is an unweeded garden as yet, but it has great possibilities of beauty, for the mountains hold it in their keeping, and from the solitary house, which saves it from desolation, a magnificent view is obtained of the great desert and of the encircling mountain wall that bounds fully one-half the horizon. In this place dwells a young man who was brought into the valley two years ago in a cot, in the last stage of consumption. Then he was a mere skeleton. Now he is a stalwart man, robust and hearty—a living example of the curative effect of this dry, wholesome air. He spends his days in caring for a small orange grove and vineyard, both of which delight the eye with their vivid green in this waste of ashen-hued sand and rock. Beyond the Garden of Eden is an enormous "wash" from the neighboring Andreas Cañon, and when this is passed one comes upon the mountains. It looks as though the rough road would lead you straight up to a mountain wall, but just as you begin to fancy that there is no thoroughfare, the road turns sharply to the left, climbs a rugged hill and then descends into one of the wildest canyons in the State. Huge boulders are heaped in the greatest disorder as though thrown out here by some volcanic convulsion, and after picking your way between them, over a road which is nothing better than a trail, you catch sight of the tufted top of a solitary palm tree. To one who has read De Amicis, the palm always brings visions of his wonderful word painting of Moorish scenes; so, here, amid these barren rocks, with no living thing in sight, save the active lizard, eying you askance, come trooping at the call of memory pictures of Fez, Tangier and Tetuan. A few yards more, the cañyon makes a sharp turn and then there breaks upon the sight a grove of graceful palms, their feet in the water of a mountain stream and their heads in the brilliant sunlight. Their trunks rise to a height of eighty or a hundred feet without a branch and then comes a whorl of drooping fronds with long clusters of pale yellow fruit. About the feet of the palms is a tangle of the common fan palm, young cottonwoods, willows and other swamp growth. The ground is a black muck from deposits of palm leaves, and through it flows a stream that is harsh with alkali. The high walls of the cañon, which is not over one hundred feet wide, shut in this bit of the tropics. Above is the perfect blue, without a speck of cloud, clear and lustrous as the sky of the Mediterranean, and against this the dark red line of the rugged cañyon wall is cut sharp as with the etcher's needle. The trunks of the palms bear traces of fire that has swept through the cañon, but only a few stumps give evidence of the destroying hand of man. In fact, the chief charm of the place is its wildness. You feel that here is a spot remote from the great world, given over to the half-savage dwellers of the desert valley and the coyote of the hills. Only accident revealed it to civilized man, and the years have been too few since he has known it to permit of the deadly work of improvement. This palm grove in which are about fifty trees, is repeated time after time in every new winding of the cañon that continues for five or six miles into the heart of the mountains. The effect of these palms upon one who sees them for the first time is similar to that produced by the big trees of the Mariposa or Calaveras Grove. The imagination is staggered

by the vision of the years that must have passed over these mountain solitudes since these trees were tender saplings. Their age has been estimated by expert botanists at fully five hundred years. Thus they were graceful little twigs, bending to every breeze, when the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock. These trees are the Washingtonia filifera, and indigenous to this desert valley. Scores of cañons along the edge of the Cahuilla Valley are marked by their crested tops, which may be seen for many miles, gleaming in the sun. The Indians are extremely fond of the dates and late in the Fall parties of them may be seen gathering the fruit that falls to the ground at maturity. The coyote is also partial to the date, and this cowardly animal is regarded as the chief agent in spreading the palm groves in so many of these mountain cañons. The palm seed that falls in the stony places is lost, but whenever it is dropped by the side of running water, it sprouts and grows like the green bay tree.

Two other cañons nearby are well worth a visit. In West Cañon, which is near to Palm Springs, one gets a superb view of the great valley, framed on either side by the gloomy mountain wall. Going further up the cañon, one comes suddenly upon the perfect Tah-quitch waterfall. The cañon walls are at least three hundred feet high, and great boulders jut out, overhanging the narrow cleft below. A mountain spur almost closes the cañon, and through this slit in the solid rock comes a stream of the purest water, which falls in foam to the rocks, one hundred feet below. The lip of the waterfall is a beautifully rounded mass of water-worn granite, the blue seams showing through the polished white stone like the veins on the rounded arms of a woman. The water falls into a deep pool behind a massive boulder, and then comes rushing down between

Palm Springs

huge rocks. The walls of the cañon above are glowing with the midday heat, but here by the plashing waters it is cool and refreshing as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

Andreas Cañon, two miles further up the valley, is little known. At its entrance are traces of old Indian dwellings, but further up in the mountains all signs of any habitation are lost. The cañon winds like a huge snake, making the ascent very laborious. We had been told by Dr. Wellwood Murray, who explored this whole region very thoroughly years ago, of a grand waterfall about two and a half miles from the mouth of the cañon. After going what seemed more than this distance, we came upon some lovely palm trees, unblackened by fire. Then in desperation, we struck across several divides to escape the monotonous twisting of the cañon and the wading of the stream. Three high ridges we crossed, only to see a succession of other ridges in front. Finally, we descended the third ridge to the brawling stream that ran through the cañon, determined to end here our quest of the waterfall. We made our way through a tangle of fan palms to the edge of the water, when what was our delight to find that we were on the very lip of the long-sought waterfall. Peering over, we could see the water dashing into spray against the granite sides. We picked our way down the fall to the cañon and reached a spot directly below the fall, which is higher than the Tah-quitch, but not so impressive, as the water flows at an angle of about sixty degrees over the smooth granite. It is caught twice by huge bowlders, and is churned into foam, while at the base of the fall, two immense rocks are piled one on the other, forming a natural cave. The cañon here turns sharply at right angles, so that one who followed its bed might easily pass by the waterfall, fifty feet away.

In the autumn, the mountains about Palm Valley look very desolate, as no trace of green relieves the somber reds and yellows of the masses of rocks. Only the cactus, greasewood and mesquite flourish in these dry and barren wastes. But in the spring, the flora of these mountains is said to be very beautiful. Prospectors who have come in from the mountains bring tales of a magnificent scarlet flower which grows in great luxuriance, and from their descriptions, Prof. Wheaton thinks the blossom must be the scarlet lupine, which is very rare. Another flower is said to glisten like wax, and to be of dazzling whiteness. As the mountains are practically unexplored, they offer an inviting field to the botanist and the geologist. Only the Indians know what is hidden behind these great masses of volcanic rock and in these gloomy cañons. And the Cahuilla Indian, like the Yuma or the Apache, is profoundly suspicious of the white man's intentions. It takes years to secure the confidence of one of these Cahuillas, and even when they have been coddled and made much of, any show of undue curiosity closes their lips at once. They are remarkably superstitious, and to them the solemn mountains are peopled with wild spirits, so that it is the exception when an Indian can be prevailed on to venture into one of these cañons after dark. The mystery of the desert affects alike the scholar and the untutored savage. It is something which cannot be put into words, but it is as real and tangible as the awe which comes over one when out of sight of land on the ocean. It strips away all the gloss of civilization and brings the soul very near to nature. The man who has spent a few months on the desert carries the love of it through life. The fascination of the desert is like that of the South Seas; once fall under its influence, and life elsewhere seems unendurable. So the cañons on the fringe of the Colorado Desert are filled with men who cannot escape the charm of this land of mystery and death.

AT THE NAPA SODA SPRINGS

BY HENRY R. TREVOR

EXTENDING for thirty-five miles between mountainous ranges, terminating at the north with famed St. Helena, which raises its once volcanic crest four thousand four hundred and forty-four feet above the ocean level, Napa Valley spreads its rolling floor, clad in green verdure and veined by living streams. The bold spurs and deep cañons in its boundaries carry grass and flowering shrubs to their summits, while the growing vines of the level plains and the foothills keep the landscape fresh amid surroundings of autumnal gray. Later in the season a broad ocean of ripening grapes purples the air with Tyrian hues.

Agriculture and horticulture rival each other in successful results throughout its fertile soil, while orchard and vineyard alternate their contrasting and brilliant foliage.

On every side, Nature has strewn her bounties and her beauties with a profusely lavish hand. It is perhaps the most prolific section of all this land of milk and honey known as California. There are many vineyards nestling among the foothills that some day will be as famous for their clarets, burgundies or champagnes as the renowned vineyards of Southern Europe. In some of these cool, gray-stone wineries, that one notices every now and then nestling under the lee of some convenient side-hill, are stored hogshead after hogshead of grape juice that is every minute bearing interest in the way of increasing value by age that will decades from now glow blood-red or darkly purple in the long, slim-stemmed glasses at some millionaire's feast; and as his guests praise the wine's incomparable bouquet, the host will sing his California vintage instead of at present claiming a French nativity for an American product.

Quicksilver, iron ore, gold, silver and granite rock fill the hills, while the lava-formed scoria of the mountain sides furnishes a building stone which for strength, durability and beauty is unexcelled.

Another feature of peculiar interest that the valley enjoys and which is a conspicuous advantage bestowed upon her by Nature are the mineral springs, the medicinal qualities of whose waters have a world-wide reputation. First and foremost among the mineral springs of California, and whose waters for thirty-five years past have held the leading place throughout this coast from Alaska to South America, stand the Napa Soda Springs of Napa County. They are situated on the mountain side, one thousand feet above the level of the sea, and about six miles from Napa City. The location is a beautiful one, in the midst of mountain scenery, inviting walks, drives, climbing and continuous out-door life, without hardship or undue exer-

Bird's-Eye View of Napa Soda Springs

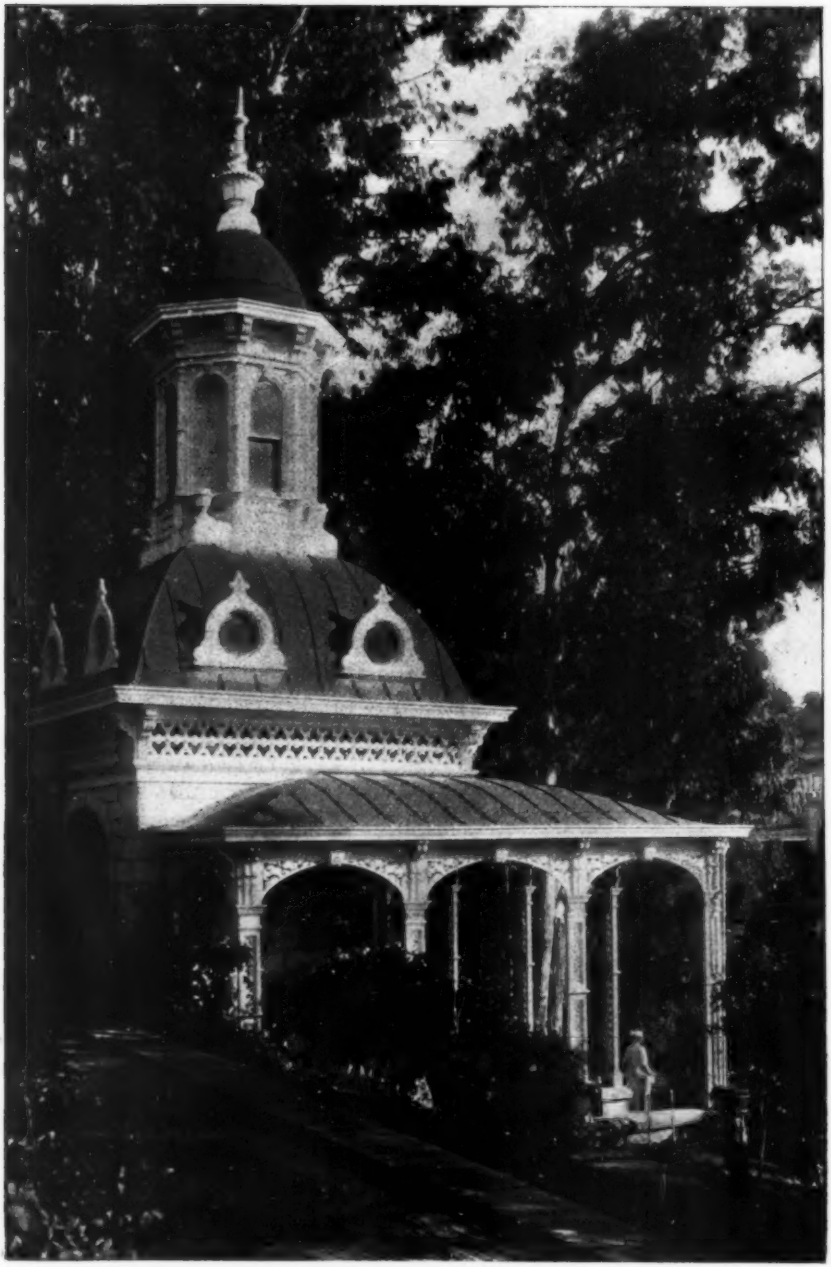
tion. Every accessory of woods, rocks, running water, flowers, fruits, brilliant sunshine and magnificent distance is here.

One need not seek health, after a long, debilitating journey across the Atlantic, at a German Spä. Only a few hours' journey by rail from San Francisco, terminating in a very beautiful drive over capital roads, one finds himself in a first-rate hotel, surrounded by every luxury and comfort and in the midst of the most beautiful mountain scenery in America.

The Bellevue

There is an exhilaration in the air at this elevation that fills a man, coming weary and worn with overwork, worry or mayhap dissipation to this mecca of health, with that delicious joy at being alive, that only young animals feel, in its fullest sense. After a few days spent here, amid the quiet, restful surroundings, "far from the madding crowd," one awakes some fine morning (to his surprise, not unmixed with pleasure) to the realization that he has an appetite for breakfast—something that he has not experienced for years, maybe—and not only has he an appetite for his matutinal meal, but he finds that he is generally hungry whenever there is anything to eat, about. Added to this, he finds himself sleeping all night long, without a break, and awakening in the morning, like a giant refreshed ready and eager for the day to begin, he has lost that feeling of jaded, weary disinclination to effort of any kind, and instead welcomes exertion or effort, either mental or physical.

He lives out of doors, drives, rides, walks, climbs the hills, fishes the streams, botanizes, geologizes — in short, does as he pleases, and all the while the clear mountain air, aided by the wonderfully curative and restorative properties of the springs, is making him young again, and after a month or so, he returns to his work a better man, mentally, physically and morally, than he was before.



The Pagoda Spring

Of all the watering places or public resorts in this State these springs are built up the most solidly and substantially. All the improvements are of stone quarried from the adjacent heights, while the highest artistic taste has been displayed in the erection of all the buildings. They appear as enduring as the hills from which they were carved. No two structures are alike and none are like those elsewhere to be seen. Novelty and architectural beauty seem to have been united to make this the most attractive mountain spa upon the Pacific Coast.

The natural beauties of the situation are unsurpassed. From this position there stretches away for twenty-five miles to the bay, beyond a landscape rich in towering peaks, green vales, sinuous creeks and grain-bearing fields, russet-brown hillsides and fragrant vineyards, surfeiting the eye of the artist who has often endeavored to picture it on canvas.

The valley below resembles an elongated chess-board. Its rectangular fields display all the contrasts of varicolored crops, and the bay in the distance reflects the white-winged sails of commerce. Tamalpais — giant of the Coast Range—presents, in strong contrast, its graceful outline to Diablo's sterner front; and far beyond all these, spreads away the sea, giving the final touch to a landscape unmatched East or West.

The surroundings of the springs themselves are naturally beautiful. Patriarchal oaks, gracefully festooned with gray Spanish moss, or the "dark Druidical mistletoe," mingle with trees of modern growth—the Italian cypress, eucalyptus, madrona and manzanita—giving fullness of shade and a solace from the sunburst.

A Nook in the Garden

Tropical fruits and fragrant flowers engage the eye at every turn—oranges, lemons, olives, figs and pomegranates find here their natural habitat, and all the fruits of the orchard strain the

In the Garden

trees with their plethoric fullness. The lemon verbena and oleander are here no longer bushes, but grow to the commanding proportions of trees, and all aromatic shrubs and flowers find in the balmy climate an inducement to emit in its fullness their grateful fragrance. There are one thousand acres of grounds under the charge of one of the most experienced landscape gardeners in America.

Indian relics, found here in abundance, indicate that this was a chosen spot by the aborigines, and doubtless the Western leather stocking has here, countless times, brushed aside the ferns and quaffed the sparkling current at its fountain. The tradition is well established that the early tribes bore their sick in blankets up the mountain side, and left them at these healing springs, with the sun as their doctor and the waters their specific.

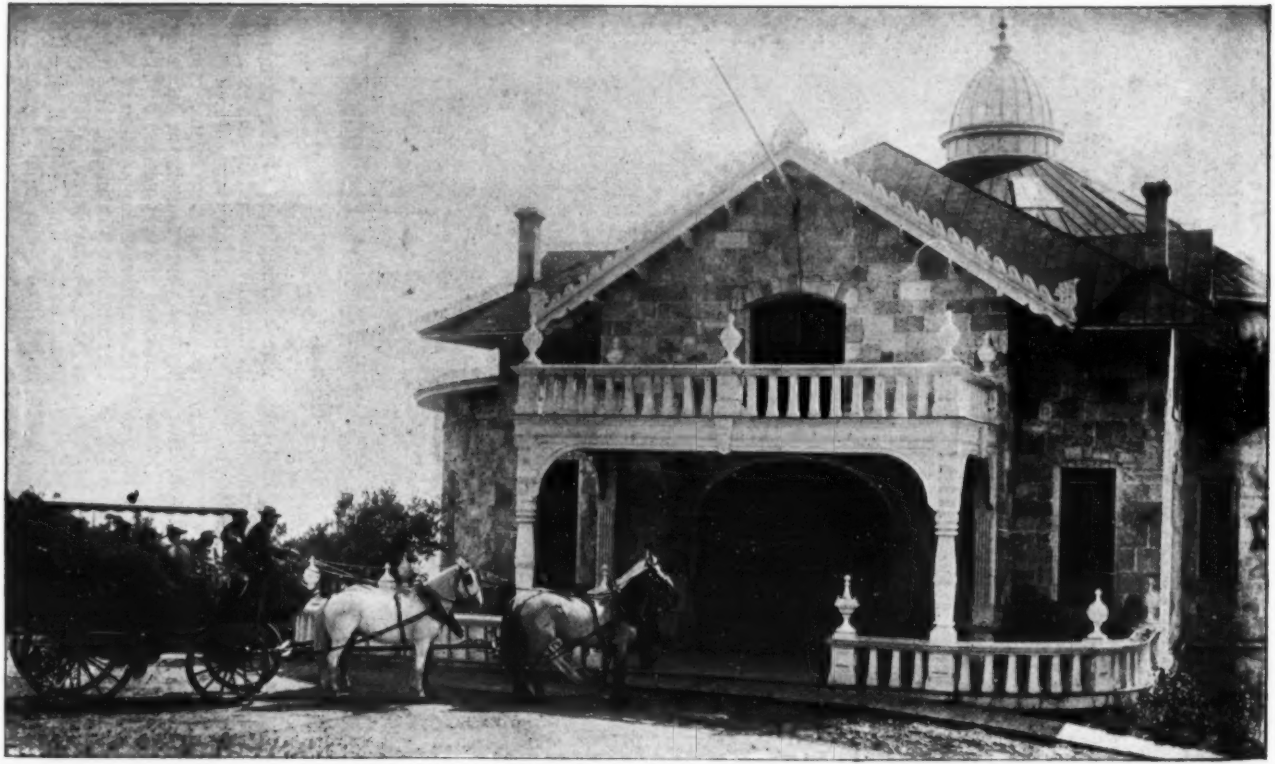
Inviting paths, miles in extent, lead with gentle grade to the various points of interest, now to a grottoed cave and again to a mountain grove; here to a vine-covered bower, and there across a rustic bridge, beneath which, living waters leap and sparkle, and terminate at last at the summit of Castle Peak, beneath whose outlook rolls the whole broad panorama of Napa Valley.

To all of these attractive features is added a climate unexcelled for healthfulness, clearness and brightness, the proportion of sunny to cloudy days being about ten to one, even in winter.

The Club House

The healthfulness of the situation is historically attested by the fact that a Board of Physicians, appointed by the California Legislature, after taking two years to examine into the advantages of every section of this commonwealth for the location of a State Hospital for Consumptives, reported at last in favor of Atlas Peak, a point in the East Napa Range, three miles from Napa Soda Springs.

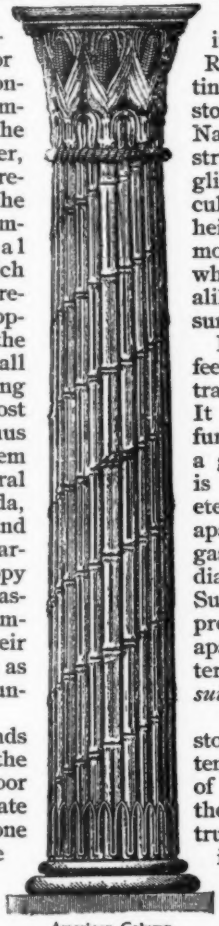
There are twenty-seven springs in



The Stage at the Rotunda

all and their combined flow amounts to four thousand gallons per diem, the waters of the springs have been proven to the complete satisfaction of medical science to contain properties both exhilarative and curative. From one of them is poured forth the article known in the commercial world as Napa Soda. Beneath the mountain is an immense laboratory where, for countless centuries these wonderful waters have been compounded by Nature. The chemicals brought together, united, forming gas and creating pressure, and then the waters so marvelously combined with the medicinal chemicals and gases which give them their wonderful restorative and curative properties, burst forth through the massive rock-bound retort, all ready for the use of suffering humanity. From this most wonderful laboratory flows thus four thousand gallons per diem of this greatest of all mineral waters, mingling iron, soda, magnesia, lime, lithia and muriate of soda, with free carbonic acid gas in such happy combination as to impart pleasure, health and physical improvement as the result of their use. The water is sold just as it flows unadulterated and unchanged.

A beautiful pagoda stands over one of the springs, the solid stone pillars and floor forming a most appropriate setting for the natural stone basin, whence flow the waters. Engraved on a marble tablet over this pagoda spring is the following invocation:



American Column
Designed by Thomas Jefferson

"To suffering man from Nature's genial breast
A boon transcendent ever mayst thou flow;
Blest holy fount; still bid old age to know
Reviving vigor, and if health repressed
Fade in the virgin's cheek, renew its glow
For love and joy; and they that in thy wave
Confiding trust and thankful lave,
Propitious aid, and speed the stranger band,
With health and life renewed, unto their native land."

Among the notable buildings at these Springs, the Rotunda is an object of continuing interest. Built of white stone, it is seen plainly across Napa Valley, and its windows strike the distant beholder as glittering plates of steel. Circular in form, it towers to a height of seventy-five feet, surmounted by a glass cupola, which reflects for many miles alike the rising and the setting sun.

It is one hundred and twenty feet in diameter, and is an attractive work of mechanical art. It is handsomely finished and furnished within, and includes a grand central parlor, which is one hundred feet in diameter, and a most imposing apartment, lighted by a huge gas chandelier, sixteen feet in diameter and of forty lights. Surrounding the parlor is a promenade, and the guests' apartments are arranged exterior to this, single and *en suite*.

The "Bellevue," another stone building of palatial pretensions, has the distinction of having at its front porch the finest specimens of the only truly American columns in existence. They are patterned after a design of Thomas Jefferson, and which in a very humble way, he included in the Capitol at Washington. These pillars are twelve in number, twenty-four feet in height and two feet in diameter. They conventionalize the most sturdy grain product of the North—Indian corn.

Each column represents a cluster of cornstalks, bound together so that the joints of one stalk stand slightly above the preceding one; thus by the recurrence of the joints in the seven divisions of every stalk, a spiral effect is produced. The Capitols represent ears of corn with the half-opened husks displaying the corn which stands out at an angle to the column. As they stand out upon the grandly broad veranda of the "Bellevue," challenging the gaze of the wayfarer for miles, they certainly seem to justify the comment of that European traveler who declared them to be the most beautiful thing he had seen in primitive America. The dining hall is a very beautiful structure of exquisite architectural beauty, and furnished in the best of taste, and without regard to cost; the chef is a *cordon bleu*, and the *table d' hote* is noted all over the world.

Picturesquely arranged on different elevations of the premises are located many other handsome edifices, built of stone and having gas and running water in every room. There is the "Club House," in which are found the bar, billiard tables, bowling alleys, and bagatelle tables, for the use of visitors and guests. The "Tower House," "Ivy House," "Garden House," "Music Hall," "Point Cottage," "Dining Hall," and two "Bottling Houses," have each and all points of architectural beauty and unique interest. The Napa Soda Baths, too, both hot and cold, are most popular, leaving the skin soft and smooth with their lambent purity; the waters feeling, as one enthusiast expressed it, like melted velvet. There are tub baths, plunge baths, and a swimming bath, fifty feet by one hundred and fifty, and varying from four to ten feet in depth.

The analysis of these Alkalo-Chalybeate waters as made by Dr. Winslow Anderson of the University of California in 1889 is as follows:

Temperature 66.9° F.

Mineral Ingredients	U. S. gal. contains Grains
Sodium Chloride	4.72
Sodium Bicarbonate	15.24
Sodium Carbonate	4.65
Sodium Sulphate	.76
Potassium Salts	traces
Magnesium Carbonate	25.19
Magnesium Sulphate	trace
Calcium Carbonate	8.97
Ferrous Carbonate	8.11
Lithium	trace
Boracic Acid	trace
Alumina	.74
Silicates	.83
Organic Matter	trace
Total solids	69.21
Gases	**Cu. inches**
Free Carbonic Acid Gas	95.79

Questions of the Day.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL

IN the present issue is presented a third article on the Nicaragua Canal from the pen of Captain W. L. Merry, the Consul-General of Nicaragua, and the champion in this State of the cause. The recent convention in this city attracted no little attention to the movement, and there is little doubt but that the enterprise, which means so much for California and the Pacific Slope, will move on. In the history of this State, no question so important has been brought before the people, and as few can be found who doubt the great value it will be, it is somewhat singular that more energy is not displayed on the part of the business community. The question affects every business man and every property holder on this side of the continent, and should be kept before the people in every possible way, until the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific meet.

MOUNTAIN RAILROADS

THE visitor to Switzerland is astonished at the enterprise shown on the part of the builders of mountain railroads, but the secret is, that propositions of this kind pay a large dividend. The road up the famous Rigi and others all pay a large dividend to stock holders, the roads being among the most valuable holdings in the country. We have on this coast scenery as grand, if not grander, than in the Alps, and it is somewhat remarkable that a mountain railroad has not been built before this. Southern California is not wanting in enterprise in this respect, one of her energetic and well-known citizens, Prof. T. S. C. Lowe, of Pasadena, having begun a road which is to take the tourist from the San Gabriel Valley orange groves to the delights of a toboggan slide, all in a forenoon. Prof. Lowe is a shrewd man of business as well as a scientist, and he sees ahead, and we venture the suggestion that five years from to-day, when the Lowe road is carrying its thousands up the mountain, that people will wonder why they were so short-sighted; why they did not see the opportunity and build the road themselves. The possibilities of this road were pointed out in the October CALIFORNIAN, and since then active measures have been taken to insure its early completion, with some little change from the original plan. Professor Lowe is an enthusiast on Pasadena and Southern California, is spending large sums of money there for the public good, and he proposes to show the world something in Pasadena which cannot be obtained elsewhere, viz., an agreeable dip in the Pacific, luncheon in a strawberry patch or orange grove, topped off by an hour on the toboggan slide of Wilson's Peak. This, after the road is completed, will be a very simple thing, as the Sierra Madre Mountains, just back of Pasadena, are 6000 feet in height, and snow covered part of the time in the winter. California is the true land of wonders.

GLACIERS IN AMERICA

IN the present number is published the first of a series of articles on American Glaciers, which will take the reader to some of the most remarkable regions in America, where ice rivers, one thousand feet deep and fifty miles long, reach from the mountains to the sea. Americans who go to Switzerland to look upon the *Mer de Glace*, and are ignorant of these giants in their own land, can have no excuse in the future. What Niagara is to other waterfalls the Muir and other glaciers are to the glaciers of Europe,

far more wonderful and reached by passing through one of the most interesting regions in the world, the famous inland passage to Alaska.

PENSIONING TEACHERS

THE article on pensioning teachers by Mrs. Loud, in the April CALIFORNIAN has attracted wide-spread attention among educators, and THE CALIFORNIAN is in receipt of many communications bearing upon this topic, important to educator and tax-payer. It is interesting to note that teachers are by no means a unit upon this subject. Some looking at the matter from the standpoint of tax-payers, will vigorously oppose it, so that the teachers will not find complete unanimity within their ranks. At an early day the CALIFORNIAN will publish a paper embracing the opinions of the teachers of the State in the matter.

THE CHINESE AND RESTRICTION

THE article in the present issue on Opium and its Votaries, is a notable one. It is the most exhaustive paper ever presented upon the subject and shows conclusively that this vice was introduced by the Chinese and that their influence is contaminating the American people. The paper is presented as one of a series to illustrate that the Chinese are not a desirable addition to our population. In short, continued restriction is needed and demanded. That the nation at large takes this view of the case is well illustrated by the letters received by THE CALIFORNIAN from every State in the Union, called out by the articles on the highbinders, woman slavery among the Chinese, and the previous papers by the Rev. F. J. Masters in this series. The House has passed the restriction bill and it is to be hoped that the Senate will look with favor upon it.

A DANGER IN EDUCATION

AT a dinner recently, at which several distinguished thinkers led the conversation, it was suggested that there was such a thing as giving the people too much culture, too much knowledge. "If," said the speaker, "we raise the standard of all our schools, teach every boy and girl by the standards of the rich, endeavor to cultivate and refine them too much, we shall find the fields of labor, the farms and similar branches, deserted. Our country will be peopled by a race too proud, too highly cultivated to till the soil, and as a result we shall starve to death." This is a jocose way of looking at the question, yet there are many thinking men who entertain the same ideas and who believe that refinement and culture as taught in the public schools, is a mistake on the above grounds. The question in point of fact has hardly a serious side. There is no danger of our becoming over refined or over cultivated. As a rule, these characteristics are born and bred, not instilled, into people. Men and women obtain their breeding, as a rule, by birth, and the difference in the intellectual status of the people will always regulate these questions.

THE FUR SEAL

THE present year has been characterized, if not by wars, by rumors of wars. First, we are in danger of an embroilment with Chili, and for the past month the press has been engaged in keeping up the honor of the country in the Bering-Sea matter, which our English cousins profess to believe is simply a matter of politics: in short, that our politicians must have some excuse for twisting the tail of the British lion, and the fur seal is seized upon as a valid excuse. Our English cousins are mistaken. The unanimity in both Houses of Congress on this subject is somewhat remarkable, and the stand taken by President Harrison will be maintained by both parties. The seal rookeries have been pirated by Canadian and other vessels for several years, and despite the fact that the "kill" has been decreased year after year, the herd has been gradually decreasing in numbers. This is wholly due to the fact that the seals, when off shore, are killed by the poachers, who, regardless of consequences, shoot the seals, male and female alike. THE CALIFORNIAN is having a map prepared by an expert, which will show the actual destruction of seals at St. Paul's. The question will now be submitted to arbitration and we believe that the skillful handling of the question by Secretary Blaine will result in the question being decided in favor of American interests.

NEW BOOKS

WALT WHITMAN, a true man, a kindly gentleman, goes with the past chronicles of the month; is dead, and leaves the world at large undecided as to whether he was a genius or merely a crude laborer in the walks of literature. Assuming that the fields of thought and letters are in a transitory stage, that we are evolving towards some unknowable result, it would be ill-advised to judge the dead, as, being an inherent part of the onward throng: he, too, would be incomplete, and to estimate his qualities, his verse, by existing standards would be to do him an injustice. In this light, the fair old man, peace to whom, and rest, might be judged. He was the rugged founder of a new school, in the examples of which genius flitted with a radiance like that of the fire-fly, whose erratic splendors often serve to make the gloom still more profound. It is a curious commentary upon the culture of the times, that opinions should be so at variance on the work of this man. The question has not been in many instances as to quality, but whether it was worthy of serious consideration. In any event, many men and women, considered, as the world goes, good judges of what should stand, fail to see a redeeming quality in productions that to others, equally qualified, seem the very essence of genius of the highest quality. Whitman produced some rare thoughts—clothed them in rugged costumes and launched them grandly, and they float on the stream with others, so crude, that it can scarce be believed that they were conceived by the same mind. If Whitman be judged by to-day, public sentiment will not award him a high rank. True, he was courted by the liberati of all lands, more honored abroad than at home for his works, and was pronounced a genius by men of undoubted standing in the field of letters; but this does not make it so. Our own Howells, a good authority, no better, would school us in the belief that there is something radically wrong in the works of Dickens, and doubtless in his own mind recognizes the supremacy of "A Modern Instance" and others, a belief in which he has a true right, yet few agree with him, despite the authority, and so with Whitman. The recognition he has received has not awarded him a place among the great poets of the day. He does not stand with Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, and while time may soften the present judgment, it is doubtful if the future will place him upon this plane.

The perceptive faculties of the people of the day are keen. Judgment is quick, and true genius finds immediate appreciation. The life of Whitman was his greatest poem —well rounded—a full measure of self-sacrifice, of good deeds to others.

AMONG THE WRITERS who have made California their home, Adele Gleason, now of Elmira, New York, is rapidly becoming known as a graceful writer of prose. A recent story in "Echoes" of Elmira, shows her to have a rare power. Miss Gleason is best known by her poems, a little volume of which has been issued under the title of "Songs and Verse for Christmas."

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD is a prolific maker of verse, and his productions all receive a hearty greeting from the reading public. His latest book "Potiphar's Wife, and Other Poems," issued by the Scribners', New York, is a delightful picture of a familiar story. The word painting is so vivid, that one is brought face to face with the scenes and situations described. The poem from which the book takes its title is one of the strongest of the author's productions, taking rank with the famous "Light of the World."

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA need not complain that it is not kept well before the public. Hardly a month goes by but a publication of some kind appears relating to its charms and attractions. The latest and one of the best is "Southern California Climate," by Dr. P. C. Remondino of San Diego, Dr. Remondino is an old resident of San Diego, the President of the Board of Health, and in a position to give an unbiased account of the climatic conditions of this portion of the

continent, and he has produced a most interesting volume, one that will be of extreme value to persons looking westward and desiring authentic data concerning this State. It is generally not understood by people in the East that we have every possible climate here from the snow line to the ocean, and that what will suit one is often injurious to another. This little volume, with its tables of comparative climates, will be of the greatest value to invalids, and we commend it without reserve. Another volume of value is a little brochure on "Pasadena, its Climate and Resources," by Theodore Coleman. The work tells the story of the growth of one of the most beautiful towns in the State, and points out its desirability as a health resort and place of residence, in a manner which carries conviction. Pasadena is probably one of the best known towns in California to Eastern people, and to anyone who is in search of information regarding it, this volume will answer all questions, and if we mistake not, save as a magnet to draw the reader to Los Angeles County.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTMAN'S SONS have begun a new series "The Leaders in Science," in which the lives of the great scientific workers of the day will be treated in a concise and instructive manner. The initial volume is "The Life of Charles Darwin," by Charles Frederick Holder. The author has presented the salient features of the life of the great evolutionist, shown his development from a child to the most vigorous thinker of the age, in simple language, and with a directness that makes the biography of more than ordinary interest. The chapters on evolution are of especial interest and divested as they are of all technicality, the scientist or layman obtains an idea of the great theory of Darwin, which possibly has been somewhat vague before. Prof. Holder evidently considered Darwin the greatest naturalist of his age, and his description of his character will surprise every clergyman who has attacked the great evolutionist. He ascribes to Darwin all the virtues, and paints him as a God-fearing man, of lovable disposition, "a model for all men." The work is designed for young people as well as old. Prof. Holder writes the second of this series, also "The Life of Louis Agassiz," while the third, Humboldt, is being prepared by a professor of Cambridge University, England. Among recent books on the table are "Chas. Darwin, His Life and Works," G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y., $1.50.

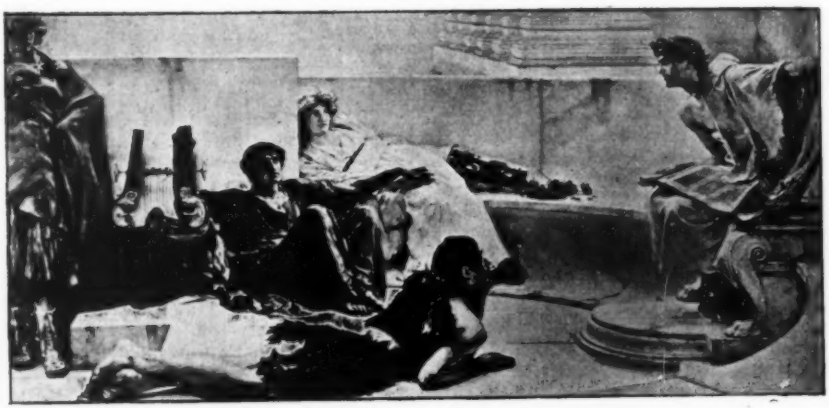
"Southern California Climate, Dr. P. C. Remondino, F. A. Davis Co., Philadelphia, $1.25.

"Potiphar's Wife," Sir Edwin Arnold, Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York, $1.75.

"Songs and Verses for Christmas," A. A. Gleason, Cupples & Hurd, Boston.

"The Question of Silver," Louis R. Ehrich, G. P. Putnam Sons.

"The Century Dictionary," the Century Co., N. Y.

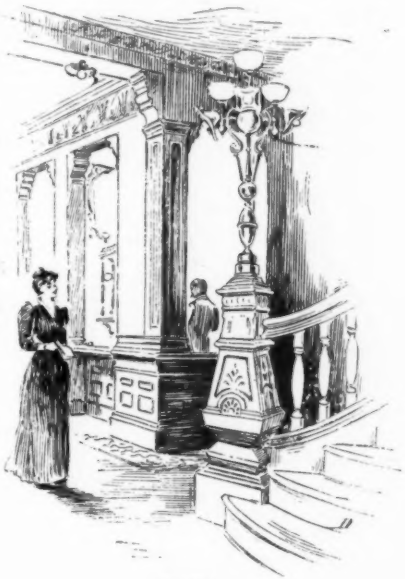


THE PLEASANTON

BY GEORGE R. STEVENS

THE great hotels of San Francisco are noted the world over, and justly so, too, for in no other city are there to be found hostelries of greater size, more luxuriously appointed or in which the cuisine service, etc., are more nearly perfect. Of late years, however, a new phase of hotel life has found favor amongst a certain class of traveling Americans. It has long been in favor in England, but we, in adapting the idea to suit American tastes, have left but little of the original. I refer to the private or family hotel. Such well-known houses as Morley's and Brown's, in London, have existed for generations, but they are no more to be compared to American private hotels for luxury of appointments or perfection of cuisine service, etc., than an Indian wickiup to Windsor Castle.

The Hotel Pleasanton is perhaps the best example of its class in San Francisco, built as lately as 1886. It has every modern aid to comfort and luxury that unstinted expenditure could command. Owing to our peculiarly moist climate, in order to insure perfect immunity from dampness, its outer walls were necessarily built of wood, but in spite of that, the house is absolutely fireproof. Every wall is doubly lathed and plastered, and between the two courses of plastering there is a heavy asbestos lining; and at every point where timber touches timber, there is asbestos between, the chimneys are of terra cotta, and do not come in contact with wood or any other inflammable material at any point. In addition to the fact that the house is fireproof, there is every modern appliance for extinguishing fire, should such an improbable contingency arise. There are three stand pipes on the house with hose reels at certain stations on each floor, a house fire brigade, consisting of the male employes, which is put through fire drill every day, under the direction of the engineer. Three wide staircases lead from the garret floor to the street, and nine outside fire escapes provide certain egress. A watchman patrols the house from midnight until



Corridor

six A. M., who, besides registering on his watchman's clock every half hour, is obliged to turn in an alarm from a certain station, on each floor, to the central city office of the American District Telegraph Company, and in addition to all this, there are sixteen city fire plugs on the block on which the hotel stands.

The Pleasanton, San Francisco

Situated on the corner of Sutter and Jones streets, in the neighborhood of "Nob Hill," the Pleasanton is elevated some twelve hundred feet above sea level, free from all malarial influences, and from the upper floors commanding most beautiful marine and landscape views. The Sutter and O'Farrell Street cable systems of street cars pass the doors, providing cheap and rapid transit to the Ferries, Ocean Beach, Cliff House, Park, Railroad Depots or

Corner of Private Breakfast Room

any other point in town or the suburbs. The center of the shopping district and all the theaters are within ten or fifteen minutes' walk of the house, or six minutes by car, and yet there is absolute freedom from the nerve-destroying, never-ending racket inseparable from downtown hotels.

One's impression upon entering the house is of quiet elegance the surroundings are such as one finds in elegant homes; the entrance hall wide, lofty, with carpeted floor, rich rugs lying here and there, the furniture mahogany upholstered in dark leather, the only hotel-like appendages being a small office at one side and a passenger elevator at the end.

The dining-room, breakfast room, main drawing-room and ladies' writing room are on the office floor as are also several suites of apartments.

In the basement are the billiard and card rooms, gentlemen's smoking room buffet and barber shop. The other five floors are devoted to apartments en suite or single.

The main dining-room on the Jones street front of the office floor is a room of imposing dimensions, floored in natural woods, the walls and ceiling handsomely frescoed in panels with a row of fluted pillars in black and gold running down the center of the room. During dinner service the room, lighted by innumerable incandescent lamps shaded in various tints with all its wealth of silver, china, crystal, glass, napery, flowers, etc., presents a most beautiful scene. The service in the dining-room is by colored waiters; the head man having been for eight years head of the Palace Hotel dining-room before coming to the Pleasanton. The breakfast room, opposite the main dining-room is an exceedingly bright cheerful apartment and beyond it are several private dining-rooms and a dining-room for children and nurses.

The main drawing-room at the Leavenworth street side of the hotel is a magnificently proportioned room surprising in its utter lack of the cold depressing stiffness of the ordinary hotel parlor, richly carpeted and furnished, a beautifully carved mantel and tiled grate at one end its wealth of bric-a-brac, pictures, china, curios and the thousand and one other trifles that go to make a room habitable it is almost impossible for one to realize

The Pleasanton—Parlor

The Pleasanton—A Suite

that he is in a hotel and not in a private residence.

The ladies' writing room on the Sutter street front is one of the most charming rooms of its kind to be found anywhere, it is completely equipped with pretty escritoires, tables, bookcases, chairs of all kinds, lounges, a handsome wood mantel and a blazing grate fire makes it a most inviting spot for reading, writing or lounging.

The hotel is under the personal supervision and management of Mrs. Pendleton, whose name is sufficient guarantee of excellence, aided by a staff of clerks, at the head of which is Mr. Briare as assistant manager and Mr. Canisius head clerk. She conducts this immense hotel without any of the bustling, noisy activity so common in most large houses. A certain number of apartments are always reserved for transient guests, and although at certain seasons the house is always full, one can always be sure of finding accommodation.

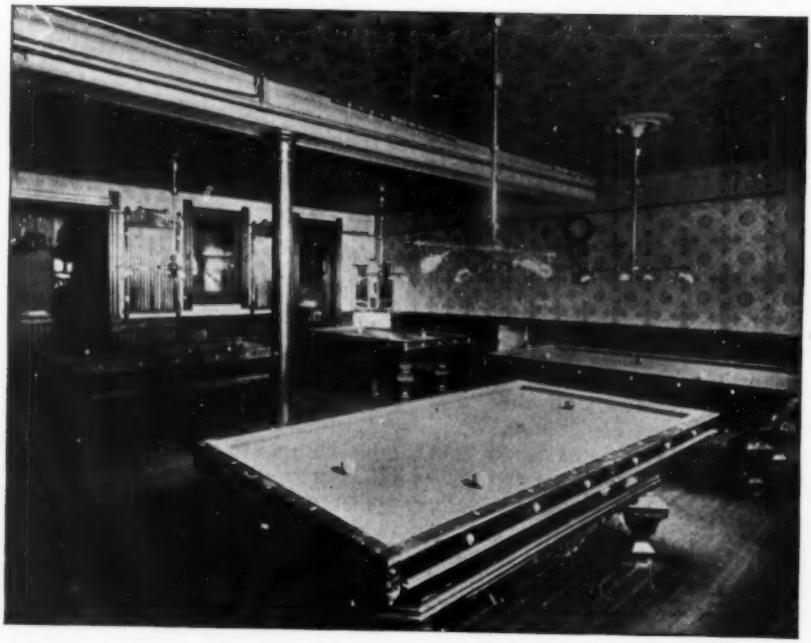
Of the suites and single apartments it is only necessary to say that every one of them is furnished in the same luxuriously home-like style that marks the rest of the house. Every carpet, every chair even was selected by Mrs. Pendleton herself, and it is sufficient to say that the effect upon a weary, worn traveler at finding himself ensconced in one of the warm, home-like rooms at the Pleasanton is to make him, for the nonce at least, forswear traveling altogether and make a permanent home there.

The house is heated throughout with steam, there being a duplicate set of boilers of the very latest pattern. There are bathrooms on every floor at the disposal of guests, in which one finds oceans of *hot* water at any hour, day or night. The system of electric lighting is the latest, and besides having its own dynamos the Pleasanton's electrician has a switch connected with an outside company's system, so that, should anything happen to throw his own dynamo out of order, he can turn the outside company's current on to his own wires in less time than it takes to tell it, thereby providing against any contingent chance of the light in the house being shut off even for a moment.

The cuisine is under the direction of a *chef* who has been at the head of several of the most exclusive restaurants in New York and Paris. The table both as to cuisine and catering, is unsurpassable, and the most *recherche* dinners, luncheons or banquets given in San Francisco usually are given at the Pleasanton. The house indeed makes a specialty of arranging these affairs and also weddings and receptions for those who do not care to be at the trouble themselves, and has

Chamber Mantel

The Pleasanton—Dining Room

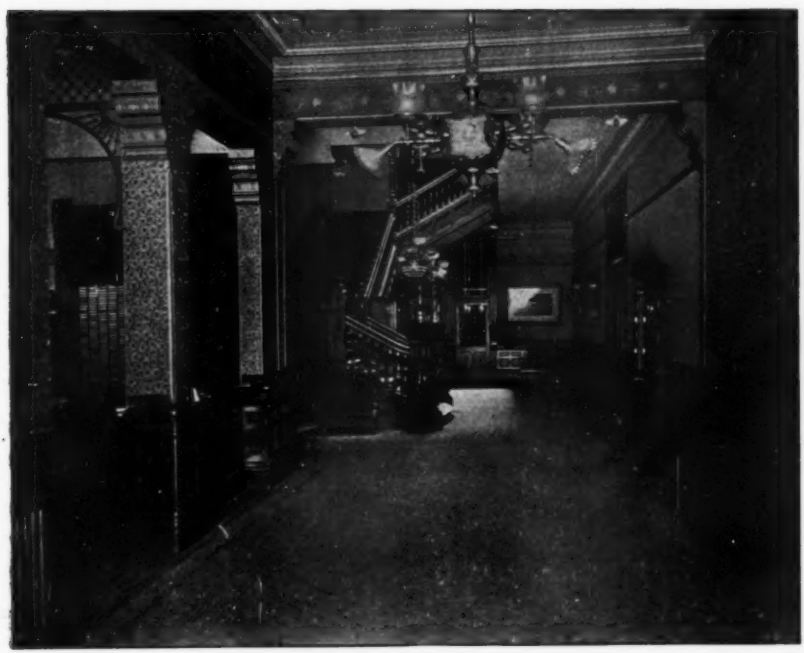


The Pleasanton—Billiard Room

made itself a very enviable reputation among the most exclusive society circles in San Francisco.

The end aimed at by the management of the Pleasanton is simply to surround its guests with the wholesome quiet refinement of a home, and at the same time leave them that perfect independence of action which is the chiefest charm of hotel life; and that it has succeeded in this the patronage of the house proves. Here is every possible convenience of hotel life, added to perfect drainage, pure air, an unsurpassed marine and landscape view, easy access to the principal shops and places of amusement, the railroad depots, banks, etc., pleasant surroundings, plenty of sunlight in every room in the house, perfection in cuisine, catering and service, absolute immunity from danger of fire, and last, but decidedly

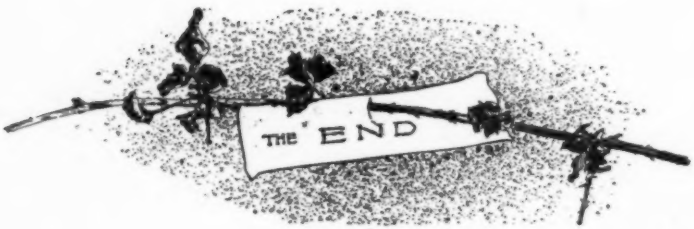
Corner of Parlor



The Pleasanton—Hall

not least, the quiet privacy which one has heretofore associated only with a home of one's own. One would never imagine upon entering the Pleasanton that he was in a hotel with anywhere from two hundred to two hundred and fifty other guests in it. There is no noisy crowd of people, lounging, smoking, talking, all about the lobby and office; no incessant clang of car gongs and rumble of wheels, and clatter of hoofs on cobbles; from outside none of the rush and worry and publicity of a down-town hotel, but instead a quiet that is refreshing added to the perfection of everything that goes to make material life worth the living.

The Pleasanton—Reading Room



EDWARD S. HOLDEN, LL. D.
Director of Lick Observatory

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THE CALIFORNIAN

With this issue, the CALIFORNIAN completes its first volume, and gives herewith a complete index of subjects. A perusal of the varied topics will show that a large field has been covered, and it may be taken as an indication of the future policy of the magazine. The object has been to give the Pacific Slope a cosmopolitan magazine, an illustrated monthly, which shall take a stand with the great publications of the day in quality and quantity. If the verdict of the press and the patronage of the people can be taken as a criterion, then the CALIFORNIAN has accomplished this, and we are glad to announce that the magazine, at the end of its first volume, is a pronounced success. The CALIFORNIAN has accomplished in six months what many publications expect and attain in years. This success will be apparent in the magazine, which will be improved in every way that the judgment of the publishers can suggest.

What is said of THE CALIFORNIAN

The press reviews of the country on the April CALIFORNIAN have been especially complimentary. The *San Francisco Report* said in an editorial: "Until the CALIFORNIAN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE entered the literary field that field was marked by obsolete methods and our literature, though racy, and of the soil, lacked the stamp of modern thought. The CALIFORNIAN for March is in text and illustrations, the equal of any magazine published in this country. The articles give evidence of close, careful and appreciative editing and even the most exacting critics of the Eastern press are forced to admit that the publication presents a beautiful and harmonious appearance. We consider that the CALIFORNIAN proves most conclusively the presence in this state of active and irrepressible enterprise."

The *Riverside Press* said "* * April is beautifully illustrated, over a dozen of its twenty articles being embellished by artistic sketches making the issue the most elaborately illustrated magazine ever issued west of New York." "It is the best magazine published west of New York," said the *Enterprise*. The editor of *Annals* of Watertown, N. Y., said: "Compares favorably with the best of our magazines and may well claim an honorable position alongside the *Century*. The *San Jose Herald* said: "It is a publication that should be supported by those who have an interest in the development of the resources of the State." The *Tuolumne Independent* says: "The Magazine seems to us to represent the Golden West in a better manner than it has ever been represented. It seems to us that it has a very brilliant future."

The editor of the *Antioch Ledger* thinks that "the CALIFORNIAN is undoubtedly the best magazine ever published in California." The editor of the *Woodland Mail* compliments the CALIFORNIAN by saying that "the Magazine is an honor to California and we bespeak for it long life and prosperity." The *Christian Standard* of Cincinnati writes: "The CALIFORNIAN undoubtedly ranks with the first magazines of this country and Europe." The *Petaluma Argus* says: "The CALIFORNIAN for April is a superb number."

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New York Freeman's Journal.

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San Jose Mercury.

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Los Angeles Express.

The magazine is in every way creditable to its publishers and the State.

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The San Diegan.

If it sustains the high merit that characterises its first number, the success of the venture is secured.

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San Francisco Report.

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The success of the new publication is assured; for the Pacific Coast has long waited for a magazine of some literary merit, and will not be slow to appreciate it now it has materialized.

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Los Angeles Herald.

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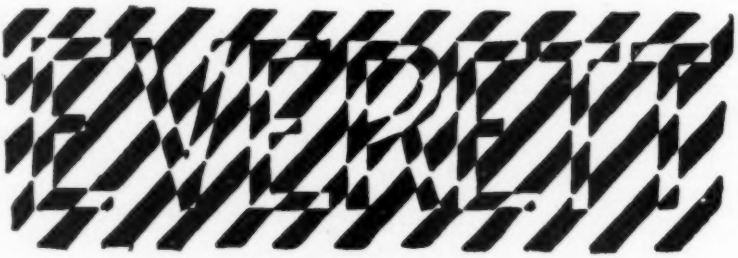

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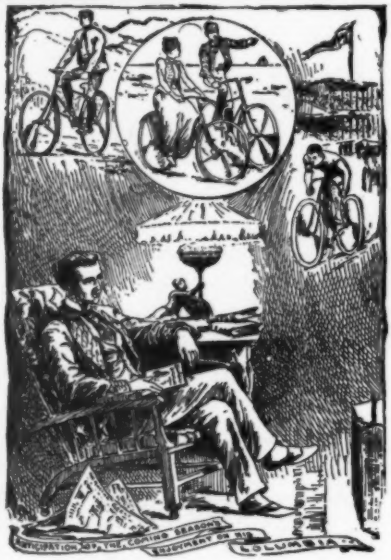

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